

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV.

JANUARY, 1833.

No. 85.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS.

WE are sorry to be obliged to omit notices of several very excellent works ; amongst which are " Mortal Life"—" The Masque of Anarchy"—" Hood's Comic Annual"—" Motherwell's Poems"—Mackintosh's History of England—" The Invisible Gentleman," and others we cannot now specify. Next month they shall have our attention. We have likewise received several gems in the fine arts this month. " Finden's Gallery of the Graces," and some lovely specimens of Female Beauty, from the Waverley Novels, published by Chapman and Hall. And to the merits of the Byron Gallery we promise to do justice.

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XV.]

JANUARY, 1833.

[No. 85.

VOX STELLARUM:
A NEW PROPHETICAL AND POLITICAL
Almanack,
FOR THE YEAR OF HUMAN REDEMPTION
1833.

By THOMAS MOORE, PHYSICIAN AND ASTROLOGER,
ON MUNDANE AFFAIRS.

My Friends and Readers—I give you all a hearty welcome with the NEW YEAR. Since I addressed you last year, great things have happened, all of which I then foretold. Stranger events are now about to come to pass, which from my present intimacy with the planets, I can confidently predict. In the mean time be assured that the Monthly Magazine will proceed, as it has done, without puff, though not without profit, as well to those concerned as to yourselves; for the which latter blessing, may heaven grant that I find you next year both wiser and better—till when,

Your loving Friend and Servant,

T. MOORE, P. & S.

JANUARY.

Great Janus comes—by Nature's will design'd
To wear one face before, and one behind,
Shedding an annual phiz; and that he wore
Behind last year, this year he wears before.

JANUARY 1.—*New Year's Day* follows close to the 31st of last month.

—A rush of the reading public for the new number of the Monthly.—Fifty printers' devils sworn in as special constables to *correct the press*.

- 15.—Duke of Gloucester's birth day.—That desideratum in science, a VACUUM will be discovered.
- 19.—Meeting of the new Parliament—Mr. Cobbett will ask leave to bring in a Bill to compel every man in the kingdom to buy his Register—Mr. Gully offers the long odds the Bill don't pass.
- 30.—*King Charles' Martyrdom*.—The Statue at Charing Cross will deliver a political "lecture on heads."

M. M. No. 85.

B

FEBRUARY.

Lo! February comes, and with him fast,
 Cupid and Hymen, link'd together, haste;
 This with dim torch, and that with bow unstrung,
 To link with young the old, and old with young.

FEB. 1.—Baron Chassé will be *blown up* at the Hague instead of at Antwerp.—Sharp weather about this time.—The ex-members and the frozen out gardeners will coalesce and carry at their head a Right Honourable Long Pole.

— 14.—*Valentine's Day*.—The two-penny postmen will have a public dinner on this day—no unions of cupids, courting, and doggrel.—The Political Parson, Malthus, having forbade the banns.—Mr. M. publishes another edition of "The Preventive Check," and marries Miss Martineau.

MARCH.

March, like a lion, hurries o'er the plain,
 As four fleet racers harness'd to a wain;
 Such quiet, stormy, angry, placid weather,
 A snail and flash of lightning join'd together.

MARCH 1.—Duke of York's column completed. The creditors will be adjudged to pay the costs, it being proved, on reference to their books, that the Duke had raised three columns to their one.

— 5.—The puddles all frozen over.—Very severe weather now about.—Frosty-faced Fogo carried away in a snow storm.—Bell's Life in London advertise for a new Poet.—Editor smothered in the rush.

APRIL.

Ev'n as a romping miss from boarding school,
 Comes April, sacred to the witless fool;
 The witless fool her magic pow'r concedes;
 Thus Folly plays, while Wisdom counts her beads.

APRIL 1.—*All Fool's Day*.—Mr. Robert Montgomery will publish private conversation with Beelzebub, in twelve books, black letter.—The Archbishop of Canterbury will hold a convocation of the clergy.—North Pole passage discovered.—Meeting of Political Economists.—Sundry boys licked for trying to purchase pigeons' milk.

— 5.—*Good Friday*.—Hot cross bunn Day.—Bakers toast the Master of the Rolls.—About this time, likewise, Sinecurists will smile and finger their salaries—some will complain of the fatigues of office; others will contrive to do nothing with their usual dispatch.

— 26.—*Great Plague of London, 1665*.—Tradesmen will be seen pondering over their back accounts.—Genteel young men in frock coats may be observed studiously avoiding individuals with crab-sticks and top-boots—they will be recognized as victims to a most fearful epidemic the "*Tick doloureux*."

MAY.

May, freed at length, has left her orient track,
 And leaps into a chimney-sweeper's sack;
 With brush and shovel plies the pliant foot,
 All filth and flowers—serenity and soot.

MAY 1.—*May Day*.—Another Convocation of the Clergy.—Dutchess

of Berri presented with a Batchelor's degree—Jack-in-the-Green invites her Royal Highness to attend the festival.

MAY 27.—**Rogation Sunday.**—The lawyers will hold their church anniversary.

— 29.—**R. Charles II. Restoration.**—The bells will probably ring on this day, and the Tower guns will fire, more or less.

— 30.—**Joan of Arc burnt as a Witch. 1431.**—The Earl of Eldon will be seized for a like purpose, but discovered to be “no Conjuror.”

JUNE.

June, like a weaver who has toil'd and spun,
Weaves her rich garment from the florid sun,
And in her untax'd finery array'd,
Appears the type and symbol of free trade.

JUNE 3.—About this time a great Tory law Lord will enter into Wedlock—St. Sepulchre's bell will toll merrily on that occasion only—Jack Ketch will enact the part of Hymen, and tie the knot.

— 12.—**Wat Tyler killed, 1381.**—Market-day in Smithfield—the configuration of the Bull and the Ram foretel brutal riots. Quelled by Alderman Scales, who is raised to the Peerage by the title of Baron of Smithfield Bars.

— 21.—**Longest Day.**—Carus Wilson will discover the longitude.

— 30.—Vast numbers of Irish hay-makers will be found dead, the coast having been strewed with poisoned potatoes.

JULY.

This month—I tell it with prophetic lips—
Begins with a particular eclipse;
Perplexing monarchs and the wise with doubt,
What in the devil's name, the moon's about.

JULY 1.—Terrific rumours of revolution—many of the Nobility will learn trades—the Dukes of Wellington, Gloucester, and Newcastle will take to boarding-houses.

— 3.—**Dog-Days begin.**—Daniel O'Connell proclaimed Emperor of the Irish—36 members of his family form the executive.

— 15.—**St. Swithin.**—Mr. Irving prophecies a general deluge—Mr. Cobbett will carry his measure for the repeal of all taxes whatsoever—Ministers resign—Lord Scales will be called upon to form a new Administration.

AUGUST.

A little grain well sow'd will make a mickle,
And August is the month to wield the sickle;
But, ere the youthful beards of wheat be shorn,
Lo! abolition of the laws of corn.

AUG. 5.—A shameful monopoly of oatmeal about this time will cause a great famine in Scotland.

— 11.—**Dog-Days end.**—Emperor O'Connell deposed—the whole of the Irish Executive will suffer.

— 16.—The eldest sons of Peers will be called to the Upper House—the son of the Marquis of Westminster by the title of Earl of Hyde-park-Corner, and Baron Pro-Bono-Pimlico.

AUG. 26.—*Twilight ends*, 2, 12.—Dissolution of Parliament—subscriptions opened for carrying on the Government—Messrs. Wakley and Wakefield appointed Lords of the Treasury.

SEPTEMBER.

Behold! the Cockney, with resistless will,
Leaps from his desk, and throws aside his quill;
With dangerous gun goes forth, and toilsome pain,
And "sends his circulars" to birds in vain.

SEPT. 1.—Shooting season commences.—A petition will be presented by Mr. Vigors, from the growing constituencies of the Zoological boroughs, praying to be represented in the new Parliament.

- 7.—Mr. Henry Hunt will be discovered to be the Mr. Urban of the "Gentleman's Magazine."
- 18.—*Ember Week*.—Sir Charles Wetherell will do penance in Barking Church, in "sackcloth and ashes."
- 29.—*Michaelmas Day*.—Some members, both of church and state, will be roasted and cut up by mistake.—Mr. Sadler and Bishop Philpotts escape by a miracle.

OCTOBER.

As without hops our beer is made, and malt,
Old birds are caught with chaff, and young with salt;
As men on tea get drunk, on wine keep sober,
So shall "the debt" be paid in this October.

OCT. 10.—The Bishops will prepare a Bill to amend the Calendar, by shortening the year one-tenth—the clergy claiming that portion for tithe.—A general gloom will pervade these Right Reverends, to find their "sees" shrunk into rivers.

- 21.—The emigrant Poles will be in great demand for the Kentish hop-growers—Mr. Wellesley Pole having entered into a permanent engagement with the frozen-out gardeners.

NOVEMBER.

November! fairest month of all the year,
To sentiment and suicides most dear—
Swift through my brain thy varied pleasure jumps;
Werter, Rousseau, arsenic and stomach-pumps.

Nov. 1.—*All Saints*.—All London will be converted, in consequence of Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Fowell Buxton preaching from the top of the Monument.

- 2.—*Michaelmas Term begins*.—The Devil will supersede Lord Brougham in Chancery.
- 5.—*Gunpowder Plot*.—Sir Charles Wetherall will be elected perpetual representative of the Guys of Great Britain.
- 9.—*Lord Mayor's Day*.—The Lord Mayor and Aldermen being members of the Temperance Society, the libations at the feast will be limited to toast and water.
- 25.—*Michaelmas Term ends*.—Seventeen lawyers hanged for cheating the Chancellor.

DECEMBER.

Last of the year—that like a swan doth sing
 Upon thy death-bed, and mirth thither bring ;
 Oh ! may'st thou, drawn by turkeys vast, and geese,
 With plums and suet strew the path of peace.

- DEC. 21.—**St. Thomas.**—Shortest day.—Many about this time will be so short, that their landlords will be long expecting them.
- *Christmas Day.*—A day of general mourning.—The ghost of Old Christmas appears, and the reader will learn in the next page “ who killed him.”
- 26.—**St. Stephen.**—Moon eclipsed. Numerous honourable members of Lords and Commons will have a lucid interval—likewise all—Bedlamites. The Rev. Mr. Irving vanishes in a flash of fire.
- All “ Bills” presented at this time, ordered to “ lie on the table.”
- **Ennocrats.**—The Lord Premier Scales and Messrs. Secretaries Cobbett and Wakley impeached, or are now about to be.
- 31.—Great riots and conflagrations—Several windows broken, many apple stalls consumed.—Divers will from these significations foretel the speedy approach of the Millenium ; others will doubt, amongst whom, Lord Eldon, particularly. I say nothing—Time will shew.

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS ; SHEWING WHO
 KILLED HIM.

CHRISTMAS is dead and gone ! The jovial fellow, known to our great progenitors, to the stout hearts that grew stouter at wassail, is defunct. What a brave old boy he was—what a jovial hundred-handed giant, offering the good things of the earth with every fist. What household ceremonies did herald his coming ! His was the advent—his the glorious triumph—his were the spoils. His foot-fall was accompanied by richer music than ever filled the ears of Roman conqueror ; the bellowing of the slaughtered ox, the gobling of multitudinous turkies, the rich cackling of a million geese, the rushing torrents of mulberry, ale, and mead ; and for spices, every house was a phoenix nest. Then each man, maid, and child had a song to honour him, and the lusty varlet was carolled in, as the birds sing to the budding leaves.

“ Come bring, with a noise,
 My merrie, merrie boys,
 The Christmas log to the firing ;
 While my good dame, she
 Bids ye all be free,
 And drink to your heart's desiring.

" With the last yeere's brand
 Light the new block, and
 For good success in his spending,
 On your psalteries play,
 That sweet luck may
 Come while the log is a teending.

" Drink now the strong beer,
 Cut the white loafe here,
 The while the meat is a shredding ;
 For the rare mince pie,
 And the plums stand by,
 To fill the paste, that's a kneading!"—(HERRICK.)

The spirit of Christmas was invoked to propitiate the workings of autumn. The very trees, leafless, bare, and ice-bound, had their draughts of wassail.

" Wassail the trees that they may beare
 You many a plumb and many a peare ;
 For more or less fruits they will bring,
 As you do give them wassaling."—(HERRICK.)

The boar's head, stuck with rosemary, an orange in his grim mouth, did homage to the season. The yule log, religiously kept, reddened the huge fireside ; and the chesnuts hissed and bounced into the laps of the maids, who therein saw a happy augury of a sudden wedding. The sweet smelling elder passed from lip to lip—the carol was sung—the story told—and Christmas, with all his thousand genialities, his antique tricks, his legendary lore, sat the father at every hearth, with all its household, like happy children about his knees. Time was forgotten—age ran backwards to be gamesome with childhood—the whole world was but a round of merry makers. At Christmas, the lord and his serving-man met on the broad genial footing of their common nature ; gifts were exchanged ; trifles, which in themselves told of affection and loyal desire, assurances of mutual love and protection. Hearts that, in the working-days of traffic, had chilled towards each other, dilated with the heat and cheer of Christmas, and were again as friends. And many a lip, that for years had fed upon the honey of its wedded fellow, took its first luscious feast from under the silver-bearded misletoe of Christmas. Nay, it was Hymen's tree, and the little loves would cluster in its branches, would look down upon the upturned blushing face of beauty, and cry " a bride !" At Christmas every rich man's door gaped to field and street ; the charitable monk would give treble alms to the poor—the mud cottage, a very swallow's nest, glowed like an oven.

And thus lived old Christmas, thus came he to us once a-year, borne down with happy gifts—sweating with the prime stores of the world, tumbling them down in every porch, bearing them to every hearth, filling the bellies of all men with glorious cheer, and calling up the contentment of their hearts into their eyes. He was the most noble spirit of earth, for he was the sire of hospitality, the parent of so worthy a brood. Christmas, however, the hale, the hearty, he whose very white locks seemed the true Samson's hair—Christmas has had his term of life—Christmas is dead. Christmas gave a rich

dignity to roast beef, yet was he not immortal ; it was he who, (wonderful architect !) fashioned the mince pie, and in the structure of its paste, kneaded a resemblance of a sacred symbol. Christmas did this, yet could he not be spared : Christmas gave us plum-porridge, (since consolidated into a pudding) yet could not the gift lengthen out his days. Christmas brought home the choicest logs from the forest—Christmas tapped the elder-cask—Christmas roasted nuts for us in the wood embers—Christmas brought us sweet music—and yet, for all these gifts, all these wondrous dispensations, Christmas is dead and extinct. Greivous, albeit gradual was his dissolution. It is of that, with tremulous quill, we write.

A brighter December day never glanced about the hollies. The sky was blue, with heaved up masses of white—the air brought freshness to the brain—and the ground tinkled to the clouted shoes of the peasant. The church roads were thronged with old and young—the bells rang out—a look of gladness seemed in all things. Then followed joyful greetings and salutations—the travelled son came home—the wife-daughter was again at the fireside of her childhood, her children with her—the lover nestled by his mistress,—the traveller was brought in from the wayside, his staff put to the wall—kindred and neighbours came and came, until the circle was fairly wedged with happy faces. What spirits hovered about the good folks ! What genial workings rose in every heart ! What frank kindness was increased in every face !

At the fire-side sat illustrious old Christmas ! A very giant he sat, with whole families, like children, on his knees. What benign joviality in his looks—what a heart is in his face ! There is a deep blush of wine in either cheek—nay, the wine seems smeared over his wrinkled forehead—his eyes gleaming and sparkle like the yule log. About his head is wreathed the everlasting holly, with its red berries burning among his white hairs ; whilst above, the misletoe canopies him with its leafy glory. Towards it he at intervals casts a roguish eye, then hugs some white-toothed damsel, proclaiming, with a kiss, the presence of Christmas ! His garb is motley, not the motley of the court but of the buttery. On his doublet are figured chines and quarters of beasts ; the fowls, from the peacock to the bustard, are pictured there ; yea, there is nothing edible of which there is not, in that glorious costume, some hint or remembrance ; yet, take the suit in generals, the ruddiness of beef, with its streaky yellowness of fat does most predominate. Only to look at the doublet of Christmas is to hunger ! To hear him talk, to hear him crow and chuckle is to have a passion for merriment. He jests and laughs, and the very chesnuts come from the fire to take a part in the merriment.

Thus passes the time at the fireside, but, see without, the snow-clouds are tumbling down,—the trees, the earth, all are white,—and the keen north-wind goes cutting by the panes, like envy shrieking at another's good. As far as eye can reach is sheeted snow. There seems not, in the whole landscape, a moving thing. Ha !—look there !—a speck in the white waste—it stumbles on, at every motion half-buried in the snow !

Christmas rises, with all the merry-makers—the door is flung open,

and a dozen kindly souls have started for the labouring traveller.—Another log or so is thrown upon the fire—vestments are got ready, and, as they are warmed through, the ambassadors of Christmas return, bearing with them, his blood a frozen mass, the poor way-worn plodder of the snow. In a trice he is stripped, newly cloathed—his bowels glow with liquor, offered him by fifty hands—he eats, is placed by the fire, and in a brief time is as gay as the merriest. Nay, when his turn comes, like his fellow-sufferer the robin redbreast, he can give thanks for hospitality in a song,—in some such slipshod verse as that which follows :—

A trav'ler have I been from birth,
A trav'ler must I be,—
Yet ne'er saw I the tree on earth,
That's like the holly tree.—
Beneath the palm I've found relief,
Beneath the great banyan—
But nought is like the holly leaf,
Unto an Englishman.
The holly—the holly, with berries red,
That garlands the snows of old Winter's head

The cedar is a mighty thing—
It form'd the Temple's roof;
The oak—it is a forest king,
With trunk of tempest proof;
The cocoa cures a thirsty grief,
As well as cup or can—
But nought is like the holly leaf,
Unto an Englishman.
The holly—the holly, with berries red,
That garlands the snows of old Winter's head.

The laurel pays the poet's deeds,—
The laurel soldiers win;
But lattice panes, with holly beads—
As red as hearts within!—
They make the trav'ler's sorrow brief—
Take off the pilgrim ban;
No!—nought is like the holly leaf,
Unto an Englishman.
The holly—the holly, with berries red,
That garlands the snows of old Winter's head.

And now Christmas is fairly off. The feast's dispatched—and all now sit “sphering about the wassail cup.” The old boy tells his merriest tales—his features take a deeper red,—and, with whim twinkling in his eyes, he roars out snatches of songs—of ballads almost as old as the chalk cliffs of our wonderful island. Then he jumps on his feet, dances in the morning star;—and so, for twelve long days, made hours by enjoyment, rare Old Christmas eats and drinks, and scatters abroad good liquor and meat, and puts heart into the bodies of his poorer neighbours.

This was the course of Christmas, when the veteran was in robust health. This very course was he pursuing, when a spell fell upon him, which, although he tried to beat it by sheer good humour and stout determination, wasted him away by slow degrees, until his

mighty spirit fled from among men. One fine anniversary, he was sitting, as he was wont, supreme in enjoyment—his house crowded, his table groaning, when a knock—a dead, authoritative knock, was heard at the gate, which flew open on the instant; indeed, it was a miracle how it came to be shut. A slow, measured step was distinctly heard, and Christmas looking round to greet, as he hoped, a happy visitor, saw a strange gaunt-looking figure enter the circle. Though of human form and dimensions, the visitor had a certain spectral look: his visage was long, care-worn, and pallid; his arms were of extraordinary length, and no less remarkable were the nails, which, like the claws of a bird of prey, curved and projected from his fingers. Though of a spare consumptive figure, he seemed to have tremendous capacity of belly, which, however, despite its width and breadth, retained but little of the monstrous meals daily thrust adown it. The dress of the visitor was of an odd grotesque character; there seemed worked in it, as in tapestry, battle-pieces, royal processions, with the insignia of civil and military authority. He carried a feather behind his ear, and at his button-hole a phial, filled with some black liquid; one hand seemed as though it grasped immoveably a small book. The figure approached wealthy Master Christmas, who took him aside; and, after a brief time, the imperious visitant, with a careless inclination of the head, departed.

Old Christmas took his chair again, and once more began to laugh and call about him. But it was open to those who well knew the joyous old blade, that something had occurred to lower a peg of his full-toned jollity. He wriggled and shifted uneasily, and, at times, cast a furtively anxious glance at many of the young people; still, it was manifest that he fought stoutly with any black thoughts that might be crossing him: indeed, so well did he rally, that there were many who saw no change whatever in him. He was the same gay-witted, open-hearted reveller, that he had been for hundreds of winters.

On the following anniversary, Christmas had of course his party. There was, as usual, open house—the traveller still found a place at the hearth, the wassail bowl went its rounds—all things seemed to the many as they had been on the preceding festival. A few of the elders, however, thought they did not perceive that superabundance of meat and drink, which made the glory of all former meetings. There was enough of all things,—but, at every other time, there had been more than enough. Be it as it might, old Christmas put a blithe face upon it, and after a time, was as loud and as jocund as ever. Thus jollity reached its noon-tide, when a knock like that of the former year was heard at the gate, which this time had been—no—not barred, but there was a spring-latch added to the fastening since the former time—purposely closed. Again the spectre entered. Old Christmas rose from the board, passed his hand across his brow, and again retired with the phantom; who, after a short sojourn, returning the quill, which for a minute he had removed, to his ear, took himself from the house. Old Christmas came back to his friends, but with an altered look: his face seemed as though it had been suddenly pinched in by fairy fingers, and the purple studdings of his nose wax-

ed dim and faint. On his return, a momentary silence assured him that his altered manner was not unnoticed. This thought put the old boy on his metal; and with an attempted bacchanal air—for spite of himself, there was a nervous puckering of his lips, and his left hand fumbled blindly about the table—he seized a silver-hooped flaggon, and dared any man to quaff with him. Draining it to the bottom, he called out for the dance,—and catching about the waist a pretty piece of womanhood, he challenged any youngster to tire him down. Thus old Christmas carried off his care,—for care was in his vitals, though he forced laughter into his face.

The winter waned into spring—the spring flourished into summer—the summer ripened into autumn—the fields are reaped, the weeks pass on, the holiday of old Christmas is here again. Well, once more the board is spread. Why, it is not so long as it was wont to be: no—nor are there so many feasters; and, dear heart, old Master Christmas never looked so pale. He sees that folks are staring at him, and grows fidgetty. The revellers are seated; and now, indeed, we see how spare the numbers. Where can be all the neighbours—the flocks of friends welcome at the feasting of Christmas? There seems scarcely one that is not of the old fellow's blood—that is not some branch, some sucker of the household holly tree. And the fare—it is very good, extremely good—but there is certainly not half the proportion of former times; no, nor is the banquet half so good in quality: the meats are surely not so delicate, and the wine is certainly poorer. What can have caused all this change?—"Rat-tat." At the sound, Old Christmas turns pale down to the very tip of his nose. It cannot be another traveller, for three have already asked and enjoy the hospitality of the roof. No; again, again—it is the phantom. The spectre enters, with his eternal phial, quill, and look; and nodding knowingly to Old Christmas, again retires with him into his private cabinet. As usual, the stay of the visitor is but short. Christmas returns to the table, his face blanker than ever, with a sickly smile struggling to get the better of his features. For the first time a long sigh escapes him;—and, at that very sigh, the eye of Fancy believes it sees the holly leaves on the head of Christmas grow dull and parched, and the berries turn like discoloured wax; nay, the very wines on the table seem on a sudden as dashed with water, the meats look dry and shrivelled, and the crust of the mince-pie—a wondrous omen—untouched fell in!

Thus, for many years the feast of Christmas came and passed,—and as it came, the phantom, grinning more rapaciously at every visit, darkened the doors of the once jovial reveller; and as the spectre went away, it was remarkable that he carried with him some of the former spirit of the old man, who no longer gave the profuse banquets which had heaped honour on his name, but dealt out his feasts carefully, though just sufficiently. Besides, in all these declensions the way-farer was never turned from the door; though the invited visitors were few, the chance traveller was never refused. It would have violated the religion—it would have broken the heart of Old Christmas, to close his gate against the weary plodder, leaving him to the snows and storm.

Still the phantom came and went, and the board of Christmas became more scanty. Selfish thoughts would intrude themselves upon the old man, who with tears and indignation would beat them away. So matters went on, until a certain day of the accustomed festival, when Christmas took his seat at the head of his board, albeit there were few, very few faces to grace it—indeed, there were many of his more distant kin uninvited. As usual, the knock was heard, the horrid phantom made his appearance, had the customary interview with poor Old Christmas, and retired. The old man had returned to his chair, and a half-suppressed yet audible groan broke from his lips. On the succeeding moment, the voice of a traveller—the wind blew, and the sleet came cutting down—begged for shelter. There was a general stir among the few guests to the door to admit the petitioner, when Old Christmas sprang to his feet, and bade every one again sit down. “What!—Did he not hear the traveller, the poor traveller?” In sudden wrath, Old Christmas cried, “Let him budge on—he had nought for beggars!”

Had the old man vanished from before them, the guests could not have stared with greater consternation:—they gazed at each other:—then looked at Christmas, who, as he met their eyes, sank with his head on his breast, smitten rather by compunction, than by their wondering glances. They hastened to him—all help was vain. The traveller had cried for shelter from the wintry blast, the wilderness of snow,—had been denied; had begged a warm nook, and been told to budge on. The traveller passed the door, and, at that moment—old, hospitable, English Christmas rendered up the ghost!

Old Christmas was buried. With much natural pomp—the sighs, and groans, and tears of the poor—was ancient Christmas buried. The phantom, whose persecutions caused his death, hath writ his epitaph. Nor hath Christmas had but one funeral: every year his obsequies are performed—every year is his death lamented—mourned for by those on whom his ancient hospitality was rained like manna.

Believe it, old Christmas is dead! Trust not to the mummeries done, the apparitions which appear in his name; they are, at the best, idle mockeries, shadowy semblances of the great ancient liver in the flesh. Let us calculate the trifles—the sordid trifles—which, in these earth-stricken days, make up the jovial majesty of Christmas. His coming, it will be said, is duly heralded. But how? A few venal knaves, with no touch of the music of the time in their souls, congregate together to play preluding harmonies to the advent of the great father of hospitality, of household kindness, love to fellow-man, and all the hundred sympathies of a golden time; and when the sleeper is awakened from some happy dream in the night—a dream it may be—which placed him among those solemn shepherds, watching the star, what doth greet his ears? The simple air, the touching melody sung by his fathers a thousand years ago? The same notes, chaunted by young Alfred, taught by his royal mother—the notes which, in their simple pathos, their soft sighing congratulations, seem but as the long echoes to the very carols sung by the shepherd of Bethlehem? Do we hear such music?—Do we hear that which, in the

gentle tune of which it sounds, the Saxon, the Dane, and Norman sung?—which the solemn self-persecuted monk chaunted in his cell—which cheered and softened the rude heart of the swineherd, tending his grunting charge? Do we hear this genius of antiquity, evoked from the obscurity of time, tell to human hearts of the primitive and eternal sympathies of human nature? Alas! no; we have none of this. The carol, the beautiful affecting Christmas carol, the notes in which the rich and powerful forget their pride of wealth and iron sway—in which the beggar confronted the noble—the carol is dumb. A few fitful notes may, at Christmas time, be heard, shrieked in some pestilential alley, unvisited by the guardians of the peace—in the foulest, most squalid haunts of city men, the carol may, perchance, lift its voice; but not elsewhere—in the broad path of men, under the eaves of the rich, it is shunned as the cry of a leper; and yet Christmas has its modern songs, and choruses, and jigs, which tell of his coming—the music profane that usurped the antique holy, and, in a love ditty to a lady's eye, a chorus of hunters or fishermen, we are to listen to the signs and things which make and consecrate the purpose of Christmas. The musicians are of a piece with their strains. We are forewarned by them that their harmony is the acknowledged, licensed harmony of the time; that there are other players on the sackbut, timbrel, and psaltery, coveting their neighbour's wages. We are invoked to have all our eyes and faculties of thrift about us—to mark one man's flute another's fiddle—to take good cognizance of the *viol-di-gamba* of a third, in order that, in the overflowing of our Christmas hearts, we may compare the aforesaid flute, fiddle, and bass, with the instruments of divine sound, borne by the expected despoilers. And this, this is merry Christmas! Why do not, in these days of mercantile exchange, the very robins present their bills for singing too?

Where is the beadle, with his sonorous chaunt? In some few happy places his warning may be heard. Some few puddings and mince-pies may be leavened with his benediction; but yet, how few? He is no longer a familiar of the time; a fellow girdled with foolish good-humour. No, he is a mere parish functionary, hardly kept in our remembrance by his verses; for they too, like the instrumental music denounced above, are of the day present, and not of the day by-gone. The bellman's Apollo should be some reverend straggler from another age—a brain festooned with the cobwebs of the last century.

Well, the waytes have gone their course; the beadle, at least in very fortunate districts, has done his dues. Christmas is come. Was there ever such a sneak-up? Look in his face—it is blank as unwritten paper; grasp his hand—a very bunch of icicles. Why, the rascal looks as though he had risen from a church-yard. There is no blood—no life in him; his belly is gone; and, for his legs, they may be matched by the polished drum-sticks of a turkey. Well, let us steal into his house, and see Christmas at his board. The table is spread decently enough; there are all the relations, but very few friends, of Christmas. The feast passes off with tolerable quiet, except that its tranquillity is twice broken by the angry whistling voice of Christmas, who cried out to a beggar, whining in the snow, "If

you don't go on I'll send for the constable." The dishes of the feast have in them but little of the antiquity of the holyday; and there is nothing like a wassail bowl; to be sure there are painted bits of paper flung about, at which some look very demure, and some very savage. Nearly all the holly trees have of course withered, for there are not alive two or three twigs of tooth-pick size in the whole room. Once, too, a young fellow, the merriest of the leaden-looking group, looked about him, and ventured inquiringly to speak of "mistletoe?" At this, Christmas called up a black look into his meagre face, and, with an action and voice with which he evidently intended to stop all further remark on the subject, cried—"Mistletoe!—vulgar!" And can this be Christmas—this the fellow with a heart for all the world? Again, we say, believe it not; wrong not ancient hospitality by harbouring such a thought—Christmas is dead, and the thing that once a-year now visits us is but the shadow—THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS!

The Christmas-box is an alleged relic of the olden time; but, what a mean mendicant affair it has dwindled to—a mere thing of trade—a mercenary catch-penny. Who claim it? First, those great practical moralists—the dustmen; then follow in rank and file postmen, general and two-penny; boys, butcher and publican; lamplighters, news-men, and little vagabond school urchins; though, by the way, the most interesting of the whole tribe of claimants, soliciting, with icy fingers and blue noses, permission to exhibit penmanship, done for the peculiar honour of the season! Well, here is a sturdy band of claimants, the legitimate descendants of the knaves who, hundreds of years ago, were wont to celebrate Christmas as the spring-time of the heart—the very season of gifts and good fortune. How is it now? They see at almost every door a face of flint: and when they are prosperous enough to obtain what they seek, it is paid to them more like a tax than a free offering, directed by ancient custom and the genial spirit of the time. Every thing of Christmas is changed. It is in vain that the stage-coaches, with their thousands of presents of turkey, goose, and wild fowl, pass before us; their very burden speaks of the meagreness of the holiday. Where a man now sends one turkey, he would have despatched half a modern farm-yard. Where he gives a gallon of wine he would have sent a hogshead. A single goose shall now, in its unaccompanied nakedness, tell a man it is Christmas; one turkey must suffice to give him an inkling of the mighty season; a draught of wine must, in these times, make the drinker glorious. Alas!—in the generous age he would have drained whole bowls.

The Court was wont to open its heart, and declare its common sympathies with the world by bountiful gifts of cheer at Christmas. The Court hath now grown wise and stately, and Christmas may hunger for it. There are no oxen roasted at Windsor—no large collops of meat served to the fasting—no flowing ale to thaw the bowels of the poor. No; all doors are locked—all curtains drawn. State will not thrust its head abroad for fear of being frost-bitten. The very essence of the English character seems evaporated in the air of modern refinement; were it possible that some of our ancestors, of the roaring boys who did due honour to the season, were

wakened from their graves on a Christmas-day, they would vow they had risen in Iceland, and not in the land of merry Britain.

Stay—we have said the Court has no charity: we must unsay the slander. Our recantation may be read in the subjoined:—

MARSHALSEA PRISON.—The Lord Steward of his Majesty's household having, with his accustomed munificence, forwarded to J. Rutland, Esq., Deputy Marshal, his annual Christmas donation, the same was distributed by him on Christmas-eve, each debtor receiving a liberal allowance of meat, bread, and porter, with *one shilling* in money. His Lordship's bounty, so opportunely bestowed, was most gratefully received, and duly appreciated by each individual."—*Times*, Dec. 26, 1832.

We withdraw our charge. The munificence of the household beams in the splendid shilling! Christmas has yet honours paid to him. The bailiff Rutland is the almoner, and the revellers are prisoners for debt in the Marshalsea prison! We believe there are, moreover, two, or it may be three, instances in which the public charity of Christmas is made manifest. Some twenty "old, old men" receive a shilling and a loaf from his chilly fingers, and at Whitehall a certain score of old women, each being recommended by the hand and seal of a person of quality, obtain a crown. With these benefactions Christmas contents his modern generosity; what remains of him is, it would appear, a government officer. If any portion of his spirit be yet among us, it is lodged in the bosom of a public functionary; in private life he is dead—it is but his ghost that visits us.

But it may be asked—who killed Christmas? The mercenary is well known: he who, by implanting in the bosom of Christmas feelings of selfishness; in fact, by making that selfishness almost an instrument of self-preservation—he it was who slew Christmas. Year after year have we seen the phantom visit him; year after year have we marked the diminution of comforts at the banquet—the absence of ancient well known faces; the lowered tones of mirth and revelry; the struggle to outface the comparative squaller with a look of careless resolution; yet for all this, we have marked how the cheeks of Christmas have gradually fallen in; how his colour has faded; his stout hand trembled; his bright eye flickered, and grown dreamy: we have seen how hospitality died in his heart, and we have seen how inseparable was hospitality from the existence of ancient Christmas; for, when it died, he on the very instant rendered up his glorious being.

Reader—if you would know the name of the assassin of Christmas, it may be seen written on the tomb of the dead; nor has he only one tomb that bears the name of the murderer; but, in merry England, thousands and tens of thousands. Go into the cottage of the labourer, the room of the artisan, the parlour of the tradesman, and you will see the death of Christmas thus written on their hearthstones:—

Christmas:

KILLED BY EXCESSIVE TAXATION!

THE CORN-LAW RHYMER—HIS HEAD, HIS BOYHOOD, AND HIS BOOKS.*

THE decline of what has been termed, by those who are without its pale, the Cockney School of Poetry, is a matter to be somewhat regretted. Bad as it was, it possessed this negative virtue, namely,—it might have been worse; and while its supporters were in full feather, they twittered in chorus sufficiently loud to drown the “vernal strains” of Kitty Wren, Tom Tit, and similar birdlings: now, however, that they have almost moulted their last feathers, the minikin tribes come perking and peering from their obscure haunts, and finding the old, and somewhat bigger birds silent, chirp gladsomely, vote one another nightingales, and the inhabitants of Brompton believe them. On the ruins of the Cockney, they have founded the Carraway-comfit School of Song; than which nothing is worse than the Barley-sugar ditto in cookery, which represents *Leander noyé* by blanchéd capon, in a *compôt* of *crème sucrée*, iced and waved *au naturel*.

As claret is to caudle, so is the Corn-Law rhymér to the Carraway comfits. They are “far as the poles asunder.” While the saccharine *clique* puzzle their small brains for confectionary conceits, Ebenezer Elliott, the hardwareman of Sheffield, welds iron truths in his mental smithy. He knows nothing—he cares nothing—about the sugar-plum opinions, the small thoughts of genteel evening parties, composed of literary dangles, slammocking girls—half finery, half rags—who scribble verses about festal halls, and bridal joys, and glittering groups, and senses stunned at seeing Signor Such-a-one glance somewhat too lovingly at Signora Somebody, and all that stuff, while they ought to be darning their two-and-sixpenny silk stockings; but, on the contrary, turning aside, as man does from gilt gingerbread, from such namby-pamby nonsense and nursery tales, dives boldly into the depths of the human heart, and depicts it to us as it is; looks upon nature in the woodlands, and shows us its loveliness and its gross abuse; sees how happy the poor man might be, if his rich brother would let him; traces our sins and our sorrows to their source; eloquently points out the polluted fountain, and indignantly calls upon us to cleanse it. Poetry in his hands is something like what it should be—mighty, not tickling; patriotic, not merely pretty; conducive to the amelioration of our race, not contemptibly courteous and parasitical to small souchong-and-sandwich-giving coteries; capable of being felt “from Indus to the Pole,” not unintelligible beyond the bourne of such little literary clans as flourish within the bills of mortality; not a morsel of Mosaic work, composed of trumpéry conceits and distorted pictures, but a grand map of the mind and heart, truly depicted; not nature perched on the unhappy leaves of a polyanthus in a London parlour-window, or a blue glass hyacinth bottle, or the summit of a cockney bough-pot, but as she appears in her own free and

* The Splendid Village; Corn-Law Rhymes, and other Poems. By Ebenezer Elliott. 12mo. London. B. Steill. 1833.

fair dominions; not a tea-party toy, but a majestic power, a mental steam-engine. While the Comfit bardlings exert their "five wits" to enshrine carraways in sugar, the Sheffield shopkeeper erects "bassions and batteries, beautiful as they are impregnable," against the oppressor, on behalf of the oppressed. *They* appeal to Brompton; *he* to the universe. The carraway-comfit tribe are each of them *sui generis*, they resemble nobody but themselves; Elliott claims "kith and kin" with the best and noblest of mankind. He is not only the Burns, the Crabbe, the Teniers, and the Wilkie, but the Salvator Rosa and Michael Angelo of humble life. Some of his sketches are Titanic. In the volume before us, however, a few of the pieces are disgraceful to his genius. He knows but little of the language, in which he frequently writes with all the splendour and might of Milton. In his former publications, outrages were often committed on grammar. In the present collection, however, these have been corrected. But we know, from capital authority, that the subjunctive mood, and other niceties, are, and probably ever will be, hedgehogs to him. No author is more unequal. He sometimes raves like an imaginative bedlamite, and then suddenly discourses most excellent sense in pure music. Most of his passages are "clear to the meanest understanding;" but many of them are certainly unintelligible to all the world,—himself included.

Yet, with all his faults, Elliott has few compeers, either in poetry or patriotism. His youth gave but little promise of his future powers. A friend of ours, who has known him from his infancy, asks us "how we can account for his having been, in his school-boy days, an impenetrable dunce, delighting in nothing but in building boats, and making other puerile play-things?" According to the same unimpeachable authority, "he never could learn the Numeration Table, nor could he acquire, nor does he now know, a single rule of grammar. When he detects errors in construction, it is by thinking alone. Almost any boy's hat is too large for his head; that of one of his sons, a lad aged fourteen, and small-headed for his years, descends over the father's eyes and nose! The painter of the portrait affixed to the collection of his works, has given him an inch, at least, of brain, more than he possesses. His brows are remarkably prominent and angular, strongly wrinkled across, and deeply indented in the centre. He has no brain behind his ears, and very little above them—his head possessing neither height nor depth, but breadth only; so that if Gall and Spurzheim be right, the Corn-Law Rhymer is an idiot."

In his last passage, our estimable correspondent appears to have come to an unwarrantable conclusion. If his statement be correct, the Corn-Law Rhymer must, according to the phrenologists, be deficient in animal propensities, but rich in mental endowments.

A.

COMMON INCIDENTS; WITH AN OBSERVATION OR TWO THEREON.

‘Facetiarum apud præpotentes in longum memoria est.’

WHAT business I had to sojourn in France, during the war, is of no consequence to any body. Suffice it to say, I landed at Brighton. Of course I put up at an inn or hotel; whichever the reader pleases; and went through the usual stale misery of location, where a coffee-room is the theatre of “Habeas Corpus” for the ingressor. It is not my purpose here to remark upon the company in the coffee-room; far less to dilate upon the interesting aggregate of human items usually found in the general coffee-rooms for travellers, in England. I cheerfully consign such labours to the proprietors of Menageries, or Zoological Gardens; their practical tact enabling them readily to detect that long-spoken-of partition between animal instinct and reason, which, I confess, my dulness or stubbornness has never enabled me to make any thing of.

My arrival having been late in the evening, the first word I heard uttered in the coffee-room, while throwing my cloak over the partition of my box, was ‘Boots!’ This sound, the euphony of which might admit of disputation, was uttered by a fat man in a purple coat; an ejaculatory note, seemingly propelled by the pressure of the abdominal muscles, as he leant his broad head upon his arms crossed on the table before him.—Boots!—I do not affect to say that I did not understand the appellation. Still my long absence from England had rendered the illustrious cognomen unfamiliar to me. I therefore musingly awaited the appearance of the shining functionary, to the end that I might request him to send the waiter; for, unlike a “sentimental traveller,” I wanted something to eat.

As the purple man departed for bed, after encasing his feet in those genuine endemic luxuries, English coffee-house slippers, a pale, tall man, clad in a black frock, stepped over to my box, apparently to engage a soy-and-ketchup-splashed newspaper; but more probably in earnest desire to answer the inquiring looks I had, heedlessly, and unknown to myself, bent upon the man of purple, as he staggered towards his dormitory.

“That man, sir, is lost,” whispered he, in a confidential undertone. “We shall be called up in the night to him. He betrays incipient paralysis of the extremities. I supped in the same box with him. He has eaten two slices of salmon, and a boat of lobster sauce. We drank two bottles of wine together; after which he had three strong tumblers of hollands and water, and ate a plate of chestnuts!”

“You are a medical man, sir?”

“I am, sir. You, too, are of the profession, as I judge from the attention I observed you pay to the *symptoms*?”

I did not answer the interrogative. I simply remarked, that, my observations of the stranger were quite casual, and without interest.

“Mais vous plaisez mon cher: n’est il pas vrai que vous êtes élève de l’école de Médecine de —.”

M. M.—No. 85.

C

"Comment donc?" said I, thrown off my guard by the cool manner in which this stranger drew the double inference, that I understood French, and was, moreover, a student in medicine.

What added to my astonishment, was the purity of his French accent, after having previously addressed me in English, as free from foreign idiom or accent, as I could have spoken myself. After some explanation, it appeared that my new acquaintance was really a Frenchman, and had a brother who was a fellow-passenger with me from France, and with whom I had some conversation on board. He was a student at the Ecole de —, where he had frequently seen me, as I certainly had passed a few '*Trimestres*' at that college, not with any professional view, but merely in admiration of the institution.

My supper now appeared; and, of necessity, the animal part of my being took the lead in excitement;—further conversation ceased. As the brother of my new acquaintance was for London, it was agreed that we should start by the same coach in the morning. I now availed myself of the professional labours of Boots, soliciting one slight deviation from his usual habits, viz. that he should have my boots cleaned and brought to me immediately. I am an early riser; and having had occasion to sleep at more inns than one during my life, I have necessarily gone through that agonizing ordeal of rising two hours before you can obtain a hearing of any living soul in the inn, and three hours before the dusky peripatetic has suffered '*DAY's* orient streak' to shine upon your over-night consignment of leather. Something may, and ought to be said of early rising in general, with a view to establish its just position in the scale of society, either as a nuisance or an advantage.

It is a faculty possessed by comparatively few, when genuinely resulting from the pure love of getting up, unallured by expectant excitement, as applies to the huntsman or sportsman—uncompelled, as applicable to our various avocations in life. Your real, or, one may say, professional early riser, is a being '*sui generis*.' Winter or summer, it is next to impossible for him to lie in bed after his usual hour of rising. He is fidgetty, restless, heated, and excited at the restraint. Illness alone can detain him in bed; and even illness is much more supportable to him, up and dressed, than imprisoned in a bed; the object of remaining in which, ceases to exist the moment the propensity to sleep is satisfied. It matters little at what hour such a man goes to bed; early or late, he will awake at his usual rising hour, even if he have not enjoyed one-fourth of his wonted repose. Now this disposition of feelings requires that the individual should possess a '*sanguine temperament*;' a nervous '*appareil*,' highly sensitive and imaginative. This the reader may take for granted. Whence else the intense interest, the devoted anxiety, which enchains his attention to that first pale shadow, grey as a gossamer veil, which hangs for an instant betwixt darkness and day-break: which constrains his eye to dwell still upon the gathering phenomena in the east, as the distant horizon, indented by darkling tree-tops, steals coldly upon his view; and, as he watches tint after tint, mellow, deeper, and at length blaze into the full effulgence of sun-rise; think you, he would exchange his feelings and position for

that of the supine, comatose, flea-bitten snoozling, who lies unconsciously degraded into a common rail-road for bugs? The beings are perfectly distinct;—they bear the same analogy to each other, as a Dutch clock, with its weights, to the compensating mercurial pendulum of a chronometer; or, the object-glass of a celestial telescope to the fresh puttied pane in a tap-room window. Let not, therefore, the reader fall into error, by supposing that every one is morally constituted to become an early riser. Such an impression might urge many a *mistaken* simpleton to get out of his bed with no more favourable result to himself than the execration of the inmates of the house where he lodged, a cold, and sore throat, and a two-hours-state of wondering abstraction, at what *could* possibly be the golden secret of the pleasures of confronting the break of day. With all this, it must not be presumed that early rising is without its concomitant miseries even to the practitioner, when the varied business of life throws him out of the channel of his usual habits. The benefits bestowed by nature, like the current coins of government, are never suffered to circulate without alloy.

Among other rigid examples of this depressing truth, my first morning at Brighton was a weary instance. I rose at six o'clock:—it was the month of December:—my tobacco-pouch furnished flint, steel, and German tinder, towards a light, and a pipe of fragrant tobacco. Cigars were not then so very much in vogue: besides, had they so been, I hold it decidedly inconvenient for a man, upon whom nature has shed a more than average luxuriance of nose, to smoke a cigar. True it is, we now daily see lighted cigars burning beneath noses from infinitesimal admeasurement, up to the *portico* of two-and-a-half inch horizontal projection. But this is solely attributable to idiosyncratic affectation. If you take the pains, reader, to look steadily into the eyes of the wearer of this exaggerated architecture, you will see them ever and anon streaming in tears, as the products of destructive distillation are eddied into the yawning recipient. You will see one thus *gifted*, continually removing the cigar from his mouth, to appease the agony of the Schneiderian membrane. Moreover, we all know that a four-inch cigar, which is about an average length, cannot (allowing half an inch for insertion into the mouth) burn under a two-and-a-half inch emunctory; meeting, as it must do, the current of air occasioned by walking, without fixing upon such a pent-house for its chimney and smoke-consumer. The thing is self-evident.—I beg pardon for this digression.

My pipe and travelling-lamp lighted, I cast one look towards my window, and sat down to follow the only rational amusement within my grasp—viz. reading. Time passed, as it always ought to do in reading, unheeded. At length the fainter lustre of my lamp warned me that day was approaching, or approached; for, encircled as my chamber was by adjacent buildings, the term 'day-light' was a vague and comparative expression. Long before this epoch, I had craved my usual indulgence of a cup of coffee; but this could not be effected without disturbing the house. I therefore at once dismissed the thought: for, as I hope I have elsewhere given the reader to understand, the early riser, '*par excellence*,' is a sensitive being, and

appreciating, as he is enabled to do, the the "*bienstances*" of society, he is very cautious, and even timid of rendering his habits a source of annoyance, even to those who affect the grosser appetite of unlimited sleep. Instead, therefore, of ringing my bell, I had recourse to the cosmoramic luxury which my window might afford.

I threw up the sash:—my chamber, as the French express it, "*donnoit dans la basse cour*, the reflected light from three parallelogramical brick houses, of which the inn forms a fourth, fell as yet imperfectly below.

I could distinguish, however, a series of dark shining circles, which were shortly developed into the contents of an enormous bottle-rack. Some pennons were now seen waving in the "battle field;" but being chiefly of a dark hue, what is professionally termed "checked apron stuff," hung upon a black horse-hair line, they had at first escaped my observation.

The rain, which I had long *heard*, was now visible in continuous cataracts from the concave-tiled outhouses of the court. Two large water-tubs, juxta-posed, with a communicating pipe, were running over in tumultuous profusion; some rabbits, encased in hutches contiguous, seemed to contemplate with any thing but philosophic admiration these mimic falls of the Niagara. Five washing-tubs and three stands for ditto, were partially illumined by the god of day. Various pieces of deteriorated crockery were discernable upon the ground plan, some containing fish bones, some cold potatoes, and brewers' grains.

Suddenly the "cock's shrill clarion" startled me in my meditations. Slowly from beneath the eaves of a hen-house door, emerged the head and body of the proud harbinger of morn—the cock—but such a cock! In vain I watched for the egress of his tail—he had none; in vain my imagination was strained to picture his glossy plumage: the pen-feathered wretch stood bristling like a hedge-hog—he was moulting, poor devil, I supposed. I pitied him from my heart, though my enthusiasm was somewhat damped at not seeing him fly upon some eminence, and execute his herald functions; besides, he got such a thorough ducking from the eaves of his dwelling as he came forth, that he appeared, for an instant, undecided whether or not to prosecute his crusade. Hen after hen followed in mute and nervous succession, each undergoing the shower-bath. The whole *posse* then congregated in a corner of the court, their tails drooping, those that had any: some standing on one leg, "looking unutterable things." I could not stand this. I felt the poultry "enter my soul," and though a sprightly string of ducks was *egressing* from a brand-and-pollard-spattered hatch, to enliven the scene, I incontinently dashed my window down, and violently pulled the chamber bell-rope. The rattling of the slack-wires against the ceiling left it doubtful whether the summons had reached the bell; I repeated my challenge frequently, with no better success; at length I went into the passage, and struck two or three bells sharply with my slipper—'twas all in vain—the sounds died harmless on the air. Feelings, something approaching to disgust, now began to assail me. I descended the stairs, and succeeded in reaching the entrance passage:

here, directed by a noise which I took for the measured roar of waves breaking on the beach—here, in a niche, I discovered a frousy being enveloped in great coats, whose wind instrument to judge from its compass, was of no despicable construction. Fruitless were my efforts to rouse the snorer by shouting and bellowing in his ear—the torpid zoophite shrunk closer within his shell. I tried the door to effect my escape; but no—the key was withdrawn. Impatient and irritated at my imprisonment, I began systematically to uncase the monster; he awoke during the process of unravelling; he handed me the key. Now, thought I, for a bracing walk amid the odorous and freshening breezes of the ocean. The fastenings of the door flew rapidly back at the joyous enthusiasm of my touch. I rushed into—the “*basse cour!*” God of mercies! here I was face to face with the melancholy, hope-denouncing fowls. I retraced my steps with as much composure as I could command. I gave the porter a look which ought to have annihilated him, had he been made of any thing more sensitive than a black pudding. I motioned for the key of the entrance door, for speech was denied me. At this instant a loud and reiterated ringing of a bell, on the second floor, broke the spell of my enchantment. The peals continued so loud and consecutive that an alarm of fire suggested itself to me. I bounded up stairs, and entering a room, from which groans and call for help proceeded, I found a person stretched on the floor, apparently in the last agony. I lost no time in again applying to the bell, and raising the patient from the floor, seated him in an arm-chair.

Again I summoned the inmates, by appeal to the bell; at length, no less important a personage than Boots made his appearance, with a lanthorn in his hand, although it was now broad day-light.

In the countenance of the sufferer, I not only recognized the man of the purple coat, but one who had, some years previously, been my fellow-passenger from India—a retired East Indian general.

My medical acquaintance of the preceding evening instantly occurred to me, as did also his apparently too just diagnosis of the case; I dispatched Boots instantly to his chamber, and he was soon in attendance.

He shrugged his shoulders on entering:—“*N'est ce pas que je vous l'avois bien dit, mon cher?*” With this remark he proceeded to bind the General's arm, and depleted him, to the tune of an avoirdupois pound of circulating medium, in a twinkling.

The delicacies, of which the General had so *abstemiously* partaken over night, having been already eliminated, things were not so desperate as my friend apprehended; the patient rapidly came round, refused every sort of medicine, and ordered a couple of bottles of soda water and a glass of brandy, by way of restoring the energy of his system, and cooling his over-heated coppers. The Frenchman's countenance exhibited evident dissatisfaction at this rapid rally; not that he could possibly inherit, for an instant, one feeling foreign to the purest humanity—but he was disappointed in a professional view. The progress of the attack was quite at variance with nosological doctrines, as applicable to congestion of the brain; and he was prepared to prove, with the physician spoken of by Voltaire, that the patient

ought not to have recovered, until a certain series of symptoms had been made to give way to an active pharmaceutical treatment.

I descended to the coffee-room, and ordered breakfast; the French surgeon and his brother joined me in the same box. Ere we had well commenced, the General descended, and desired to be of our party—he, too, was going to London. It is hardly worth while to offer a long comment on inn breakfasts;—ham, salt as the briny deep, the animal who erst owned the limb having uttered his death-rattle in the EMERALD ISLE—eggs, whose claims to partial incubation, and subsequent antiquity of location in the larder window, formed only a secondary flaw in their alluring properties, inasmuch as the ambiguous food and puddle-drink of the parents excluded the possibility of their *laying* a fresh egg—of these we had plenty, with muffins, dead and sodden as the pudding crust consigned to the pupils at the sixty guineas per annum classical seminaries near the metropolis, the printed cards of which usually close with this delicate allusion—“* * * Each pupil to bring (only) SILVER SPOONS, knives and forks, towels and sheets, &c.” Quere—Why not add food too, and face the thing out manfully?

Time now became an object: the coach was to start at ten o'clock. Having reviewed the economy of my “malles,” I quietly awaited the approach of that real English luxury, a well-appointed stage coach. My companions were for going outside; I had taken my place inside—this arrangement inferred a separation of our company, which was not desired on either side. The Frenchman argued the point, still I was inexorable. I gave, in my turn, my own reasons for my obstinacy. Every man who *pays* his tailor and hatter, has, or ought to have, an affection for his hat and coat. Now, an outside place, though it presents less present outgoing from the pocket, is both too hot and too *dusty*—mark that, for the coat and hat—in summer, and, I think, rather too cold to be pleasant in winter, even abstracting the chances of rain. The inside is, if you face the horses, cooler in summer; and, if one glass be put up, certainly warmer in winter. Don't talk to me of great coats. Who, that valued a *coat*, would ever squeeze that modified horse sheet, a great coat, over it, to distort and horrify the sublime disposal of its *nap*, and render it little better, at the journey's end, than a savoy-cabbage leaf? What ails an umbrella? you will say. Heaven forbid! Have you never travelled outside a coach during a shower, in due propinquity to an old woman weilding an umbrella, whose area befitted it for the “parachute” of an *aéronaut*? Have you not *seen* the interesting *rills*, which each conducting whalebone makes its own, to lavish between the coat collar and neck-cloth of its defenceless victims? Have you not *felt* those brass-sheathed portion of the anatomy of the mammiferous leviathan, now closing your vision, as with an extinguisher, by thumping your hat over your eyes—now, by a change of posture in the inflictor's arm, nearly scooping it off your head—and, at every instant, rub, rub, rubbing against the delicate salient angles of your hat, reducing those points to a mere *felt*, convulsing you with agony and cold sweat, as each rub speaks—beaver! beaver! to your sinking soul? If you have not noted these trials, all I can say is, that you are

not an observing traveller. My arguments prevailed ; the coach arrived, we took our seats, and away—away we sped.

Every one knows that the first quarter of an hour's conversation in a stage coach, at starting, is always engrossed by local topics ; I mean local, as applied to the scene we have just left, and to that passing before us. In about twenty-five minutes the General "broke ground," by some slight allusions to India—mere casual remarks, contrasting the season and scenery before us, with the blazing brilliance of that enchanted and fairy land ; from this he naturally deviated to touch upon the picturesque, the descriptive, and at length upon his own professional career. I breathed hard, for I foresaw that a *prosing* "moonsoon" was setting in, and experience had taught me the nature and weight of the infliction, when arrived at its full swing.

In self-defence, I rapidly began a conversation in French with my fellow-traveller, the student. There could be no impropriety or ill manners attributable to this course, because a retired Indian of that rank *ought* to understand French—no offence was taken. By degrees the General, taking advantage of pauses in our conversation, began by warping the conversation towards the mother country—from thence to the Pacific Ocean ; eastward, and still eastward he strained it, by the power of his unwearied "capstan," till the sounds of Tili-chery and Calicut fell upon my astounded ear, like the first bomb upon the citadel of Antwerp. The Ghauts, Poonah, Aurungabad—the whole of the Mysore country, followed thick and fast ;—I was agonized. I had often visited, personally, the whole geographical area he described ; more, I had *heard him* go over the same ground, on board ship, many a weary time. Now, by an immense land-slip, he transported us to—that garden of India—Guzzerat ; and he was just on the point of plunging us in the gulph of Cutch, when a loud volley of cries for the coachman to stop, echoed from behind. A sailor had fallen from his "high estate," and was squatted on his mother earth, two hundred yards astern. The coachman pulled up, amidst a cloud of curses ; the guard retraced his way, to pick the man up ; he was not at all hurt—only drunk. How thankful I was for this episode ; who shall describe my relief ? It was as scraped potatoes to a scorched limb—magnesian draught to the wretch who has swallowed oil of vitriol. Not the green-grocer's porter, who, according to the advertisement in the Evangelical Magazine, is warranted to "fear God, and carry one hundred weight of turnips," for miles, upon a narrow obstructed pavement—not the locomotive fish-retailer, who carries the same weight from Billingsgate to Battersea—not one of these can view the end of his toil, with half the joy that "extacized" me, when—"Stop, coachman, stop !" broke upon my staggering senses. In five minutes more the general would have crossed the deserts, and encamped us under the walls of Isphahan !

The coach again proceeded. I lost no time in striking in upon a point of science with my French élève, where I knew the General could not follow us. I persevered, I heated myself on the topic, I made the most extravagant observations, drew the most ludicrous and inapposite conclusions, with a view to elicit the gesticulations and rapid verbosity of the Frenchman. He smiled and stared alterna-

tively at my arguments; it was all the same, I succeeded. The General's prosing fit grew calm, it cooled, it settled, it froze; he fell asleep! Thank heaven this will do, thought I, as far as the next relay of horses; after which I will endeavour to fall asleep myself.

This resolution of mine may appear the effect of an unsociable temper; very far from it, it was an act of moral necessity.

I had, long ago, heard all that this Indian could say upon almost every topic, during a five months' voyage, at the cuddy table, where he was always *felt*, though not voted, an essential bore. I did not like him: I could not esteem him. Similar to many very ignorant men, he was malicious, revengeful, and always unforgiving of offence to those who had the least claim to classical acquirements. He now and then, from pure indolence, would dip into a scientific tract, which, if he happened to absorb part of the contents, was sure to intoxicate him, as the brandy bottle does the savage, exposing him, when striving at practical action under the stimulus, to derision and contempt. He was stately, severe, and morose on the voyage; few on board were his equals, in rank or riches; with these alone he deigned to associate. A Lieutenant returning home on furlough, a Captain, even of the same army, were not to be familiarly greeted.

The very Captain of the ship was only tolerated as a companion, by courtesy; he was patronized, occasionally, by a question or two relative to his professional duties. If a signal were made by the Commodore of the fleet, the General was the first to bore the Captain with impertinent inquiries relative to its information, meaning, &c. His rank was presumed to neutralize the intrusive 'platitude' of asking childish questions, while yet the glass was at the Captain's eye.

He, of course, unhesitatingly interrupted the Captain's communications with the officer in attendance with the signal-book; and he confused the Midshipman, preparing to unravel the mysteries of the colour-chest. Were the ship's crew employed in sealing their guns, or exercising in the various evolutions of gunnery, the General was there; he longed to give orders, as usual, concerning a subject of which he could possibly know nothing practically, as applicable to sea service. Were the top-gallant sails to be taken in, the top-sails reefed, the gib hauled down, preparatory to a coming squall;—*Le voici encore Monsieur le Général!* was the word, 'steady' given to the helmsman, in a solemn prolonged tone, technically understood to command severe attention to the helm, you would have found our gentlemen looking into the 'binnacle.'

Has a flying fish dropped on board, in attempting to cross the ship, "here Midshipman shew this to the General." Has a boneta been speared forward, "where is the General?" Do the lady passenger wish to walk the quarter-deck, "bless me, where is the General?" In short, this is but a shadow of that way-giving, time-serving, obsequious flattery, so grossly spread, layer upon layer, which unfits half the empty heads in the richer, I had almost said the upper walks of life from conducting themselves like any thing but hallucinated asses. Independently of these saturating agents of disgust, I knew the General, when in London, to carry constantly about with him a small

pocket volume, containing the exact fares of hackney coachmen, cabmen, and Thames watermen.

I had also casually detected him sneaking about oil shops, reading the labels upon pickle-jars and currie powders; staring at the 'cartes' appended in restaurateurs' windows: eyeing the muligatawney coffee-houses, and perpetrating various other questionable manœuvres, *slightly* antithetical to the liberal feelings of a General, retired upon his pay, plus a handsome metallic independence. My pointed inattention to his campaigning efforts, and evident wishes to avoid the recital of his wonders, so completely annoyed him, that he cut my companion and myself *dead*, long before our arrival in town.

This cruel decision on his part did not much affect our feelings, neither did the award appear to have any prejudicial influence upon either the celerity or the destination of the coach, for it arrived, at its usual time, at the Golden Cross Inn, West Strand.

We all, once more, took refuge in the coffee-room. The General selected a box for himself.

We could still command a view of his future scene of action. My companion and myself confined our physical exigencies to a bottle of Sherry, proposing to visit the Theatre, and order a late supper. In the meantime, (to the shame of the discrimination of the British public be it asserted,) no soul in the coffee-room, save ourselves, knew that the abode enclosed an East Indian General; nobody took any notice of him; nobody cared about him. Even the waiter, the members of whose craft have the credit of nice discriminating powers, even *he* waited upon him *only* as he waited upon others,—the fool! The General took up a newspaper, laid it down again—ordered his dinner. A vulgar fellow, with metal buttons to his *leggings*, and a double-breasted drab waistcoat, furnished with the same insolent metallic 'deviations,' strode up to the General's table, and, *after* whisking the paper away, remarked, 'you have done with this paper sir?' The General blackened with rage at the cool postulate; he was petrified by the shock of this vulgar shower-bath. After waiting nearly an hour, under those favouring circumstances, where hunger is relieved by the mental abstraction and interest afforded by a view of a cruet-stand, two salt-cellars, and a square of stale bread, reposing on the bosom of a soft-soap smelling table-cloth. The General ventured upon a remonstrance with the waiter. 'Beg your pardon, sir directly;' and almost directly it came, or rather part of that dinner came. A sole, well browned, *not* blackened, but *inclining rather* to No. 30, Strand; dried up in its best parts, and the back bone visible through a deep crack following its entire course; the whole animal in a cold perspiration from the second culinary process, viz: standing a good while before the fire, with the cover on, awaiting its tardy consort the potatoe. The General looked down in despair upon the colliquative phenomenon. The potatoe, however, promised better, the exterior was white and mealy; alas! the application of the fork detected for its nucleus a patent cricket ball.

And now appeared that terror and abomination of continental Europe, the RUMP STEAK; at least two pounds of the gristly, grid-

iron-branded monster, be-peppered, be-salted, and be-horse-radished, stared the general in the face.

In vain the 'sheer-steel' knife-blade is pressed and drawn in torturing efforts upon it's hide:—it must be torn—it must be convulsed by downright sinewy strength. The general has been fortunate enough to detach a portion and insert it into his mouth; his teeth close harmless over the morsel; the mouth is rapidly forced open again by the elastic and re-active agency of the intruder. To triturate it—to masticate it, is impossible. To what, or to whom, save the jaws of a greyhound, or the professional pedestrian, for insertion between the stocking and sole of his walking shoes—to what, I repeat, save such purposes, can this rescinded 'Gluteus' be made available?

" But for one end, one much neglected use
Are 'Rump-steaks' worth your care."

This would have formed a trying disappointment, had not the considerate cook added oyster sauce, to temper the rigidity of the steak. The General looked wistfully at the sauce-boat; nothing, save a tranquil surface of congealed paste, was to be seen. Has the bill-sticker been robbed of the contents of his tin pouch? He removed the superstratum: slowly the waves of greasy starch were convoluted to the side of the boat; he stirred the sub-natant liquid; the uniformity of the speckled deep was now broken by the eruption of four skinny corrugated shapes, which, shrinking at the stimulus of candle-light, again sunk to the bottom; they are not mermaids: from their care-wrinkled aspect, they are, without doubt, "oysters cross'd in love."

If my memory serve me truly, a roast fowl was included in the "*carte*." From a cursory glance which I had of it, I can pronounce it to have been an industrious and indefatigable biped, as it carried it's liver under one arm and it's gizzard under the other. What sauce or garnish adorned this latter dainty, I will not take upon myself to determine; for, by this time, the dinner-disappointed East Indian, who had been some time kindling, burst into a devouring flame. Bells were rung, and waiters congregated, while, in a torrent of invective, the General endeavoured to annihilate them by a declaration of his name, rank, wealth, and honours. Pacification could hardly be effected, till the master or head functionary made his appearance, bearing in his hand a large bason of mulligatawny soup, intended for somebody else, but brought as a votive offering, to appease the fiery-faced, tempest-raising Pagan. The effect was as miraculous as that of the Empress Helena casting overboard the nail of the true Cross. The moment the fumes of the barbaric compound saluted his distended organs, his bellowing and distorted tones died away into a scarcely audible whisper—the fiery perturbation of his rolling eye-balls relaxed into a tender expression of contentment; his inflamed visage became suddenly imbued with the stolid tenderness of an heretofore enraged cow, who, licking her restored calf, expresses her subsided fury by prolonged and indistinct mutterings! The last we saw of the general, was, bending over the landlord's

offering, with the eagerness of a Pagan god, devouring his sacrifice, spoon in hand and napkin under chin, his face as red as a lobster, and large particular drops bounding their way across its volcanic surface, suffering all the agonies of cayenne and caloric with a satanic delight; his matured capabilities of endurance resolving the fire-rejoicing Chabert into a mere sucking imp! The last I *heard* of him, was, that he had married his cook, least she should give him warning, and, assisted by his wife, was publishing a treatise on the "Lights and Shades" of English cookery!

K. K.

THE LAMENTATIONS OF A TORY.

THE Commons House! the Commons House!

Whence glorious Pitt, resounded far

The spells omnipotent to rouse

The arts of peace the flames of war.

Your vaulted roof is standing yet,

But ah! your sun of fame is set.

Here stood a Fox and Sheridan,

And tasked their high soul's energies;

They counted o'er their Whiggish clan,

And listening to their factious cries,

Exulted in their close array.

The Question's put—and where are they?

And where are they? and where are ye,

Close Boroughs? on your voiceless score,

Of benches, shouts of victory

From Tory bosoms rise no more.

And must a Tory bard proclaim

The downfall of the Tory name.

Must we but *weep* o'er days more bright,

Must we but sigh for places lost.

Close Boroughs, exercise your right,

Give back the glory of our host;

Give back a chosen faithful few,

We'll fight the battle o'er anew.

What! silent still, and silent all;

Ah no, the tongues of Schedule A.

Responsive echo to the call,

And with Iago in the play,

They cry, "Put money in thy purse,"

And you may still avoid the curse.

Fill high the bowl with Bourdeaux wine,

By Cam's and Isis' tuneful shore

Exists the offspring of a line,

Such as our Tory mother's bore;

And there, perhaps, the seed is sown,

Aristocratic blood may own.

Place me on Sarum's lonely mound,

Where nothing but the winds and I,

Shall hear our mutual wailings sound;

There, owl-like, let me live, there die.

A House, where Whigs in office shine,

Sha'n't number me, for I'll *resign*.

ULTRA RADICALISM.

Est huic diversum vitio vitium prope majus ;

• • • • • •
 • • • • • •

Dum vult libertas dici mera, veraque virtus.

It is always of great importance to the formation of sound political characters, to possess clear and well-defined knowledge of the existing divisions of the political world. This would not be the case, if the ends of politics were abstract and speculative ; if political inquiry and reflection were to be entered upon with the sole view of establishing just principles, to be arranged and composed into a sound and complete theory. But, regarding political ends, in common with those of all other departments of the business of life, as based upon social utility, and as utterly unattainable without social activity and conduct ; it is impossible to separate the real question of politics from its close connection with the principles and proceedings of the various parties in a state. No one, however distinguished by talent and acquirements, can attain a political end by himself. A man may collect his own materials for reflection, and pursue his thoughts to just conclusions, without aid from the co-operative principle ; but here individual power in politics ends. No good result can ensue from just political opinions, but through the combined activity of party ; party, not, of course, in the invidious sense of the term, as meaning a set of men with no other views than their own collective advantage ; but as meaning a body of men brought together by the sole necessity of our social condition, which renders co-operation essential to all practical public good.

A sound politician must, therefore, be always attached to some party, in the sense we have attributed to the word. It were as feasible an attempt to navigate a ship without a crew, as obtain a lawful political end without a party. No man of sense, when he disclaims party connection, can mean any other than the unholy and detestable union above alluded to, and which it would be as well, by the bye, in order to avoid equivocation, to agree to call, not party, but conspiracy ; as denoting a combination of selfish men for an anti-social purpose.

Our opening proposition is, we think, indisputable : and, if a rational and practical politician must attach himself to some party, it is of first-rate importance for every man enlightened enough to be interested in politics, to be thoroughly acquainted with the political parties of his day.

And what then seems to be the state of our country in this respect ? The existence of a great quantity of political opinion at the present juncture, greater by far than at any earlier period of our history, being unquestionable, is this aggregate mass of opinion still in the chaotic state ? or has it developed itself into the distinct properties of its constitution ? May we quote concerning it from the poet ?—

— rudis indigestaque moles ;
 Nec quidquam, nisi pondus iners ; congestaque eodem
 Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum.

* * * * *
 Ostabatque aliis aliud : quia corpore in uno
 Frigida pugnabant calidis, humentia siccis,
 Mollia cum duris, sine pondere habentia pondus.

or do the following lines convey a more just representation of the present state of our political elements ?

Hanc Deus et melior litem Natura diremit :
 Nam cœlo terras, et terris abscidit undas,
 Et liquidum spisso secrevit ab ære cœlum.
 Quæ postquam evolvit, cæcoque exemit acervo,
 Dissociata locis concordia pace ligavit.

We have no doubt ourselves upon the subject. We think it quite clear, that political opinion has now evolved itself into a certain number of clearly defined party divisions ; that the chaos, into which the late break-up of the old political system had for a season thrown us, is now reduced to order, at least for all purposes of decided opinion : that we may consider our political elements as separated into their own proper regions of natural attraction and repulsion.

We by no means infer the perpetuity or long continuance of this condition of political analysis. We are quite sure, that as knowledge and reflection become more general, there is a natural tendency to cohesion ; and that in process of time, party divisions will be fewer. But for present purposes ; for all attainable ends of current politics ; we consider party divisions clearly defined, and that any conscientious politician may be helped to a just and consistent choice of some one party, in decided preference to all others.

We divide, then, our politicians into five parties, as follows :—
 Ultra Tories—Tory and Whig conspirators—Liberal Whigs and Reformers—Radicals—Ultra Radicals. To these we assign, for clearer distinction sake, the appellations *Maintainers—Yielders—Menders and Restorers—Alterers and Improvers—Destroyers and Manufacturers*.

To commence with the first mentioned ; thus affording them, what they so doat upon, precedence. Every one, by this time, thoroughly understands the nature of a genuine old Tory. Not to dwell invidiously and spitefully upon the inadmissible peculiarities of this class of politicians, we will pass over them, after selecting a most respectable individual from their ranks for their representative. The Duke of Newcastle is surely the Ultra Tory, *par excellence*. Who so consistent and unflinching a *Maintainer*, as his Grace ? The military Duke deserves not to be named in the same century with him. The latter has, to be sure, resolved upon *maintaining* the future integrity of his windows ; but how will this mere precautionary measure bear comparison with the civil Duke's *maintenance* of his right to remuneration for the outrage on his castle at Nottingham, and his final triumph in a court of justice ? And here we must take the liberty of assuring his Grace, that the most prostrate of his Tory admirers does

not rejoice more heartily than our Radical selves, at the compensation awarded him for the brutal injury. We only wish the value of his castle had been at least doubled in the verdict: for surely neither a country nor an individual makes due reparation for an act of heinous barbarity, by mere restitution of value, even when value can be exactly measured, which in this instance it would not.* We recollect too, how his Grace *maintained* his rights in Portman-Square with true constitutional consistency, by heading his domestics and a posse of police, against a herd of human tigers, or rather jackalls, who had beset his mansion. Then, again, the spirited *holding out* of Clumber against the savages of the surrounding country! All these instances, in addition to the *famous original maintenance* of the right to do what he would with his own; not to omit, moreover, the "Address to all Classes and Conditions of Englishmen," not long since published by his Grace, prove him to be a most apt representative of those whom we have designated *Maintainers*.

The Tories may thank us for this selection of a pattern man from them. Thoroughly averse, from their profound and inordinate folly, we still despise the meanness and inhumanity of those who curiously spy out their bad, and blink their redeeming qualities; and, while we would brand their politics with detestation, we make it a point of honour and probity to be the more scrupulously just to their social merits in other respects. Pursuing this principle of hostility, we have always gladly lent an ear to detail of facts creditable to those from whom, as politicians, we are altogether estranged; nor could we derive so much pleasure in overhauling a fresh and full budget of Newcastle political fooleries, as we did the other day, in hearing this nobleman spoken well of by a Radical acquaintance from his neighbourhood. We rejoiced to learn from this person, that the Duke, while he *maintains* every item of the catalogue of false political principles, *maintains* also the character of a kind † and considerate land-

* The fact, that this Duke's castle has never been rated at its just value, for the house-tax, does not interfere with our wish, that a double compensation had been awarded him. We must not have *ex post facto* laws to operate against the aristocracy, any more than ourselves. The injury of that savage and brutal burning, cannot be palliated (but by an Ultra-Radical writer) on the score of the Duke's having not been duly charged with the house-tax. The insufferable iniquity of incendiarism does not admit of the slightest extenuation. Society at large ought to be charged with at least double compensation to individual sufferers, till it is awakened to a sense of its duty, to keep those men more effectually in check, whose indirect excitement leads to such atrocities. We know well enough the Ultras never write 'burn,' 'destroy:' but they invariably treat burning and destruction *as a matter of course*; and, by attributing all the blame to remote causes, very intelligibly exculpate the immediate perpetrators of mischief.

† 'Kind and considerate landlord,' indeed! we think we hear some Ultra exclaim. 'Yes, friend Ultra,' we reply. 'The ejecting an independent tenant was a mere piece of *class tyranny*; and not a jot worse than the common practice of all borough proprietors under the past corruption. Unless, O Ultra, thou art prepared to maintain, that the breast of a borough proprietor must have, in every instance, been closed to kindly feelings, thou must needs be convicted of ungenerous ferocity towards Newcastle, if thou disbelievest in his general humanity. He spoke out the tyranny of his class like a man. Thou, O Ultra, art

ord; and that his numerous tenants were animated by a feeling of enthusiasm in his favour, and prepared to risk their lives in defending him at Clumber. Thus much for the genuine *Ultra-Tory maintainers*. Of course we need not beseech any of our friends not to attach themselves to the party of these men!

Next, for our *Tory and Whig conspirators*. We loudly protest against allowing these men any longer use of the honourable title of Party! We trust the public is far advanced enough in political judgment to be fully aware of the necessity of aiming henceforth at the most logically correct application of terms. No observing man can mix in society without conviction of the great mischief accruing to amateur politicians, from the confused and indeterminate state of the political nomenclature. For ourselves, considering politics inseparably intertwined with moral truth, we are too deeply impressed with the dignity of the subject to take it up as a vehicle for conversation or display. This impression is of long standing with us, and we have consequently addicted ourselves to politics as a task, full of the most gratifying interest in every stage of advancement; but still a task, rather than an amusement. We could not help their soon finding out the misapprehension and mischief resulting from the unrestrained use of the current appellations of the political world. Hardly ever were we present at a discussion on politics, but at least two individuals of the party separated in huff and mutual misunderstanding, through the too comprehensive or too contracted sense in which they had respectively applied to themselves, or those they approved of, some of the political designations of the day.

We are not so Utopian as to believe that this mischief can ever be got rid of entirely; much less so egotistical as to expect a great deal from our own efforts at purgation. But "every little helps," as the old saying is, and in the hope of doing some slight service to the cause of political truth we now write.

We have learnt, then, for ourselves, to attach our own meaning to all class designations, and should as soon think of painting a portrait from a verbal description, as judging of a political pun or measure from the current slang of politics. But our amateur political friends seem to us very generally careless in this respect. It seems enough for their purpose to be able to maintain an opinion with some degree of plausibility and consistency, or perhaps wit, in social converse. We hardly ever meet with a talking politician, too seldom with a writing one, who gives us the notion of having a mind duly conscious of the existing state of party divisions, and made up, as to which of them he is included in. In the hope of benefitting such persons, we are now writing; and we conjure them, at all events, to deliberate upon our suggestion, that the *Moderate Tories* and *Party Whigs*, as they have hitherto been usually termed, should henceforth be

bracketted together, thus: $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{Tory} \\ \text{and} \\ \text{Whig} \end{array} \right\} \text{conspirators.}$

for ever babbling of manliness. Let the civil Duke reap the benefit of thy vaunted liberality. "Rather extenuate than set down aught in malice" against him. Believe, that had his heart not been a sound one, he would not have been simple enough to blurt out the *vox ineffabilis* of borough-mongery, as he did.

Is not the bond of union, by which Tories and Whigs of this class are respectively held together, a bond of sheer conspiracy? In which of these politicians do we ever recognize the slightest indication of a regard for *general* interests? Amongst the Ultra-Tories, futile and mistaken though their views are, any one but a bitter partizan must discern a palpable and pervading principle. The staunch maintainers are, very generally, estimable members of society. The crotchet, by which their minds are perverted to the extent of political imbecility, viz. the *absolute* preference of antiquity, is nothing but the excess of a holy and praiseworthy sentiment. There is certainly ground for a constant joke against them, in the fact, that, in ninety-nine instances out of an hundred, their social position does not appear susceptible of advantage from change; but, as the old saying is, "a joke's a joke," and, we will add, ought not, in serious matters, to be carried too far; nor can we, though, like other humorous persons, we often smile at the complete coincidence between Ultra-Tory interests and Ultra-Tory politics, deny these men the credit of really meaning well to the Public, though they also are very fond of themselves.

But och! the Tory and Whig conspirators! the men who, professing the principles of public good, and upholding certain tenets in pretended pursuance of that principle, are never found to hold on in a straight course when the popular breeze has freshened into a gale, and the cargo of their own gross selfishness is in danger of injury from shipping a sea!

Cannot any mere tyro in politics fix upon many public men of this description, held together by the *fædus lætronum*, without one jot of real principle beyond the faith which selfish instinct prompts them to keep with their own band, because they could not hope by individual effort to sack so much booty, as by conspiracy?

We have been forced, by indignant feeling, to speak too bitterly of such persons to admit of our selecting an instance from amongst them. Pass we on then, after requesting our friends, the amateurs, to strengthen their resolutions against associating with this worthless herd, by mentally ejaculating the "*Justum et tenacem propositi virum*," &c., whenever they meet with, or think of them. As Cromwell exclaimed at Sir Harry Vane, so do we in parting, at the Tory and Whig conspirators. "The Lord deliver us from them!"

But who have we got to deal with next? the *Liberal Whigs and Reformers*? or, as we have taken the liberty to denominate them, the *Menders and Restorers*? Concerning party, we feel it difficult to express ourselves. We are conscious of considerable debt towards them, for the goods to which they have helped us, and which could not have been safely acquired without their instrumentality. Our gratitude and good-will towards them makes us lament that we cannot addict ourselves to their party. But here again we must qualify our expression of dissent. We avow, then, that *we rejoice in their occupation of the helm of our good ship at present*; nor, till we have given some of our younger hands a longer and severer trial, would we willingly trust ourselves to their pilotage in preference. We cannot give Earl Grey, nor any of his Cabinet, except *perhaps* Lord Durham, (we say *perhaps*, because we have not yet had quite experience enough

of him,) credit for a willingness to look at every measure wholly and solely with reference to its intrinsic worth and fitness for the existing condition of society.

We deem the present Cabinet men of principle, but we consider them to be influenced by some portion of the Ultra Tory fanaticism. Sincerely liking and respecting them, we have nothing of severity, much less bitterness, to say against the party, and shall not scruple, therefore, to fix upon the noble Premier himself, as exhibiting, what we deem their essential imperfections. It is quite enough for us, that Earl Grey once deliberately avowed himself unable to view any political measure without reference to the interests of his order. This nobleman is a man of thoroughly tried principle and consistency; and being too old in politics to have a new leading opinion to adopt, and too wary and self-possessed to utter a sentiment on the mere spur of the moment, we confess ourselves widely at variance with him in political principle. The notion of a titled and privileged class, upon any other ground, and with any other object than the common good, is to us an insufferable heresy; nor can a man, endowed with such an intellect as Earl Grey, be deemed, we think, less than incurably and *damnable** unsound, for uttering a sentiment in exception to the *absoluteness of general interests*. Evil, we think, ought to be, and evil, we prognosticate, will be the day, for the English Nobility, when it shall contumaciously insist upon maintaining any privileges of its own without due regard and deference to the essential principle of their origin, in the spirit, if not always in the letter of Constitutional Law. The golden calf of such wilful and invincible idolatry will assuredly be broken and pounded into dust, although, as we devoutly hope, the idolaters, with their families, may not be swallowed up in the yawning abyss of a political earthquake.

Upon casting our eye over the names of the present ministers, we cannot single out one, to be entirely trusted, as free from the Grey heresy, except Sir John Hobhouse. Of this man we entertain not the slightest suspicion. We cannot praise him for discretion towards the Westminster Electors. We think he has treated them with a presumption and levity quite preposterous. How he would deem himself justified in flying off at a tangent, as he has done, from the circle of his old political professions, the moment his former supporters applied the test which he used to glory in being subject to, is more than we can account for! We have no notion of *the honour* of representing a constituency, over particular in prescribing opinions on questions still in a debatable state. But Sir John Hobhouse had literally no pretensions but those derived through his former pledges, to the representation of Westminster. Old service, though it will support a just claim to reward, is not always admissible as a plea for future employment. The man who has hitherto served us faithfully, may be justified, in some instances, no doubt, for refusing to solve doubts of his future trust-worthiness. But if ever there was an exception to the propriety of such scrupulousness, Sir John Hob-

* Damnable, in the *classic* and *controversial* sense.

house's case is surely one. His recorded speeches to his constituents avow, beyond the possibility of mistake, a recognition of the general expediency of Pledges ; they also avow a suspicion of the very party, with whom he now has coalesced. *We* think the Party in power worthy of power, for the present ; and give Sir John Hobhouse full credit for good intentions in acting with them. But this is foreign to the question of his offence against the Westminster Electors. When they elected him, his views would not amalgamate with Whiggism of any kind ; and though his conduct may have since been, as we ourselves deem it, irreproachable, he certainly, in common courtesy, and without reference to the serious nature of his trust, owed his constituents the most temperate, and respectful, and elaborate explanation, if not downright apology.

For our own parts, we cannot help believing Sir John to be the better Baronet of the two ; to have, by far, the less of the Aristocratic leaven in his composition, if indeed he has any of it, and to be, in all respects, a more suitable representative for a radical constituency than Sir Francis. But this is no business of ours. If the Westminster men choose to be grateful to Sir Francis for his deeds of old, and reward him by continuance in service, they had a right to do so ; nor, however rejoicing in Sir John's return, do we think he could justly have complained of ejection.

Having at present said thus much respecting the *Menders and Restorers*, we must reserve a little more consideration for them, in our conclusion ; when we argue for the present fitness of these men as a party for office, in preference to such as would be chosen by our hot-headed brethren, the Ultra Radicals, either from amongst their own sub-division, or from amongst those to which we profess to belong, viz. : the *Radicals*, the *Alterers and Improvers*.

Of what sort of men then, and of what sort of views may the Radical Party be said to consist ? and hence, as the best way to establish the existence of our own party in due individual distinctness, we shall attempt a definition of a *Radical*.

A *Radical* then, in our opinion, adopts for his fundamental principle, alteration and improvement, in reference to amendment and restoration. He believes that, as in the moral, so in the political world, it is contrary to the law of our creator for men and things to remain long in the same state. *He not only objects to the principle of maintaining things as they are, but also to the principle of establishing any fixed condition of things whatever, as the beau ideal of political perfection.* He does not give man, of past or present time, credit for wisdom to contrive *absolutely* for the future. He allows full scope for the utmost stretch of human sagacity and foresight in providing ; but he believes the chances are so much against these, in attempts to enact permanent provision, that *he is always rather disposed to be stirring, and, if possible, improving, than standing still and letting alone.*

The *Radical* attributes more practical wisdom to the confessedly reflective and deliberative portion of the present, than of the past world ; but this principle is guarded from excess by habitual unwillingness to trust the impetuous and heady light troops and skir-

mishers of the radical subdivision, the ultras, with the conduct of main operations. As a tangible instance of this cautiousness, he approves entirely of Attwood of Birmingham, who refuses to submit the Union to democratic direction, in contradistinction to those who, as represented by the *True Sun*, are for extending the union principle without any allowances for the deliberative incapacity of the masses.

The Radical recognizes junctures, though he knows they cannot be constitutionally provided for, when the voice of reason and common sense must be obeyed as an instinct, in bold independence of, and perhaps fierce hostility against, all laws, but those of religion and humanity. He deems such junctures of very rare occurrence; and that *they never lawfully arise but when leading principles cannot be maintained by means already instituted*. He thinks the good and conscientious man cannot be subjected to a severer trial than in acting a prominent part at such junctures; and he admires Attwood, more than any English political citizen of the day, for having assumed the independent position and attitude, at the right time, and with the right spirit; and for having promptly discountenanced the energy of political union, of *imperium in imperio*, as soon as the leading principles had been placed beyond reach of danger.

The Radical loves to contemplate the progressive advancement of the masses to a point of comfort, independent of the cruel and detestable tyranny of unjust taxation, and insufficient reward for services. This advancement of his fellow creatures is the guiding star of his political course. On this object his mind is intently fixed; towards it his hopes are bent. If his spirit is apt to be raised to the contrary point, it is in hostility towards those who would keep the masses in their present unworthy and suffering condition; or in jealousy of such as, like the ultra radicals, insist upon being the only lovers of the people. Of these boastful pretenders to exclusive humanity he exclaims with Hamlet—

“Why, I will fight with thee upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.”

The Radical is for raising the people by gradually gaining upon, not degrading their *ignorant* oppressors; still he scruples not to chastise the aristocratic spirit; to tell noblemen and gentlemen plainly, if hinting will not suffice, that they are but the creatures of society, and must behave themselves accordingly; and if hinting and plain speaking will neither of them answer the purpose, he will gladly *lend a hand to make them mind their p's and q's*.

He has not patience enough to wait for improvement as long as old-fashioned politicians require; *dum defluat amnis*; but he is not in the confounded hurry of ultra radicalism. He feels that *what we have to gain from the aristocratic party, must be gained for good and all, when it is gained*; and not being aware of the exemption of the radical party from the common weakness of human nature, the disposition, namely, to do number one a little more justice than may be quite fair upon members two and three, he had rather wait in moderation than run the risk of perpetrating an irreparable injury. He does not give the workies, as the Americans call them, credit for the wisdom

or temper, or self-renunciation, requisite in adjusting the differences between themselves and their oppressors.

Nobody would delight more than the Radical, in the native superiority of such men as Samuel Downing, cabinet-maker! brought before the public by *Junius Redivivus* in the *Examiner*. Nobody would more entirely admit the propriety of the writer's suggestion, that Samuel Downing should be elevated promptly above handicraft, and enabled to devote his powers to the instruction of his fellows. But the Radical's lip would curl into a smile at the inference of the exaggerated *Junius*, that the said Samuel Downing, in virtue of his *capacity of thinking correctly and feeling deeply*, and being thereby, of course, better qualified for public service than *some* legislators, ought to be forthwith elevated to legislative office! Much more would the Radical dissent from the current inferences of ultra radicalism, that the numbers of wise and temperate politicians, amongst the workies, bear a controlling proportion to the slightly informed and intemperate.

The Radical must be astounded at the readiness with which ultra radicals swerve, in practice, from their favourite tenet, *the all-involving importance of knowledge*. He is deeply impressed with the truth of this tenet, and has probably caught some portion of his enthusiasm in its maintenance from the ultras. It must be a marvel to him then, how the chief pretenders to this political principle habitually exert themselves to counteract it, by *appealing, on questions requiring knowledge, ere they can be entertained, to the judgments of men still in a general state of ignorance and prejudice*. This astonishment must be all the greater, because the ultra Radicals are wont to dwell upon the tendency of knowledge to obviate danger from popular excitement; and thus readily admit the present existence of an evil they continually provoke.

The Radical again is forcibly struck by the *glaring inconsistency of the ultras in the tone they adopt respecting the misdemeanours of the masses*. He cannot understand why the ultras advocate extension of knowledge to improve the people, if the people, as at present, are never, on any occasion of conflict with the authorities, so much to blame as their opponents. If the people are now wise and cool enough to be canvassed indiscriminately upon questions of politics; and, when assembled in numbers, are only tempted to outrage by the brutal conduct of the force employed against them, the inference is unavoidable, that no security to the state can be expected from popular refinement; and that the only parties in need of education for that purpose are the military, the police, and their employers.

The Radical cannot discern much difference, in point of criminality, between urging men on to deeds of brutal outrage, and defending or palliating such deeds, and accusing those who would apply sufficient force to check them of inhumanity and tyranny. It seems to him then somewhat over-scrupulous and squeamish in certain political writers of great ability, and no slight moral merit, to take offence at being termed destructive, incendiary politicians. As on no one occasion of civil tumult, and conflict, and destruction, these writers can find ought to be so much lamented as the sufferings of the

burners and scull-batterers ; it follows, though they do not perhaps positively approve of such doings, they are certainly not so disgusted at them as the rest of educated society are. The appellations destructive and incendiary are, it must be confessed, not attractive ; and, no doubt, somewhat over-express the political bias and tendencies of the ultra party, But they are not applied, in their full import, to the educated and controversial portion of the party ; and as meaning no more than toleration of, and comparative indifference to, destruction and incendiarism, and *abomination of all efficient measures of coercion*, the Radical is surprised at their being objected to.

The Radical, the alterer and improver, is not for directly wrenching up by root, whatever displeases in branch, or bud, or blossom, or fruit, but for carefully digging down and laying bare in order to discern the source of mischief ; and then, either pruning, or lopping, or sawing off, or, if it be really necessary, rooting up. The Radical is generally disposed to believe something may be worth preserving in the midst of that which is more or less bad. But he is, at the same time, utterly fearless of consequences in undertaking and prosecuting inquiry to the utmost. He is determined to spare absolutely nothing, in kind as well as degree, which, after the most pains taking investigation, shall be found worthless.

The radical holds his own distinct opinions upon the subject of pledges, alike removed from aristocratic insolence and democratic illiberality. He deems it preposterous presumption in a man to affect representation, till he has laid up in his head and heart a certain store of political principles, adopted after years of observation and reflection. Of course, therefore, the radical scouts the canting delicacy of candidates, who, justly spurning the yoke of servitude to constituents, go the absurd length of refusing to admit any definition of the trust they covet. It being only his political principles that can qualify one man of sufficient ability in preference to another, the radical considers a clear and detailed avowal of principles indispensable in a candidate. "*De non apparentibus et non existentibus*," thinks the radical, "*eadem est ratio* ;" therefore, though averse from requiring formal pledges, on any points, still fairly in a debatable state, he expects a candidate to declare to what extent *he has made up his mind* on many subjects which have been long before the public ; and to explain, with satisfactory precision, the existing bias of his opinion on other points still undetermined with him. He thinks no man fit for a representative who has all, or very much to learn, from listening to future debates in parliament, on measures already old in public consideration ; and cannot help suspecting incompetency or sinister intention in those who profess themselves altogether "*in statu pupillari*" as to particulars of future conduct. But the radical has the feelings of a gentleman, and wonders how his countrymen can allow writers or speakers to compare a representative to a servant in want of place. He would not feel himself degraded by cleaning shoes, brushing coats, &c. and, under reduced circumstances, proving himself in all respects "*Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles* ;" but his very gorge rises at the idea of serving the many-headed master Plebs in his own way. Death from one of Plebs's brickbats would be luxury to such servi-

tude. He thinks it impossible to define the due extent of explanation from a candidate with greater nicety than by saying, that principles and ulterior general views should be unequivocally and fully avowed, as well as fixed opinions on matters old in debate, and a disposition to afford constituents, after each session of parliament, an argumentative exposée of conduct during it.

The Radical considers short parliaments (triennial are short enough) inseparable from the principle of representation, and would therefore require his candidate to be of the same opinion. He deems absolute independence of vote also essentially inherent in that principle, and would not give his support to a candidate who dissented. The utmost rational extension of the suffrage, accommodated from time to time to the increased intelligence and orderly disposition of the people: item, the substitution of a sound, and general, and compulsory education for the masses: item, the removal of checks on publication; item, the simplicity and equitable arrangement of taxation: all these are principles on which the Radical would expect his candidate to agree with him, and undertake to lose no opportunity of supporting them.

With respect to vote by ballot, the Radical has himself not the slightest fear of any ill consequences from it; and thinks *it will soon plainly appear that it must be adopted as a safeguard against popular as well as aristocratic tyranny.* But the Radical cannot think it fair to press the ballot forward just yet, as a matter of principle. Granted that the talk about straight-forward English manliness to be sacrificed, and spirit of dishonesty to be originated by the ballot, is all fustian and affectation, wherever it is not absolutely criminal? still this sort of self-delusion has prevailed so long in our political world, as to create, even in strong minds, a species of superstition. The Radical has a certain respect for *bonâ fide* superstition, and is much more afraid of the consequences of forcing men's consciences on this subject just at present, than of letting the constituency be bullied and tampered with a little longer (it can only be a little longer), till the necessity of the ballot is as obvious to all well-intentioned persons as it deserves to be. The Radical would expect his candidate to avow a willingness to adopt the ballot, unless some other equally efficient protection can be soon suggested; but he would suspend the admission of the ballot into his catalogue of representative requisites, till the measure has been more freely and formally discussed in a reformed parliament.

On the subject of slavery, the Radical would expect no more, at present, from a candidate, than to avow his intention to support Government in all measures for the protection and improvement of this class of his fellow-creatures generally, and especially for the prompt institution of a searching and efficient police, to be maintained at the expence of slave proprietors, but controlled by the home Government alone. The Radical has ultimate views for the extinction of slavery altogether; but he thinks one or two Reformed Parliaments at least must have passed, and the Colonists become convinced of the utter hopelessness of a return to slavish principles at home, ere they can be brought to the temper, surely necessary, to render the emanci-

pation of their slaves a benefit to the latter. The Radical will not countenance the slaves, any more than the mob-clients of the Ultra-Radicals, in destruction and incendiarism. If, after the assassination, and burning, and destruction, the slaves could with justice seize the remaining property, or could equitably adjust differences with their former masters, the Radical would perhaps choose the limited extent of violence and mis-rule necessary to attain the ultimate benefit. But the slaves abroad cannot, and must not be, any more than the workies at home, trusted with the means of settling affairs as they please. Should they be thus trusted, they would infallibly institute a system against which their former masters would be justified in waging war; nor could the evils of such a state of things be less, but must be greater to all parties, than any which at present belong to the condition of slavery. The radical knows, and admits, the necessity and legitimate use of the physical force of the workies, and of course, also, of the slaves, at junctures of hopeless oppression. But, if ever there can be hope of final adjustment without violence, surely, thinks the Radical, that blessed day has dawned upon England and her dependencies! and surely the work of enlightening the popular mind and humanizing the popular temper must be allowed to proceed for some time longer ere a sound politician would not rather hold slaves, as well as workies, a little back, than urge them a little on.

The Radical would expect his candidate, as a matter of course, and, in consistency with general principles, to urge or help a Government to check hasty, much more tyrannical punishment of sailors and soldiers. If the Radical found a considerable, or even *numerically* respectable, division upon this subject in the army and navy, he would turn his serious thoughts to it, and expect his candidate to express at least an opinion on the expediency or non-expediency of the power of flogging. But, mixing with soldiers and sailors, and finding them, though in other respects differing, what may fairly be called unanimous in supporting the necessity of *the power of very severe corporal infliction* being lodged with officers, the Radical really would deem himself an impertinent personage for meddling in the matter at all, and considers his ultra brethren reprehensible, in point of common sense, for doing so.

The Radical is for preserving the Church property, at least for some years to come, for religious purposes. He is no stickler for any of the paraphernalia and mere circumstance of the present absurd and corrupt system. But he knows the religious sentiment must be, for ages to come, perhaps as long as man is man, publicly expressed; and as inspiration cannot be procured, he wants all the philosophy and mental refinement which money is the only general means for obtaining, in those who are selected to preside over and influence this expression. Tithes the Radical deems a monstrous mode of maintenance for any men who can do nothing without the good-will of their neighbourhood; but the Radical will not let the country gentlemen pocket a shilling more from that portion of tithe, which is strictly public property. The Radical knows how they have profited by this already, and is for making them pay up, therefore, to the uttermost farthing of the actual value, when the Government shall

require them to buy their estates free from the reserved annuity charge. The Radical questions not the absolute right of the Legislature to do exactly what it will with the public portion of the tithes ; but, as they are nothing more than a permanent exception to the right of private purchase and appropriation, and do not involve the slightest injustice. Until it has been thoroughly ascertained that the sentiment of religion does not require funds for its most befitting expression and influence over the public mind, the Radical withholds his permission to seize upon public Church property, and substitute a tax for it. He thinks a tax might justly be deemed a hardship and injustice by Dissenters of all denominations ; whereas *it is ridiculous to view a reservation from the right of purchase in the light of a tax, and preposterous in any individual to feel aggrieved in paying it*, although he has an undoubted right to wish the payment otherwise appropriated than it is. We think that enough ; and all that need be has now been said to exhibit our *beau ideal* of prudent Radicalism in due distinctness. As instances of it in public characters, we do not think fitter persons can be selected than Sir John Hobhouse and Mr. Hume. Whatever may be plausibly argued to the contrary, we maintain it is not quite possible for a man, in the predicament of the former of these gentlemen, to be quite so plain spoken in debate, and quite so independant, as if he were out of office ; and, as we deem the plain speaking and independence of such a man as the worthy Baronet to be of more consequence to us at present than his influence with the Ministry, we regret, for his own sake and our's, that he has taken office. We feel convinced that Hobhouse is at least, and would at a pinch be, in word and deed, a Radical, to the extent we have been describing.

As for Mr. Hume, we never saw him ; but we have acquired such a respect for him, through his public conduct, as would make us wish to uncover our heads before him in the street. Oh ! that he would but ride his hobby, Retrenchment, with a little of that consideration, without which we think he will make him a sorry beast at last ! But Mr. Hume, though well versed in figures, is, too, in matter of fact, a man to render figurative language appropriate in speaking of him. Mr. Hume's pervading fault is, we think, a too rigid economy. His, and our own disgust at the former wicked profusion, cannot, in our view, in the least justify the opposite extreme. We cannot cease to wonder how a man of his good and shrewd sense should deem cheap government essential to wealthy England ! We hold niggardly payment of public officers, in any grade, not only useless, but downright pernicious, and disgraceful. So do we the retrenchment of working hands to a point, at which the public service can be obstructed in execution and dispatch, or too severe labour exacted from public servants. Oh ! that Mr. Hume would discard the notion of cheap government, except as regards pensions and sinecures, and aim hereafter at nothing beyond open and explicit accounts of expenditure. Oh ! that he would forbear to insist upon the odious principle of cheapness, and not push retrenchment beyond what might be deemed *liberal economy*, leaving the generosity of a reformed

Parliament to judge a little for itself, on adequate remuneration for *bonâ fide* public service!

It is owing to our high opinion of Mr. Hume that we cannot forbear hazarding what may be deemed hypercriticism on him. We will not run the chance of losing any of this gentleman's good service, from delicacy in finding fault with him; we would feign correct him into the absolutely perfect man, the *τελειωτος ανηρ* of Aristotle. In this spirit we respectfully hint our suspicion of his being a little too prone to treat the masses as he would a deliberative body. We are convinced of the great use of debating with men of the lower orders, upon the most unreserved footing: but we strenuously oppose the admission to debate of large bodies of them at once. In our opinion it is a monstrous absurdity to confer with the working classes on matters of politics, except in the persons of a select few, deputed by themselves, through whom the results of conference might transpire in publication to the main body. We deem an educated man's proper dignity degraded, when he condescends to address so large a number of uneducated men as may be tempted to receive his counter-arguments in a partizan spirit. Multitude and debate are philosophical contradictions. Even in the Houses of Parliament they are scarcely reconcilable with reason. We hope to see the day when hustings shall be abolished, and deputations from the electoral body alone conferred with, while the more general debate may be carried on by publication. *Viva voce* addresses to multitudes we think should be reserved for exhortation to arms against tyranny, foreign or domestic, when all other means of ensuring justice are despaired of.—We hope Mr. Hume would not, in cool moments, dissent from these our views; and, if so, we would implore him to adopt a line of conduct in direct and consistent maintenance of them.

The Ultra-Radicals are the party who run into all those excesses which the Radicals stop short of. They are for razing every thing, but a few political abstractions, to the ground, and then building again, after their own fashion, such institutions as they and the workies may deem fit for all the rest of their countrymen. They are, doubtless, well intentioned, most of them, and mean nothing more by their *asperitas agrestis et inconcinna gravisque*, than the maintenance of *Libertas mera Veraque Virtus*. But they are men in no wise to be approved of by a sound politician; nor should a man who would serve his country, and humanity at large, hesitate to lend his voice, and, if needful, his arm, to support any other party in the State in keeping this party in the back-ground.

These are the men who, like Madame Roland, as stated in Dumont's *Recollections of Mirabeau*, "*overlook every fault in those who declaim against courtiers, and believe that virtue is confined to hovels, and will exalt very mediocre personages, merely because they possess the same opinion.*" Nay, these are the men, who, in the teeth of their admissions of present popular incompetency, to be gradually gained upon by education, will go the length of telling the people what the good and noble, but exaggerated French heroine only thought about them. These are the men who love to get a few hundreds of uneducated persons together in a rotunda, or a few thousands in the open air, and

appeal to them (on political questions of grave importance, and at least some perplexity,) whether any opinion but their own ought to be listened to ; and whether they do not deem dissentients villains, and are not prepared to carry the speaker's propositions into effect at all hazards.

Amongst Ultra Radicals are to be found no philosophers, no unprejudiced men of intellectual power. The late idol of the party, Jeremy Bentham, though possessed of commanding talents for analysis, arrangement, classification, combination, and doubtless a conscientious, and, in many respects, an amicable man, was too full of prejudices to take high grade in moral or political philosophy. There are though, in this Party, men of indisputably high endowments, short of a genuine and consistent philosophy. As a dialectician and wit, the *Examiner* is, perhaps, unrivalled ; but he has not the patience requisite for investigation, nor the temper to refrain from extravagant bitterness, and sweeping condemnations. There is sufficient evidence in his writings of a generous and disinterested devotion to the Poor Man's cause ; but he is utterly unable to decide, with impartiality, between the upper and lower ranks. He would rather let a mob destroy a million's worth of property, than excuse a troop of dragoons, under command of a gentleman, for charging a mob to prevent such loss. In fact, though evidently a well intentioned man, he is a most heady and dangerous politician ; and, could he have his own way, would do more mischief, by over exciting the people, than could be repaired in a very long subsequent experience. The *Examiner* would tell you, (and almost argue you out of your senses in support of his assertion,) that he has never deserved such charges as we have made against him ; that he has always maintained the propriety of order and subordination, &c. &c. So indeed he has, here and there, condescended to do *obiter*. But this order and subordination are, throughout his pages, supposed to be posterior to a general break-up and pell-mell conflict in behalf of the workies ; and it needs but little penetration, therefore, to discern, that for such gracious condescension to our orderly prepossessions, we do not owe this writer much gratitude or consideration, seeing we are not very likely to benefit by it.

As one instance of the *Examiner's* Ultra Radicalism, we recollect he once objected to the establishment of a National Guard, to protect lives and property, *till he had also institutions worth preserving*, for fear the protection should be extended to our existing institutions !

As another instance we quote the following comment of the *True Sun* on Attwood of Birmingham, the hero of reform, copied into the *Examiner* of November 11th.

" This gentleman is one of the bubbles that are sure to be blown into a little brief existence by a great and imminent crisis. He is one of those who would never make their way to renown through the ordinary crannies of the times, and who require a convulsion to throw them out of the crater. He is the child of eruption, the hot cinder of an hour. Mr. Attwood has made his little fire felt far and wide, and is now sadly afraid of going out altogether. He had contrived to erect himself upon the throne of all the Unions, to establish

himself by dint of seeming one of the people, as one of the potentates. The royalty of radicalism seemed embodied in his person. He was proclaimed to the world as the little king of Birmingham; as a kind of "Brummagem" Alfred the Great! The Council of the Union constituted his privy council; the Union itself formed his parliament, whose business it was to vote supplies; and his people were the 200,000 necessary for his purposes at public meetings, to stand bare-headed at his beck, and to affix their signatures to any petitions that it might please his modesty to call upon them to sanction."

Gentle readers! True-hearted and consistent Radicals! are you not amazed at this bitter and unsparing abuse of the very champion of reform; but for whose resolute, yet temperate and forbearing conduct; but for whose high and well-established character amongst the population of his crowded district; but for whose unimpeachable addiction, at least, to the cause of the masses, the imposing attitude of the Birmingham Union would never have been assumed, nor its salutary influence felt, by the cause of reform! You are doubtless anxious to know what can have excited in the organs of ultraism such immoderate rage and hostility against the late god of their idolatry, and the acknowledged main instrument of our political regeneration! Shall we venture to disclose the awful secret? Are your nerves strong enough to bear it all at once? We are positively heaving with the throes of approaching delivery! "*Parturiunt montes nascetur ridiculus mus.*" Mr. Attwood had ventured to speak reproachfully, but very temperately, and without the least abuse, of the inefficacious support of the Cockney workies to the Reform Bill. He had used the following words:—"Here are a million and a half of people who have done nothing, and yet they presume to send a deputation to teach us how to form Unions. The working men have neither wealth nor leisure to work in the cause—we have both. If they succeed, they will be certain to break up the political power in this town, and certain not to gain the liberty of the press (that is, its freedom from taxation). The old Radicals have been at work forty years, and have gained nothing."

This specimen of consideration towards the man whose manly and temperate Unionists soon managed what the Cockney workies had no notion of, till they were shown it by him and his friends, is, we think, a complete index to the instincts and qualities of Ultra Radicalism.

Tristius haud illis monstrum, nec sævior ulla
Pestis et ira dæum Stygiis sese extulit undis.

In conclusion, we offer a few words to explain our preference of the Liberal Whigs, the Menders and Restorers, in present occupation of the helm, to our own Altering and Improving Party, the Radicals:—

The late break-up, and reduction of our political elements to a temporary chaos, necessarily brought many heterogeneous characters into conjunction. The immediate objects of *Liberals*, *Whigs*, *Radicals*, and *Ultra Radicals*, were identical; and not only admitted of, but positively required a close and fraternal union. During this

confusion, many of the Radical Party, indeed almost all the prominent and most active spirits, were forced into political intimacy with the Ultras. It will take more than a little time ere the Radicals can graciously shake off this connection; nor till they can do, and have done so, do we think they could occupy official station, without serious impediment to their effectiveness from the Ultra Parties. The Ultras, on either side, are voracious and insatiable as the abyss. They know not what it is to have enough. Such writers as the *True Sun* and *Examiner*, are, through instinctive good sense, deterred from extreme abuse of the present highly deserving ministry. They know the country feels they have done more than could be expected from essential Aristocrats; and that the country is grateful to them; and that they, the Ultra Organs, could not hope to materially impair their credit for principle and consistency. But, were Radicals now to come into power, *tum illæ turbæ fierent!* then what a clamour would the greedy Ultras raise! how would they, like harpies, hover about, and pounce upon, and defile the banquets provided by the Radicals! Not a sentiment would be uttered by a Radical ministry, or a measure proposed, but the flight of dire and obscene Ultras would intercept the popular gratitude, and mar its enjoyment. Nothing, however liberal, which the Radicals could offer, would be enough. The quotations of Radical sentiments and assertions, under the excitement of fraternization with the Ultras, would be so heaped upon them, as to throw suspicion upon their integrity; would destroy their credit with the lower orders, whilst the higher would be so totally estranged from them, as to leave no chance at all of their carrying their measures into effect.

It is a further objection, with us, to the speedy admission of our own party to official power, that it would be subject to unduly rapid impulse from the Ultra Radicals. We feel conscious our own desire for alteration and improvement would expose us to grievous temptation to hurry onwards, had we the whip and reins in our hands; and we would not trust any Radical, we know of, in a situation to be at once excited into vain-glory and over-confidence by the Ultras, and to have the power of pushing his intemperance to consummation.

The systematic and unqualified perseverance against national opinions and wishes, of the unreformed government, was certainly grounded upon a false principle, namely, *that nothing should be yielded as long as it could be maintained*. This false principle is at an end; but the wisdom of the trite old sayings of our school days, "*Est modus in rebus*,"—"Ne quid nimis, &c." is still unimpaired in the estimation of true philosophy. We maintain, that with our unexampled facilities for discussion, enlarged too, as they soon will be, and through the increasing intelligence of the masses, the country will be better managed by a government a little inclined to hold back, than to lead the way. The public want ministers who will be open to national convictions, not ministers who would force convictions on the nation.

THE LABOUR INSTITUTION.

THE Labour Exchange, in the Gray's Inn-road, occupies at the present time a considerable share of the attention of the public, owing to the novelty of the institution, and the celebrity of its founder, Mr. Robert Owen, of philanthropic notoriety.

The disappearance and dissolution of the multitude of the schemes of this gentleman, for the amelioration of the condition of the lower orders of this and of other countries, would argue an apparent deficiency of judgment or of perseverance in their founder; and whether the present institution, for the removal of ignorance and poverty from the world, be destined to be longer lived than his preceding projects at New Harmony and Bagnigge Wells, would appear to be rather problematical. The institution has evidently been commenced without any definite or well-arranged plan of operations, much confusion and misunderstanding having already arisen in consequence; and the quantity of poverty yet removed by Mr. Owen and his well-paid co-directors, is certainly very small. The chief features of the institution are, the system of exchange or barter of commodities, and an attempt to supersede the use of gold and silver, as the instruments of exchange, by the substitution of labour notes. This, however, is a needless and nugatory attempt, for it will be difficult indeed to persuade the industrious classes of the inutility of the usual money of the world, or of the superiority of the notes of Mr. Owen and the irresponsible directors of the Labour Bazaar. The labour notes are indeed themselves paper money, of a most expensive description, being engraved upon a steel plate, in the finest style of the art, and presenting a profusion of elaborate ornamental emblems of industry and plenty—a labour note for one hour, of the value of sixpence, being apparently worth that sum of money as a work of art. The labour notes being also exchanged for silver and gold, at the institution itself, it appears that this portion of the project is at best an expensive and ridiculous singularity.

The other departments of the institution are also conducted upon an expensive scale, the rent of the building alone amounting to the sum of 1200*l.* per annum, and the various expences for management, with the many hazards, from the inability or want of integrity of the numerous persons engaged in conducting so extensive a concern, will probably be found to be fatal to the project.

Many opponents have already appeared against the system—the political leaders of the industrious classes objecting to the principle of the plan, upon the ground of its rejection of politics, and its submissive tendency to patience under the distresses which undoubtedly arise from our system of national misgovernment, and which never can be remedied—but, on the contrary, will be very greatly aggravated—by the meekness and non-resistance of the plan of Mr. Owen. Certainly, the labour exchange presents no remedy for the many oppressions upon the industrious classes of this country; for it is, on the contrary, a mere war upon one very large body of the industrious classes themselves—the small shopkeepers of this metropolis—who,

in the words of Owen, will by the labour institution "be pursued to destruction."

We cannot therefore applaud the establishment, by public subscription, of an institution which is thus avowedly to destroy the body of the smaller shopkeepers of London, who in these times of difficulty are already the most universally distressed and mentally uncomfortable of all the commercial classes of the country, requiring rather assistance, than the opposition of a large and monopolizing institution, such as that of Mr. Owen. We cannot indeed discern, how the removal of ignorance and poverty will ever be effected by the establishment of a monopoly of shopkeeping.

Indeed, the views of this gentleman are somewhat confused and contradictory; and though generally allowed to be benevolent in his intentions, we fear that not an inconsiderable portion of vanity and hungering after notoriety and power, are ingredients in his character. Thus his recent co-operative establishment, at Harmony in the United States, was dissolved by his own supercilious assumption of too great an appearance of wisdom and of power; for we learn from a recent enlightened traveller, Mr. Ferral, that Mr. Owen could brook no distrust in the infallibility of his schemes, and the members of the society retired, universally disgusted with the man. Nor do we perceive why this man of benevolence should have refused, at a recent meeting, to vacate the chair upon any occasion whatever; alleging himself the governor and founder of the institution. Whence he derives his title to the governorship, we know not, excepting by the doctrine of divine right; but he is most assuredly not the founder of the institution in a pecuniary point of view, for the purchase of the building, and the other expences of the project, have been defrayed by the subscriptions of the public. Mr. Owen is thus at no hazard whatever; but, on the contrary, we remember that at the meeting for the completion of the purchase of the building, a resolution was introduced, most strongly guarding him from all personal liability. In these times, when the self-election of boroughmongers and parish vestrymen is yielding to the principle of election by the people, we trust that Mr. Owen will not be the only personage to be tolerated as the perpetual governor of an institution supported by the subscriptions of the public.

But the institution we consider nugatory and of no avail; for allowing that the utmost extent of employment were afforded to mechanics by the labour bazaar, still it is obvious that this merely displaces the same amount of labour in another situation; for the unemployed shoemaker, who manufactures a weekly pair of shoes to be sold by Mr. Owen, causes another journeyman to be unemployed by the master shoemakers in the neighbourhood, which, therefore, is a mere change of the person and the place of the want of employment, and the consequent distress. But we find by a recent decision of the governor, that deposits are now refused of goods in value below one sovereign, a rule which apparently removes the institution beyond the reach of the unemployed of the working classes altogether, since very few mechanics indeed can be possessed of materials

to the value of twenty shillings upon any one occasion, and this prohibitory rule goes therefore to defeat the purpose for which the institution was established. To fulfil the objects of the establishment, the rule ought rather to have prohibited the deposit of goods in value *exceeding* the sum of twenty shillings, when the counters of the bazaar would no longer be loaded with the refuse stock of the metropolitan shopkeepers, to the exclusion of the produce of the labour of the mechanics, for whose benefit the subscriptions of the public have founded the Bazaar.

We are of opinion, however, that persons engaged in the mechanical trades are not those who in reality require assistance from public institutions, such as this Labour Bazaar. For the condition of the operatives in towns is always immeasurably superior to that of labourers upon farms, on the roads, or in other agricultural employments; for there are few sober carpenters or smiths who even in these times of difficulty cannot be furnished with three times more of the comforts of existence than the mass of the agricultural labourers of England; the anguish of whose condition has given rise to the incendiary fires of the last three miserable years. We can venture to assure Mr. Owen that the project for the extensive employment of labourers of the country in cultivation by the spade, will be abundantly more effective for the removal of poverty from the industrious classes, than the exchanging of shoes and waistcoats in the Gray's-Inn Road; since the one would undoubtedly increase the solid productions of the earth, and the real comforts of the labourer, whilst the other is a merely nugatory operation, attended with the disadvantage of "pursuing to destruction" one of the largest bodies of the industrious classes themselves. We consider the views of Mr. Owen upon the subject of spade-husbandry to be indeed the best and the only really advantageous portion of his scheme; for the experiments of the last few years have abundantly proved, that the labour of man is in reality in this populous country more economical than the labour of the horse or the ox, whilst the annual crops of the country may be more than quintupled by the adoption of the spade. The small allotments of land which our alarmed aristocracy are now granting to the labourers of the country, will not only produce the most beneficial consequences upon the condition of our rural population, but will immeasurably increase the rental of the land, owing to the extraordinary increase of the crop—the result of garden cultivation. Thus we know an instance upon the estate of the Duke of B., where twenty-four acres have been recently subtracted from a farm paying a rental of only eleven shillings per acre, and are now subdivided into twelve small tenements of two acres each, for which the labouring occupants can very advantageously pay a rental of two pounds per acre. We can also testify to the sale of carrots to the value of seventy pounds from a single acre of land by spade cultivation. We trust, therefore, that these subdivisions of land are destined to become universal, assisted by the forthcoming change in the equalizing spirit of our reformed institutions, as exhibited by the abolition of the law of primogeniture, and the other aristocratical portions of our legislation,

which render the immense accumulations of property in few hands the peculiar curse of England.

But even in this portion of his scheme we are obliged to correct Mr. Owen in his exaggeration of his facts. Not content to effect a moderate improvement in the condition of the labouring classes, he informs us that "Mr. Falla, of Gateshead, has made a fortune by spade husbandry." Now here Mr. Owen conceals the fact that Mr. Falla is a gardener and seedsman, celebrated for his plants over the whole of Scotland and the northern counties of England, and not certainly cultivator of wheat, barley, and oats—the crops of the ordinary farmer. Fortunes cannot, and if the fair remuneration of the labourer be paid, ought not to be made from the cultivation of the actual food of man, and upon the greatest-happiness-principle, the diffusion and not the gathering of wealth is the true source of national prosperity.

We trust then that Mr. Owen will leave the theatre of the town, and the vain plaudits of the Gray's-Inn Road, for the green lanes and pleasant fields of rural tranquillity. The mechanics of the metropolis, redolent of Barclay and Perkins, will expel him from his self-elected chair; but his power will endure for ever amongst the grateful clod-poles of the valley. His own interest and the comforts of the labourer will be simultaneously consulted by an extensive introduction of cultivation by the spade; whilst he derives, we presume, no compensation from his present labours in the magistracy of the labour institution. It is, however, our happiness to remark, that the circumstances of Mr. Owen do not appear to be injured by his operations for the welfare of mankind; for we find from the account of Mr. Ferral that the land and household property at New Harmony remain in his possession to the present time, and have been greatly improved in value by the resort of the population who composed his co-operative institution. This is certainly very good, for we should regret that schemes of benevolence should injure their projectors; but charity vaunteth not itself, and we trust to see Mr. Owen retire from the impracticable tailors of the Gray's-Inn Road to the more silent scenes of rural benevolence.

Viewed in its present situation, we fear that much loss may eventually result to many poor individuals from the operations of the Labour Institution: and as its beneficial effects are so entirely visionary, we trust that the press will remove this stepping-stone to the personal vanity and frivolous ambition of a single individual.

THE PHRENOLOGIST.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE "PRY CHRONICLES."

ON the second day of the first week in January, 1830, the lord and master of Occiput House was journeying, on foot, from Ariesport to his own mansion, late in the evening.

By what designation this mansion was known, before it was the property of Dr. Kopfstirn, I never heard—nor is it matter of much importance. After the mature deliberation befitting a subject of such magnitude, he re-christened it, with all due ceremony, *Occiput House*; by the which name it is now known. It is an ancient edifice, modernized. Turrets, angles, and trivial conceits, are stuck upon and about the massy walls, wherein our warlike ancestors took delight. In the "days of former years," it was doubtless a castle; but, as some of the lights of the world insist that human nature has degenerated, even so hath it fared with Kopfstirn's Castle. Its present appearance is that of a partly Chinese, partly Gothic erection; which cannot fail to remind the contemplative traveller, that the baron's coronet has been judiciously replaced by the cap and bells, common to all ranks.

This tasteful and elegant building stands within fifty paces of the lofty and precipitous cliff, about a mile east of Ariesport, a watering-place of repute, on the Kentish coast. It frowns not in the native majesty of strength and power, but resembles, more than any thing under heaven, a starving wretch, meditating the fatal plunge from the aforesaid cliff.

The evening on which the Doctor is first introduced to the reader's notice, was precisely such a one as January often favours us with. The snow descended thick and fast; and the keen north-east wind howled drearily around. But being profoundly wrapped up in his own cogitations, and, what was more to the purpose, on such a night, a coat that bid defiance to the cold, he plodded on his way, heedless of the tempest.

He had traversed more than three parts of the distance which separates Ariesport from Occiput House, when he was startled from his reflective mood by a stifled groan. He stopped, drew in his breath, and assumed the attitude of one who listens; but nought, save the dismal sighing of the wind, was audible. So firmly, however, was he impressed with the idea that a fellow-creature was near, and in distress, that, regardless of the inclement night, he remained stationary, and called aloud. The howling of the blast was the only answer. Smiling at what then seemed an illusion, he was moving rapidly from the spot, when a second and more distinct groan fell upon his ear. Although the night was one well calculated for the wanderings of a perturbed and miserable ghost, no such fancy dwelt on the worthy Doctor's mind; but deciding, that the sounds he had heard were purely terrestrial, he commenced an examination on both sides of the fences which separated the road from the contiguous fields.

His exertions were soon crowned with the success they deserved. He perceived an object on the ground, close to one of the fences: it was the body of a human being, whose garments were thickly besprinkled with snow, as if it had lain there some time.

The stranger was as motionless and insensible, as if the spirit which once animated him had parted from its temporary imprisonment with the last deep groan. And such was Dr. Kopfstirn's first impression; but having ascertained the heart's pulsation, and being a powerful man—possessed of the will as well as the means—he lifted him up, and conveyed him to his own house. The usual restoratives in such cases were applied, which, in a short time, rewarded his active benevolence with the desired conclusion. Slight convulsive motions about the eyelids and lips, proclaimed the return of suspended animation. Presently, a pair of black, but lustreless eyes stared vacantly around. In a few minutes they assumed something of intelligence. By slow degrees entire consciousness was restored; and the patient, looking steadily at Dr. Kopfstirn, inquired, in a low, feeble tone, where he was?

"The guest of Dr. Kopfstirn," replied he to whom the question was addressed. "But you must remain quiet for the present, and all will soon be well. I will leave you in excellent hands." And, turning to his housekeeper, an ancient crone, of exaggerated features and forbidding aspect, desired her to watch by the bed-side of the stranger, and left the room.

"Th' owld man's gone clane daft,"—so she grumbled the moment his back was turned,—“to pick up a beggar, or, may be, a thief—the Lord presarve us!—out o' th' snow, as he says. How long I may keep my head on my owld shouthers, who may tell, if our house is to be turned into a lodging for every strolling pedlar, or worse, that happens to take the snow for his bed—an' he has one?”

Without being aware of the amiable feelings thus vented in indistinct mutterings, the stranger presently fell into a disturbed slumber. Fever was apprehended; and the event verified the prognostication.

During this interval, we shall have time for a word or two about the owner of Occiput House.

He was indebted, partly to the bounty of nature, and partly to a good appetite and excellent digestive organs, for an ample rotundity of figure; which, however, was no incumbrance to his activity. His extension of body, and length of sinewy arms, seemed as if originally intended for a man, at the very least, six feet high; and his legs, for one, of not more than half that height. His head was certainly between his shoulders; but how it was fixed there might puzzle a conjuror; for of neck he had none—that is, none visible. It was a round, snipe-like head, covered with long, straight, light-coloured hair, surmounting an equally round, but good-humoured face. Its expression was peculiar, being derived from two animated, sparkling, gray, wise-looking, little eyes; which had acquired an almost perpetually twinkling motion, especially when either angry, or descanting on a favourite topic.

His usual dress was a brown coat, abundantly capacious—it would have enveloped the persons of Daniel Lambert and an alderman joined together. His waistcoat evinced a propensity to dandyism.

It was of black velvet, ornamented with gold embroidery. The rest of his habiliments were of leather, which had seen too many annual revolutions of the sun to have retained their original appearance. His shoes were full three inches wide at the toes, and fastened at the instep, with enormous silver buckles. Now imagine this figure, bearing on its head a clerical hat, a thick oaken cudgel in its hand, and perched on the back of a lazarus-like horse, seventeen hands high, and you have his complete picture as frequently seen riding down the principal street of Ariesport.

Our doctor was a native of that land of wild story—Germany; and a cottage, about ten miles from Francfort, at the foot of the adjacent lofty mountain, *Der Alte-König*, or, the old king, was the little man's residence for the first fifteen years of his life.

On the summit of *Der Alte-König* stand the ruins of an ancient castle. To this point would the young Kopfstirn often climb his laborious way for the solace of solitary contemplation. His constant habit of frequenting the ruined old castle, in addition to his peculiar conformation, acquired for him the appellation of *Der Alte-König*,—and *The Dwarf of Der Alte-König* was perpetually sounding in his ears.

Late in the evening of the first of May, 17—, the persecuted dwarf, bitterly galled by the taunts and jeers he had that day endured, bounded up the steep acclivity with the speed and agility of the chamois. Arrived at his favourite haunt, amid the dilapidated towers of former strength, he seated himself on a little knoll, close to the ruined fortress, and was soon immersed in reflections which exalted him far, very far above the dust and drudgery of this world. He spurned the earth; he spurned the sons of earth; and, ascending on the eagle wing of fancy, looked down with sovereign contempt on many a little planet, as it lay stretched out beneath his feet, a mere speck in boundless space.

Gradually his mind reverted to himself and his fellow-men. He cast his eyes on the ruins around, and thought on antiquarian fame. He looked up to heaven, and the astronomers' celebrity rose before him. He bent his gaze on the earth, and dwelt on the labours of the naturalist. But his mind was yet a mere collection of rude materials, unhewn, unpolished. Decision withheld her fiat. Visions of grandeur floated before his imagination; baseless fabrics, unsubstantial and shadowy. He saw—but was condemned to the fate of *Tantalus*.

Plunged in these reveries—now unnaturally exalted, and now as unnaturally depressed, he noted not the lapse of time; and night had thrown her starry mantle over the world before he became conscious of the transition. He then prepared to retrace his steps, exclaiming, as he felt the keen pang of disappointment,—

“O that some power—whether fiend, devil, or angel, I care not—would but point out the path to celebrity!”

“Thy call is obeyed!” rang among the ruins in a voice of thunder.

The stout heart of the youthful Kopfstirn, though beating quicker than its wont, disdained to quail. Anticipated triumph flushed his brow and nerved his courage, and he stood erect and firm.

Now, whether the earth opened according to the most approved method in such cases, or whether the dwarf descended through a secret passage, the work of scheming mortality, I am not informed; but in the space of a few minutes he found himself in a subterranean cave, or apartment, brilliantly illuminated. Whence the light proceeded was a mystery. No torch was visible; and the damp of fear stood, for the first time, on the adventurer's brow. The walls, the roof, and the floor were of solid rock, bearing the marks of having been rudely torn asunder by the effect of some mighty power, rather than the systematic workmanship of mortal agency. But the daring Kopfstirn had little time to remark the peculiarities of the cavern's construction, for almost at the moment of his introduction his guide vanished, and from the further extremity of the apartment came a figure which could not fail to appal. Not, unhappily, possessed of Milton's sublimity, I must content myself by saying, that the tail and head gear of this being proclaimed him the dread Prince of Darkness. Kopfstirn no longer felt any difficulty in solving the problem whence the mystical illumination of the cave proceeded.

Our youthful hero, however, contrived to retain possession of his senses. The fearful apparition of him of the cloven foot had not the power, or exercised it not, of reducing him to mere unintelligent matter. He was, therefore, perfectly aware of the whole proceedings, which, for the benefit of the curious in demonology, we have faithfully, but briefly, chronicled.

The ruler of the nether regions advanced to the centre of the infernal cave, followed by a multitude of the most extraordinary and grotesque forms man ever looked upon, and lived to describe. There were witches with their broomsticks; wizards with their wands; and all kinds of fantastic spirits, with heads and without heads, with tails and without tails. These were succeeded by the terrific and gigantic form of the demon of the Hartz mountains, at the head of another motley group of infernals, bearing his uprooted pine for a walking-stick. These elements resolved themselves into a dance.

Perhaps none of my readers ever had an opportunity to witness such an exhibition as a dance of giants and witches. If not, let them imagine Stonehenge and a few scattered hamlets suddenly animated by the music of a volcanic eruption, and frisking about in all the exuberant joy of stones and houses liberated from their thralldom.

The Devil is certainly a gentleman conversant in the ways of the world, and, in the present instance, a copier thereof; for, after the ball, a sumptuous entertainment was spread for their strange guests. Whether his Infernal Majesty's favourite dish—a roasted hippopotamus, garnished with young tigers, was one of the solids of this feast, Ernest Kopfstirn could not ascertain. English gin and porter was handed about, and seemed to be a favourite drink, and divided the palm with brimstone and vitriol. Mirth, revelry, and noise, now triumphed; which, after considerable duration, was suddenly succeeded by the silence of the grave. But as the piercing light, which had hitherto illumined the cavern, began to wane, the stillness was broken by the daemon of the Hartz mountains, who, rearing his gigantic height far above his compeers, and leaning on his pine-tree,

delivered the following prophecy, in a voice that vibrated through every fibre of Ernest Kopfstirn's frame.

"When the Dwarf of Der Alte-Konig shall have been a student at Gottingen, an infant science shall spread abroad its branches, and flourish through the earth."

A wild cry of joy burst from the deepest recess of Ernest's heart, which made every eye turn to the spot where he stood. A commotion arose, the light vanished; fear and trembling came over him, and he saw nothing more of this superhuman assembly, but found himself, he was ignorant how, in the same place where he had first heard the voice from the ruins.

There is a tradition current in Germany, that at the castle of Der Alte-Konig, on every successive May-day, the Devil holds a convocation of all the witches and wizards in the German empire; that he inquires how they had performed their several parts since the last meeting, and concludes his catechizing, by giving them a splendid entertainment. Though Ernest Kopfstirn retained the firm conviction he had been bodily present at one of these convocations, as just related, yet many shook their wise heads and avouched that he merely fell asleep among the old ruins. This may be the most rational way of accounting for it, but assuredly not the most German.

Whether Ernest Kopfstirn dreamed the scene I have described, or not, I leave the learned to decide. Be the decision as it may, his future life was materially influenced by the occurrence; for, within a few days, he left the home of his friends and journeyed on foot to Gottingen, where, adventureless, he arrived, elate with hopes, glorious hopes of future celebrity.

Here he studied hard, possibly stimulated by his adventure at Cronenburg, and acquired a very creditable share of learning. He applied, nor went application unrewarded. The mine was opened; he saw the glittering and precious ore, and he laboured incessantly to make it his. When, therefore, he received his degree, it was not bestowed on ignorance, to the prejudice of the profession. His labours were not, however, confined wholly to the useful. He was an enthusiast; everything breathes enthusiasm at a German University, and dearly did he love the abstruse and the fanciful. At one time he devoted himself to certain wild theories, bearing on the state of his native country; a subject started and pursued with mad eagerness by German students in general,—while at another time he was involved in the entangled meshes of the alchymical web. Yet, although the words of the prophecy frequently recurred to his memory, he could not persuade himself that alchymy was the infant science alluded to. At length, felicitous thought! phrenology presented itself to his mind; and, with the enthusiast's quickness, he decided that, therein he should rise pre-eminent, therein "live a life in others breath," according to one of the definitions of fame.

Eternity of fame is an alluring bait, and the incipient Phrenologist redoubled his exertions. Bumps and organs, and their development, were his study by day, and his vision by night. Henceforth, nor bird, nor beast, nor mortal, ever came in his way that escaped his scrutiny. His whole energies were directed toward this single pursuit, and, in process of time, he shone forth a most remarkable speci-

men of the craniological genus. When he quitted the University of Gottingen, he had the reputation of a clever man led astray, by the *ignis fatuus* of an idle fancy, and devoted to the illustration of eccentric theories, to the neglect of those nobler branches of science, which his strong mind was fully capable of advancing.

Having spent some short time in Italy and France, he arrived in England; having reaped golden opinions from all sorts of men, and, despite of his devotion to one absorbing subject, found time to fall in love with, and marry the sister of Sir William Desmond. Sir William's indignation—in such cases, commonly called pride—conquered the affection he bore his sister; and she was treated as an outcast from the family, a disgrace to the blood of Desmond. The Doctor, however, proved an affectionate husband. But, unfortunately, after they had been married about four years, Kopfstirn heard that the skull of a mammoth had been found in America. An examination of this skull was, of course, decided upon. Himself, his wife, and only child, sailed to the land of mammoths; found the story of the skull nothing but a story, and returned, as many other sight-seekers have returned, with an added portion of the acerbity of disappointment in their compositions. But this was not all; he suffered by his voyage. When within sight of the white cliffs of Old England, the vessel was wrecked, and Ernest Kopfstirn returned to Occiput House, a solitary mourner. His wife and child had perished; and, when he alluded to this circumstance he would turn to the windows and look mournfully at the ocean-grave of his loved ones!

But we must now return to the incident, with which our tale opened.

Hum-nity dwelt in the bosom of Dr. Kopfstirn, and he failed not to watch over the stranger, whose life he had saved, with the utmost assiduity. In a month, he was sufficiently recovered to leave his room, and four dreary weeks had they proved! The couch of sickness is ever sad, but when the sting is pointed by an affliction beyond the reach of art to alleviate—affliction of the mind—illness is exasperated into its sharpest poignancy. That his mind was not free from oppression, the gloom settled on his expansive brow too plainly indicated.

The stranger was a dark-haired, handsome-featured man; by his looks, something more than five-and-twenty; though recent fever, and a sadness that belongs not to the spring of life, might unite to make him appear older than he was. He had certainly the conversation and easy bearing, which may either be expected to accompany a greater age, or much familiar intercourse with the world. Though mild and affable, he was frequently abstracted, and a degree of contradiction and irresolution marked his conduct.

The first time he appeared out of his sleeping apartment was one day, a short time before dinner, and after the doctor had congratulated the patient on his recovery, he was anxious to try his attainments, and was leading him directly to his favourite subject, the only subject, in fact, worth discussing—phrenology.

Fortunately for the stranger, and perhaps equally, or more so, for the reader, dinner was at that moment announced; which abruptly

cut short the learned Doctor's intended dissertation, and he led the way to the dining-room, exclaiming—

"There is no true happiness in this world!"—so said Quin, when he had procured some delicious fish, and the sauce was made with bad butter. "Something or other," added the dwarfish craniologist, "is ever impertinently intervening to mar our happiest moments."

The dinner was discussed after the fashion of most other dinners, save that the *os frontis* of an unhappy whiting served as the theme for a quarter of an hour's harangue, wherein it was clearly shewn the fish was predestined to be caught and devoured.

Immediately after the repast, and with a little circumlocution, Kopfstirn, who was not to be put off, said—"You have not seen my sanctum yet, young gentleman: after our wine, I shall have much pleasure in shewing you a few curiosities which I have had the happiness to collect."

The stranger acquiesced, and almost immediately followed his impatient host through sundry dark and narrow passages, until they arrived at a massive oaken door, studded with immense nails. This door was secured by a couple of patent locks, of intricate machinery, to guard the treasures within. When opened, the visiter beheld a small triangular apartment, furnished with an octagon table, two arm-chairs, covered with dog-skin, and a number of shelves stuck against the bare walls. The back of each chair was ornamented with the representation of a skull, carved with much cunning. The arms of the same were similarly decorated. On the shelves were displayed a vast number of skulls, large and small, round and oval, some human, some animal, some under glass cases, some not so distinguished; it was indeed a Golgotha—a place of skulls! On the table were scattered a miscellaneous assemblage of books, pamphlets, and manuscripts, with materials for writing.

The stranger could not but admire the contrivance for holding ink—a china skull contained the immortalizing fluid. It had all the various organs distinctly marked, not according to either Spurzheim or Gall, but after a new system which boasted the Doctor as its inventor, and which he took infinite pains to reduce to the stranger's capacity; but like many others, he had the art of amplifying to such an extent, and involving illustration within illustration, that what might have been previously comprehensible was so effectually obscured by his method of explanation, that not a glimpse of meaning remained.

Having glanced at the characteristic appendages of the craniologist's triangular study, the countenance of the stranger suddenly assumed an extraordinary appearance of emotion. The Doctor became alarmed. The stranger endeavoured to control it, but in vain. He sunk on a chair, and gave way to an uncontrollable burst of laughter. Two cats and a pug-dog were lying on the rug before the fire—with shaven crowns!

"Experiments for the advancement of science," said the Doctor, as both cause and effect manifested themselves, "are not legitimate subjects for laughter;" and he looked displeased. "I have operated on these animals myself, to the temporary destruction of their crinose honors, for the sake of a more minute examination."

"And I hope your discoveries have amply rewarded you for the trouble," remarked his companion, composing his face to seriousness.

"Truly they have, beyond my most sanguine expectations. I have detected an organ in the feline species which hath escaped all previous studiers of craniology—I mean the organ of reflectiveness."

He was about to take up one of the cats, for the purpose of pointing out this organ, when she unceremoniously launched forth a paw, and left deep marks of her indignation on the scientific man's cheek sinister.

"That is odd," exclaimed he, with the utmost composure and most imperturbable gravity, "*very* odd. I do not recollect to have seen it, but it *must* be there." And in defiance of the cat's evident reluctance, he took her up, seated himself in one of the arm chairs, confined his victim in a sort of wooden cage, so contrived as to leave only the head at liberty, and patiently began a scrutiny.

Long and carefully did Ernest Kopfstirn search. At last he triumphantly called out, "Well, I may exclaim with the heathen of old, 'Eureka! I have found it!' Look here—observe this slight prominence. It is, though very faintly developed, a sufficient indication that this specimen hath a pugnacious propensity."

"I was quite convinced of that before," remarked the stranger.

"Thus ever judge the ignorant!" exclaimed Kopfstirn. "I know it hath, not because I see the effect, but because I see the cause."

The cat now liberated, screaming with rage and pain, forthwith dashed through a pane of the study window, followed by the pug and the other cat, while the doctor, fully satisfied with his investigation, without taking further notice of the malcontents, said, as he took an almost shapeless mass from one of the shelves, "This is the greatest rarity in my whole collection. It is invaluable. I purchased it from an indigent man, who dwells at Knaresborough, and who found it embedded in a calcareous substance. After having bestowed the proper consideration due to such an important subject, no doubt remains on my mind but it is the skull of some antideluvian animal, genus not known. It is therefore valuable on that account. But what is the most remarkable—you see this organ?—Well, Sir—this organ denotes, that the specimen belongs to *conscientious irrationality*! You may smile, Sir, but it is evidently a skull; evidently not human. It consequently follows, that it must have appertained to the *animal* creation; and the organ, I have pointed out, is indicative of *conscientiousness*—a contradiction not easily reconciled, I grant. I am, however, commencing a treatise on the subject, which must carry conviction to the mind of the most hardened sceptic."

Reader! the treatise already extended to six hundred folio pages, closely written!

"My dear Sir," said the stranger, who had been attentively examining the specimen of *conscientious irrationality*, "this is no more a skull than a windmill!" and, before the horror-stricken phrenologist had time to exclaim against this heresy, he continued, "this identical specimen was offered me last summer at Knaresborough as a specimen of the petrifying spring, and is nothing more than part of a duck's egg!" The indignation and secret dismay which the doctor

felt at this blunt overthrow of his favorite theory he had great difficulty in restraining; but, assuming a smile anything but humorous, he said, with forced composure, "Truly, my young friend, I admire your candour; but I pity your discrimination. The glories of science are not yet made manifest to you: but let us change the subject. I have an affair to discuss with you on which we shall better agree. It strikes me we are not such strangers as I at first supposed. During your illness I observed the traces of a wound in your head with which I ought to be familiar; and your features, though altered, I can surely recognize. If I do not deceive myself, you are the son of my friend and neighbour, Mr. Trevor."

"You are right, Sir," said the stranger, who seemed agitated by a variety of emotions; "I had no idea you would have recognized me. I intended, however, this very day, to have confided to you the reason of my present situation, and asking your assistance; but I fear the reports which have doubtless reached this place to my prejudice have already deprived me of your good opinion."

"Why, I must be candid with you," returned the doctor; "reports are indeed to your prejudice; you are stated to be the seducer of the daughter of that poor old woman on the beach, Mary Aldridge, with many other irregularities which—"

"They are false, Sir!" said Mr. Trevor vehemently, "as I hope for mercy."—"I was quite assured of that," said the phrenologist, in a very decided tone. "I am ready to stake my reputation that the accusations against you are wholly disproved, on scientific principles."

"My dear Sir," said Mr. Trevor, warmly, "to whom am I indebted for your good opinion? We have met but rarely, and long ago;—I thought I was almost unknown to you."

The doctor, with much gravity, reached a large folio, and, turning a few leaves, said, "You are indebted to one whom you must henceforward call friend."—"I shall be indeed happy to acknowledge my gratitude—name my benefactor," said Trevor. "To Science—to whom you have hitherto been a stranger," returned the doctor; "listen." He then read from the open page: "Charles Trevor—moral and intellectual organs fully developed—benevolence and veneration very conspicuous—baser propensities inconsiderable, and under controul—above conformation, denoting a worthy and estimable character."—"There, my young friend," continued the man of science, "can any thing be more conclusive of your innocence of these diabolical inventions?" and his little eyes twinkled with triumph. I am sorry to say the next in my register is just the reverse: it treats of your cousin, Frank Trevor—a bad fellow, decidedly;" and he kept muttering extracts from the folio.

"My dear Doctor," interrupted Charles Trevor earnestly, "you will indeed make me a convert, since Science has been my friend, when I could least have expected it. My cousin, Frank Trevor, is as you describe him. I have now good reason to know that he is the secret cause of my present distress—I know he was originally my rival for the hand of Lady Emily; but I little thought him capable of such base revenge. By some means he has succeeded in fixing the guilt of the seduction of Mary Aldridge's daughter on me, and

the father of my affianced wife, Lord Rickworth, has dismissed me his house with the most humiliating contempt. Maddened with grief and indignation, I mounted my horse, and fled I knew not whither. I had some vague idea of burying myself in solitude, but I knew not how I came in the situation in which you found me.

"Animal propensities largely developed—moral and intellectual, small,—destructiveness—yes, yes, it's all clear enough," muttered the doctor at intervals, and recounting a catalogue of vices enough to have stocked a Pandemonium."—"He is a bad fellow, my dear young friend," said he, addressing his companion. "You need not trouble yourself further in this affair; you may consider your reputation already established; I hold proofs sufficient to clear you from these slanders in any court in Christendom."

"Good heavens! is it possible?" exclaimed Trevor; "am I so fortunate?—what are the proofs?—where are they?"

"Here they are—irrefragable," said the doctor, gravely, pointing to the folio register.

The countenance of Trevor suddenly fell when he saw the nature of the doctor's *proofs*. The excitement of joy suddenly vanished, as he said, faintly, "I very much fear—"

"Come, come," interrupted the Doctor, "you need not despond. Although, with the scientific, this folio would be conclusive,—for those who doubt such testimony I have other evidence." He then drew from his pocket-book a letter. "I told you," he continued, "that I utterly scouted the idea of your being the guilty person, knowing, as I did, that it was not possible,—that it was contrary to the laws of science. I have, therefore, anxiously sought for proofs to establish my opinion, which I have found. Thus, the pain you have suffered will be of signal benefit to mankind, by promoting the cause of science and truth. Read:—I have received it from the mother of this unhappy individual; I have attended her in illness, brought on by grief for her daughter's conduct."

Trevor eagerly cast his eyes over the contents of the letter, and his countenance brightened at every line. It was indeed from the unfortunate daughter of Mary Aldridge to her poor stricken mother, imploring her forgiveness, and begging her to go to Lord Rickworth, and confess to him, that, by alternate lures and threats, she had been prevailed upon to denounce Mr. Charles Trevor as the author of her ruin and subsequent abandonment; that she had reaped no reward for such additional guilt, for that, after his object was accomplished, she had been again deserted by Mr. Frank Trevor, who had originally taken her from her home. Overwhelmed by remorse, and in utter destitution, she confessed her guilt, and implored forgiveness.

"My benefactor, my friend," exclaimed Trevor in hurried accents, as he held in his hands this proof of his innocence, "I must immediately haste to town. I cannot rest till I have proved to Lord Rickworth the fabrication, which has nearly been my ruin, and again claim my Emily,—now, indeed, my own."

"Stay, young man," said the Phrenologist, detaining him, for he was rising to depart; "from the formation of your cranium, I should hardly have expected such impetuosity. I do not remember to have seen the organ of—"

"But, my dear Doctor, we lose time; every moment is an age till I can explain——"

"Be calm, my young friend," interrupted the Doctor, "you are nearer your explanation than you think, Lord Rickworth is now at his seat in our neighbourhood. I must be candid with you; I have myself spoken with Lord Rickworth, who has himself seen this letter, and examined the mother of the unfortunate girl who has been the cause of so much calamity. Need I say, that, from this document, he is fully convinced of all the other falsehoods which have been so industriously circulated, and which may be traced to the same source. In fact, Lord Rickworth is now in my house, and longs to take you by the hand, and restore you at once to his confidence and esteem."

The emotion of Trevor prevented him from giving utterance to his thanks. He could have fallen and embraced the old man's knees—he could have done more, he could have confessed himself a Phrenologist! But little time, however, was given him to compose himself, for the door of the study opened, and Lord Rickworth entered. That day was a day of explanation and reconciliation. The party was shortly increased by the arrival of the father of Charles Trevor, who had posted from town at the Doctor's summons. Lord Rickworth had removed to his seat near Ariesport from town, only two days previous, in consequence of the health of Lady Emily, which had suffered materially, from the shock she had received at the supposed unworthiness of her lover. It was reported that he had fled to France. So artfully had the machinations of Frank Trevor been carried on against his more successful rival for the hand of the daughter of Lord Rickworth, that they had escaped the suspicion of all parties but him who they had injured; and Charles's last interview with Lord Rickworth was too hasty and angry to admit of accusation or explanation. It was now rendered shorter and more satisfactory, by the confession of the unfortunate victim of Frank Trevor's depravity.

The rest is easily told. There was a certain ceremony performed shortly afterwards, at St. George's, Hanover-square; and a paragraph went the round of the newspapers, headed—"Marriage in high life," &c. The bells at Ariesport rung merrily—that is, as merrily as their infirmities would permit them, on the arrival of Charles Trevor, Esq. and Lady Emily, at their mansion in the neighbourhood, some little time subsequent to the event mentioned above; and, within an hour after, did Charles Trevor, waving all ceremony, find himself *vis à vis* the Phrenologist, in his triangular study, at Occiput House.

"Now, my dear Doctor," said he, earnestly, "to you I am indebted for my life, and to your kind services I am indebted for its greatest blessing—my wife. Suffer me to ask you in what manner I can best shew my gratitude to you."

"My young friend," said the Doctor, kindly, "I shall tax you very hardly. Since your departure, I have been engaged in the commencement of a treatise, in which the circumstances of your own case are brought forward, to prove the advantages of science, over every other evidence, in the cause of truth. You must assist me in this; and further," interrupting Trevor, who was about to speak, "not a word about the duck's egg—you were wrong *there*, I assure you."

MISS MARTINEAU AND THE MULTITUDE.

THERE can be but one opinion of Miss Martineau as a woman of genius: not so of Miss Martineau as a political economist. In treating *that* subject she has proceeded on the old plan; that of inviting the unprovided and the ignorant to act with the energy and forethought that can only be expected from the provided and enlightened. The mass of institutions—the burden of abuses that press upon the poor, are scarcely touched; how the poor may still continue to crawl along under them is alone considered. Of this order of argument, is her advocacy of large farms, and her attempt to show that the small proprietor is not so well off, as the well-paid labourer—perhaps Miss Martineau has the peculiar felicity of discovering where, at the present day, the well paid labourer is to be found.

That only is improvement which increases the general amount of human happiness; but the term is prostituted to the ingenuity that increases wealth or capital. But what does the being whose extinguished soul, merely affords enough vitality to his frame, as to allow him to toil twelve, fourteen, or sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, at some minute branch of art that, in the division of labour, has been allotted to him, know of improvement? As little as the blind horse of the contents of the mile he turns.

Miss Martineau talks of the pauper fund of the poor as unproductive capital. What is the pauper fund of the rich? If the idle consumption of unearned produce be pauperism, is not the rich as well as the poor man under its bane? She sees the evil of the poor laws, which she alledges give the poor man a premium for improvidence. Does she see no evil in the fratricidal law of primogeniture, which gives the rich man a premium for monopoly, and sinks his nearest kindred into paupers with all the moral ignominy, though not the external debasement, that attaches to the wretched pensioner of the parish poor-house?

Miss Martineau denies that every being born in a state has a right to support from the State. She treats as a false analogy, that the relation of a state to its members, is the same as that of a parent to his children—because, she says, a state has little influence over the subsistence fund, and no controul over the numbers of its members. Why has it little influence over the subsistence fund? And has a parent controul over numbers when a birth may produce twins, and an annual increase occur in some cases, and not half that in others? The necessity of some sort of government in all communities is an admitted fact, and may therefore be taken as an unquestioned premise. The number governed can make no difference in the principle of administration, which, as a religious member of society, she must recognize between God and man; as a social member of society, between man and man, in the various relations of domestic life, and why not as a political member of society, between the *state and its members*? Or does she mean to say that in the latter only there shall be power without responsibility?

The parental government, held, instituted, and delegated by God himself, is perfect, and could only emanate from divinity, associating as it does the most benevolent regard for the individual, with the most intelligent provision for his necessities. In the delegation of this government to man, it has of necessity, been split into parts; the world must be divided into states, as states are into families; but throughout all these, from the Omnipotent to the poorest parent, the being produced by the immutable law of nature, has a claim for protection and provision. Infinite Wisdom has gifted every being (excepting under circumstances of casual calamity) with capabilities for usefulness—has so constituted the world that it *can* give, and *must* require the exercise of these capabilities; thus it is the duty of the state and the parent to make such arrangements, that every being, by care and education, may be fitted for utility, and by giving him, in due time, employment, bring that utility into beneficial exercise. By such arrangements every being born into a state becomes a blessing to it, without them, a brand upon, and a burden to it.

When man was created, God said, "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it." Where in this do we recognize the restrictive clause of the Political Economist? The divine words contain a direct injunction to fulfil a natural law, to meet the consequences of which, the world, as an ample provision, had previously been created. Does Miss Martineau mean to assert that the Creator made a mistake, which she and the other Political Economists have wisdom enough to rectify? Is the earth "subdued," or, in other words, exhausted? Not while there is an acre of productive land over which the plough has yet to pass, or while labour and ingenuity has a field of industry and discovery yet to explore. And what check would Miss Martineau deem sufficient to meet the progress of machinery?—a power in itself equivalent to the increase of millions. How many out of every thousand of the poor would she permit to marry, and of these *elect* at what age?

Political Economy appears to be a science devoted to ascertain under how much privation humanity may suffer, and yet exist. A few years ago, a pig fell down the cliffs at Dover, and after a lapse of *nine* weeks was discovered to be alive, having subsisted by licking the chalk. Were pig-owners like Political Economists, they would have made this fact a precedent for regulating the future economy of the sty, and have confined "the swinish multitude" to such fare.

In all the theories of social life, labour is held to be a salutary and essential necessity of human existence. How is it held in practice? As the rich man's bane, as the poor man's boon. If a whole life of uninterrupted toil procure the latter the commonest and coarsest necessities of life, he is thought to have nothing of which to complain, nay much at which to rejoice; though he has thus only leisure for the sleep necessary to recruit his bodily strength, none for that progressive improvement which from birth to death ought to be in the power of every sentient creature. This is not enough, but the un pitying Political Economist steps in, and forbids the banns of that union that is the decree of God, and the conservation of man.

Marriage makes a very different item in the poor and the rich

man's estimate of the essentials of happiness—to the bitter cup, and the friendless hearth, it brings, at least it promises, much; to the luxurious goblet, and companioned home, little—often nothing—to the one it is the license of nature, to the other the law of custom.

Miss Martineau says, "Charity must be directed to the enlightenment of the mind, *instead* of the relief of bodily wants." Does Miss Martineau need to be informed that while want assails the body, it is in vain to address the mind? Southey in speaking of butchers, whose business it might be thought had no happy influence on their feelings, says, "Because they are well fed they are not exposed to the temptations which necessity, the mother of crime as well as arts, brings with it; and their occupation being constant they are likewise safe from the danger of idleness." These observations, which he applies to one class, are applicable to all. Happiness depends on moral knowledge, but moral knowledge can only be attained and applied, by such as have the means of sustaining their physical strength, and some share of leisure for moral cultivation. Thus, in answer to the question "What is charity?" It may be replied, that it will be found in measures not for "adjusting the proportion of population to capital," that Procrustian bed of Political economy—but by adjusting the distribution of capital to the wants and claims of its producers.

England, as a manufacturing country, may challenge the world; she has therefore less cause to regret that she cannot do so as an agricultural country; for with *her* industry, enterprise, and ingenuity, under a legislation, that held the social interests of the many, above the selfish interests of the few, she would command more corn than she could ever consume.

AN OLD WOMAN.

SONNET.

A COAST SCENE.

ON this flower'd brink above the silent shore,
 'Tis sweet to lean and mark the clouds as now
 Circling the grandeur of yon mountain's brow
 High lifted up in heav'n—and ocean's floor
 Stretch'd to dim distance—and the piny wood
 And its ravine where glimpsing light betrays
 At intervals, some else unnoted flood,
 And ruin eloquent of olden days—
 Then to look at the village and my home,
 Across the bay, where now a snowy fall
 Of wild birds seeks the sands and rests like foam
 Beneath the shadow of our garden wall.
 'Tis sweet to linger thus while rosy May
 Is filling with her kindest smiles the day.

Argyleshire.

THE HEROINE OF POLAND.

ANTOINETTE TOMASZEWSKA was born in 1814, in the district of Rosienia, in Samogitia. The daughter of noble and wealthy parents, she was educated in the convent of Krose by the nuns of the order of St. Benedict. Of middling stature, but admirably proportioned, with a profusion of dark auburn hair, her fine features, and her large and expressive blue eyes wearing a grave and melancholy expression, Antoinette possessed at once the body and soul of an Amazon. Endowed with the imagination, the heart of fire, and the native heroism which is the appanage of the Lithuanian and Samogitian women, she never heard the name of her country without the liveliest emotions. She had long been distinguished among her young companions for her romantic enthusiasm, and her profound devotion to the worship of Polish nationality. With what transports, with what avidity did she treasure up every thing relative to the ancient glory of Poland, and what burning tears she shed on listening to the history of her country's disasters, and the recital of the odious despotism under which it groaned. On these occasions her beautiful eyes would sparkle with indignation and patriotism, and her proud heart panted for the hour of revenge.

When this hour at length arrived, Antoinette was scarcely sixteen, but on the first news of the rising, the maiden's resolution was taken. Disregarding her tender age, her sex, and her weakness, she forgot even the tears of her family, for the voice of her country was even more powerful than that of nature. She quitted her convent, and addressing one last adieu to the happy scenes of her childhood, she joined Gruzewski, one of the insurgent chiefs in the district of Rosienia.

When Antoinette Tomazewska arrived in the Samogitian camp, it resounded with the cry of enthusiasm and sympathy. Men knew not which the most to admire, her transcendent beauty or her exalted patriotism. But it was not their homage that she went there to seek. Faithful to the noble feelings that actuated her, she went immediately to the chief, explained to him eloquently and in few words her motives, and demanded a horse and arms. In spite of every objection they were obliged to yield to her entreaties. She was enlisted in a body of horse, and in a few days she could wield her lance as well as any of her companions. From that moment she unsexed herself for the service of her country. Attached as a private soldier to the corps of Gruzewski, clothed in the uniform, and armed *de pied en cap*, reserving for herself in case of misfortune a poignard, which she concealed in her girdle, she was present with the corps in every action, and gallantly braved both danger and death. In a charge which was made at Mankuni, in Samogitia, the young Antoinette performed prodigies of valour. Generals Geilgud and Chlopowski commanded in this action, in which a regiment of Circassian cavalry harassed severely the rear of the Polish columns. Unable to keep the field against an enemy ten times more numerous, it be-

came necessary to check this hot pursuit, and the Polish cavalry were in consequence ordered to charge the Circassians. Antoinette rushed forward with them; with eyes flashing fire, her face burning with rage, the young heroine penetrated into the thickest of the Muscovite ranks, giving an example of heroic courage to her countrymen, who soon dispersed the enemy. Geilgud, Chlopowski, and all their staff were overwhelmed with admiration and astonishment; and on returning to the camp, after the defeat of the enemy, the young heroine was received amid long and enthusiastic hurrahs. The hour of defeat for the Polish cause at length sounded, but Antoinette was unmoved. Following the retreat of the army she was present in the action of Schawle, and distinguished herself in several other affairs, particularly at Powendeme, where she received the epaulets of a sub-lieutenant as a recompense for her courage. Possessing the noblest attributes of a warrior, she was a model of patience and resignation during the periods of difficulty and distress. She consoled her companions by holding out to them the hopes of a brighter future. Throughout a harassing retreat, amid the fatigues of the bivouac, and privations of every kind, never once did a complaint or an expression of regret escape her lips. One might have supposed that twenty years of service had inured her to the hardships of a camp. From the commencement of her career, so reserved and so dignified was her demeanour, that she inspired her comrades with feelings of the profoundest veneration and deference. In the garb of an Amazon, they learnt to respect a young maiden whom an exalted spirit of patriotism had driven from the cloister to the battle-field. At length, when every hope was lost, when nothing more was to be done in Lithuania, Antoinette Tomazewski followed the fatal fortunes of the army, and entered Prussia with the corps of General Rohland. There, on the recital of her adventurous life and her precocious exploits, she became an object of universal interest, admiration, and hospitality. Both Prussians and Poles were lost in wonderment at the aspect of a maiden who had made a campaign as a private soldier, and gained at the point of the lance the epaulets of sub-lieutenant.

Antoinette has married since a Polish officer; a warm admirer of her heroism and her virtue. The duties of a wife and mother have doubtless subdued the grief of that ardent and patriotic soul. But the annihilation of her country and wreck of all those pleasing illusions of her youth will strew her future career with bitterness and sorrow. One of those powerfully constituted minds that delight in splendid actions, the part of Antoinette Tomazewski was to fight for Poland, and her unceasing prayer to see her free. But fate has ordained it otherwise, and doomed her to be one of the many victims of barbarism and despotism.

THE PARSON AND PEDAGOGUE.

"Twas very dark, as it will be,
 When neither moon nor star is seen;
 So how could Smoke or Baker see,
 Since they all night had drinking been.
 To find their way home was their trouble,
 E'en had they seen, it had been double.

"I'm sure this pathway must be wrong,
 You told me that you knew the road;
 I feel each step I go along,
 As 'neath the harrow does the toad.
 Oh Baker! Baker! thou wilt be
 The death both of thyself and me!"

"Hic hæret aqua," reverend sire,
 "Upon my word I've lost the way,
 Tho' we get deeper in the mire,
 Yet nought the righteous should dismay.
 Says Horace—*Purus sceleris*
Non eget Mauri jaculis."

"I wish thy Latin stuff and thou
 Were in the Styx, were I in bed;
 But yonder look—beneath that bough
 I'm sure I saw a light a-head,
 Just down within this valley's lap;
 It is a hut—we'll go and rap,"

"Cur non mi domine? I see
 A little twinkling light, 'tis true;
 It may a jack-o'-lantern be,
 To give a dance to me and you;
 But cito now I see it clear—
 I wish I had a mug of beer!"

As soon as they the hut had neared,
 The shutters suddenly were closed;
 So that the candle disappeared,
 And they were one and t'other posed
 To know if they had better tap,
 Before the people took a nap.

"They surely will not eat us," said
 The pedagogue; "beside, if here
 We are condemn'd to make a bed,
 I think it will become our bier;
 The rheumatism will kill me,
 As I am sure the gout will thee."

They knocked; a little man in brown
 Came to the door, and said his say;
 Each nudged the other, each looked down,
 But Baker pluck'd up courage, "They,
 Returning home had lost the road,
 Were straightened for a night's abode."

The little man from top to toe
 Surveyed the pair, as if to scan
 If with security or no
 He might admit them : " Well, you can
 Sleep on some straw, if that will do ;
 'Tis good enough, I think, for you,
 Or any other fool, who makes
 A swill-tub of his belly ; come,
 Will you accept my offer ? rakes
 And drunkards ever thus are dumb
 When they should speak ; at other times
 Their noise in every sentence chimes."

The parson on his belly looked,
 As if there from he sought advice ;
 He for one night, at least, was booked,
 'Twas useless to be over nice ;
 So Baker said " Perfectum est,
 Sub sole nil—we'll make our nest."

A truss of straw was giv'n to each,
 And down they lay them, side by side ;
 The parson knew well how to preach,
 But ne'er to self the text applied.
 Baker was snoring in a minute,
 His stomach had so much drink in it.

The thin partition was of wood,
 That shut the wanderers from their host,
 So that you quite distinctly could
 Have heard the whisp'rings of a ghost
 From either room ; the parson lay
 Awake, and heard the husband say—

" Well, wife, I will to-morrow morn
 Those black ones for our breakfast kill ;
 They will look well when cleanly shorn,
 Beside, we then can eat our fill :
 The one's as round as any ball—
 Soon as you wake give me a call."

The parson trembled in his shoes,
 When he the murd'rous project heard,
 And woke his friend to tell the news,
 But then dared scarcely speak a word,
 Lest any noise their morning's fate
 Might only serve to antedate.

" Why Baker, Baker ! man of men,
 How can you snore ? how can you sleep ?
 When we are in a monster's den,
 In human horrors supped so deep,
 That in the morning he will kill
 The pair of us, to eat his fill."

" Proh dolor ! why what do you say ?
 I slept as fast as any top ;
 Don't wake me up again, I pray,
 Unless you chance to have a drop
 Of beer or any other drink—
 E'en then I'd rather sleep, I think."

And so he proved, for in a trice
He snored as loudly as before ;
The parson thought life was a price
Too high to give for one nap more ;
So up he gently rose, and then
Thought how t'escape, the way and when !
This waken'd Baker, and when he,
The dangers that assail'd them knew,
Likewise arose, and strove to see,
Well as he in the dark could do,
If there could be no measures taken,
By which they still might save their bacon.
He rubb'd his eyes, and grop'd around,
There was a window, but 'twas high ;
He knew not what might be the ground,
Or very wet or very dry ;
For neither might be just the thing,
According as he chanc'd to spring.
Yet he resolved to dare the deed,
And to his purpose sought to win
The parson over ; who agreed
There might not be much danger in
A feather's fall : there was the rub,
He was just like a sugar tub !
But still the pedagogue resolv'd,
That he would rather risk his neck,
Than be by any chance involv'd
With one, whose gluttony might deck
The table with a slice of him,
Cut off from any favourite limb.
So, thro' the window, down he flew,
And fell upon a heap of dung ;
The parson watch'd his fall, and knew
'Twas safe, and so he downwards sprung ;
Alighting very like a log,
Exactly on the pedagogue.
Poor Baker felt as if his breath,
From out his body had been pump'd ;
The parson, too, was bruise'd to death :
In short, was so severely thump'd,
That he had rather on the stones
Have fallen, than on Baker's bones.
But they soon rose, and found that they
Had left the gridiron for the fire—
They could by no means get away :
They were wall'd in ; the wall was high'r,
Then was the chamber whence they leapt,
And they in shelter might have slept.
The rain pour'd down in torrents, where
To 'scape its fury neither knew ;
A shelter now was all their care :
For they with death familiar grew,
And only wish'd that they might spend,
Beneath a roof, life's latter end.

Experience teaches us that man,
 If he will moderately hope,
 Under all circumstances, can
 With every difficulty cope.
 Thus Baker and the parson, Smoke,
 Became as wise as other folk.
 Their wishes had become subdu'd,
 The only thing they sought to find,
 Was, in their miserable mood,
 A shelter from the rain and wind ;
 A hovel by those brutes enjoy'd,
 The sons of Israel avoid.
 They found one, and the long tailed swine
 Rush'd by them when they oped the gate ;
 There they in shelter did recline :
 With faith and resignation wait
 The dawn, when they were doom'd to be
 Endow'd with immortality.
 " Consider, Baker, what's the grave ?
 A gate that leads us to our home ;
 From which no dignity can save,
 To which we're all compelled to come.
 Where king and slave must both put down—
 The one a wallet, one a crown."
 " Upon my Latin, parson Smoke,
 I did not think that you would be
 So very ready with a joke,
 Thus in the midst of misery ;
 But quietly I'd rather die,
 Than be cut up to boil or fry.
 " And yet I think, that, of the two,
 The worst chance, certainly, is thine ;
 They might make something out of you,
 On me a dog could scarcely dine:
 They economically mean,
 With your spare fat, to lard my lean."
 Slow past the night, the morning broke,
 Then on its hinges creaked a door ;
 The thing was now beyond a joke,
 The knife was sharp'ning more and more.
 " Come out, ye black ones!" cried the man ;
 Conceive Smoke's terrors, if you can.
 Up in the farthest corner crept
 The parson, trembling like a leaf ;
 Friend Baker too profoundly slept,
 To feel his own or neighbour's grief,
 But Smoke arous'd him : in a pet,
 He cried, " I am not ready yet."
 The good man start'd back, and thought,
 By means, or human or divine,
 Another wonder had been wrought,
 And Satan driven from the swine :
 The parson, and the pedagogue,
 Resign'd their terrors to a hog.

THE RECORDER OF BALLYPOREEN, AN ELECTION RECORD.

A medley of endearments, jars,
Suspensions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars,
Then peace again.

It is not many months since the following marriage advertisement, in most of the Irish newspapers, excited equal curiosity and amusement wherever it was read :

“ Married, by the Rev. Oliver Bible, Mr. Patrick Hogan, Recorder of the Ballyporeen Petty Sessions, to Miss Anne Switzer, of the same town.”

The curiosity was to know who could the lady be, with the extraordinary un-Irish name; and the amusement was created by the high-sounding appellation which was given to the poor and paltry office of a petty sessions clerk.

The village of Ballyporeen is, or rather was, one of those quiet and retired nooks, the very look of which promises, to those who dwell in it, security against the invasions of ambition, and the equally dangerous visitations of fame. Even in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, there had not been a *burning* within a mile of it, and only three tithe-proctors were ever shot in its vicinity, and that was so long ago as the times of the *old White-boys*. No Catholic monks had raised an abbey in its neighbourhood, and no old castle was erected beside it, which Cromwell might have dragged down in his devastating progress through Ireland. It had neither a Well nor a Cross to tempt a visit from the infirm or the wandering pilgrim, and there was no inducement for the antiquarian or the fashionable tourist to pass through its solitary, and almost grass-grown street. No attorney had embroiled its humble denizens in law, and the only “professional gentleman” ever found in it was a desperate apothecary, who once opened a shop, but who, in six months after he had displayed his yellow pestle and mortar, poisoned himself. The only active person in the town—the only one who had business to do, was Mrs. Dorney, an old and an experienced practitioner, who diffused joy and gladness wherever she came, as she was never known to depart from a house in Ballyporeen without announcing that there was to be, or there had been, an increase to the population. Commerce neither brought to the quiet inhabitants of the village wealth or cares—the far-travelling pedlar conveyed to them all the luxuries of life, and all the news of the great world, from which their agricultural avocations removed them. The few Palatines and descendants of the German Protestants (imported by James the First) who lived in the town) had been many a night drunk, in toasting “success to the British arms in America,” long after the independence of “the Colonies” was acknowledged; and Buonaparte was some time upon the throne of France before they had heard of the decapitation of Louis the Sixteenth! In such a state of happy ignorance and contented

quietude, it is probable that the people of Ballyporeen would have continued to exist, but that some wise men—for they were magistrates—determined that petty sessions should be held in the village of Ballyporeen, as most convenient to their respective residences. Thus, as you will shortly see, was an election created, and thus ended the peace of Ballyporeen!

What a change was produced by that determination! Those who had never dreamed that there was a wiser man in the world than Cornelius O'Kelly, the schoolmaster, nor a better dressed man than their parish priest, Father Carney, now beheld both individuals sink into insignificance before the ponderous learning of Counsellor Langley (a non-practising barrister) and the gorgeous liveries of Colonel Wilson, an old East India commander—both magistrates, most regular in their attendance at petty sessions. With the hebdomadal sessions came magistrates and barristers, attorneys and attorneys' clerks, with "all the quirks and quiblets of the law," and with the law came "actions for assault and battery," a thing unheard of before in Ballyporeen; for though its people fought with one another, as all Irishmen do, they never, until the sessions were established, thought of revenging themselves by the law for any injuries they might receive. The broken head that was given on one market day was sure to be repaid upon the other, and though the Hogans might suffer to-day, the Hickeys would be certain of enduring a reverse to-morrow. The primeval character of the people has suffered from the change—the law has begun to take its course, and instead of a pugilist being confined to his bed by a broken limb, for his unwonted prowess upon some particular occasion, it is now his hard fate to be confined as many months in gaol. From being a decent, open, fair-fighting village, it has degenerated into a nasty, litigious, summons-giving, process-serving town. The people have begun to live in an *unnatural* state of society, and amongst the evils of civilization which first invaded them, was that of "ambition." The same passion that agitates rulers, that overturns governments, that makes emperors and unmakes kings, that starts candidates for county elections and ruins them in the process, divided the people of Ballyporeen as to the election of a recorder for their petty sessions.

No sooner had the increase of litigation in the neighbourhood created a necessity for the erection of a court-house, and no sooner had that magnificent pile of brick and mortar been raised from its foundation, and crowned with a roof of real blue slates, the wonder and admiration of all the straw-thatchers in that part of the country, than the election to the new office of "*Recorder*" (so designated by Counsellor Langley) separated the town into two desperate and relentless factions, one calling itself "the true Irish," and the other "the Church and State party;" in other words, "Radicals" and "Conservatives."

Many were the meetings, many the debates, and many were the gallons of potheen drank by "the Irish," before they could determine upon a candidate. The schoolmaster, Cornelius O'Kelly, was first named by them, and it must be admitted he was the prime favourite of the populace; for it was said by many, and strongly hinted by

himself, as an additional claim to the honour of their suffrages, that when he was not more than a *gossoon*, he had been "out doing business" with the Whiteboys; every one too knew that he had been "taken up in '98" as a Croppy, and escaped, through "a flaw in the indictment," with the slight punishment of three hundred lashes; the recollection of the good it did him, made him the most unsparing of the rod of any pedagogue in the entire province of Munster. Besides, he had the gift of the tongue, and could make a speech for three hours in favour of the *REPALE*, and the entire abolition of all church imposts and taxes. These were great, they were super-eminent qualifications for a Recorder, and if the popular vote could have decided the election, Cornelius O'Kelly would be preferred to any other man in the parish. But then, the humblest of "the Irish" party knew that the very qualifications which made Cornelius a favourite with them, were matters which would be objected against him by "*the enemies of the country*." Even Corney himself admitted this, and resigned his hopes in favour of a less obnoxious candidate, Patrick Hogan, who purchased the pedagogue's "vote and interest" by a pound of tobacco, a gallon of government whiskey, and a firkin of butter.

Pat. Hogan, the nominee of "the Irish," possessed only one recognizable claim upon his faction—he was a papist, but unlike his brother parishioners, he was a cunning little fellow, who never busied himself in any body's concerns but his own. He tilled a small farm of ten acres, which he held at a low rent, and of which he acknowledged the due value, by "always voting with his landlord, no matter who was up for the county." He never read newspapers, never talked on politics, but as he himself expressed it, "always kept his tongue the right side of his cheek." He was very seldom seen drunk, and was never in more than a dozen quarrels in his lifetime, and was, in these respects, remarked as "one of the soberest, and quietest boys that was ever beheld." It was well known that he was "finely larned," for he had, at school, gone through "Voster" three times, "Dowling's Book-keeping" twice, and had actually parsed part of "Cordery," and read the half of the first book of "Virgil!" On this account, it was said that Patrick knew "almost, but not quite, as much as the Clargy himself." Though Paddy was despised for his want of public spirit, he was much respected for his abilities and education, and generally loved for his unvarying good temper. It was admitted that he was a handsome young fellow, and what the intelligent matrons called "a clane, dacent lad;" but still he was not a favourite with "the ladies" of his own party, because he was never seen at chapel "to throw a sheep's eye at one of them." It was, besides, more than suspected, that he was so heretical in his affections, as to have fallen in love with *Miss Ann Switzer*, the prettiest girl that walked on a Sunday with a Protestant prayer-book in her hand.

It could not be denied that Ann Switzer had fine, large, rolling black eyes, glossy dark hair, a well-rounded, plump little figure, the prettiest feet that ever tripped over a cowslip, and as neatly moulded an arm as was ever shaken over a milk-pail. Pat. Hogan certainly

adored her, and with the emoluments of the office to which he aspired, added to the profits of his farm, he might well claim her, and her hundred pounds fortune. But "the course of true love never did run smooth." Old Switzer was the leading "Church and State" man in Ballyporeen, and he too was the most active supporter of Corporal Hall, the second candidate for the Recordership.

The nominee of the church and state party, Corporal Hall, was a gallant, rollicking, hard-drinking, hard-fighting, old Orangeman, who had often bled for his king and country. He came, he said, originally, from the county Cavan, where his fathers held land for many a year, under the "bold Barrys," and "mighty Maxwells," and where he had acquired, amongst his first ideas as a child, a love for King William, and the 'prentice-boys of Derry; with a hatred of "all the abominations of popery." He had, at an early age, enlisted in the militia; and had seen service, in the year 1798, in the county Wexford, where he acted in the noisy occupation of a drummer; and was one amongst the seven of his division who escaped from the pikes of the rebels, when two hundred yeomen were slaughtered by them. It was his boast, that, in that encounter, he killed three men and a boy, before he "beat a retreat." But from that time forward, he never could see a papist, without being ready to swear that he had a pike concealed in his pocket; and when he was drunk, which, upon an average, was about five times in the week, he "cursed and d—d all the *Romans*, as enemies to the church, the constitution, and the king." With such qualifications to render him disliked, there were few Roman Catholics in Ballyporeen who would raise their hands against him; first, because they knew he would return any blow he received "with interest and costs;" and next, because he was the driver on Colonel Wilson's estate, and never had to make a distress for rent; that he did not give timely warning to the tenants "to take their *best cow* off the land." His having fought against the rebels, his hatred of the papists, and his noisy exclamations for church and state, constituted his claims to favouritism from his own party. The *only objection* that could possibly be started against his holding the office of Recorder, was but a slight one—"that he could *not even write his name*." The office, it might be said, was one which required a person capable of writing a plain, good hand; but his friends said, "Is a loyalist to be rejected, and a papist to be preferred, merely because the one knows his *aperseeand* (alphabet), and the other hasn't yet learned it?" Besides, it was wisely urged, that when Corporal Hall got the situation, "he could be taught his pot-hooks-and-hangers, and pay another for doing the business for him, as his betters have done many a time before him." Such arguments were unanswerable; and accordingly, Switzer and his faction determined to start the Corporal against Hogan.

The time for opening the court-house, and appointing a *petit-sessions'* clerk, was fast approaching; and it became the duty of the respective candidates to put forth all their energies to command the majority of votes. There was a time, when all the patronage of the parish was centered in one magistrate—the Rev. Oliver Bible, the rector—a man who possessed nearly as much influence as Father

Carney himself: for though violent in politics, and a *saint* in religion, he took whatever share of tithes were bestowed upon him, and no more: and the consequence was, that his income was as limited as his popularity was extensive. In such a case as the present, however, the Rev. Oliver Bible had but a single vote; and there were three other magistrates attending the petit-sessions. These were, Counsellor Langley, Colonel Wilson, and Patrick O'Grady, Esq.; the latter a gentleman more distinguished for his following a hare, than signing a mittimus. There were two of these, whom Hogan thought might be calculated upon as favourable to him, Counsellor Langley and Colonel Wilson; because the one had written a pamphlet—which, by the way, no one ever heard of—in favour of Catholic Emancipation; and the other, since he had got promotion in the army, through the influence of the Whigs, declared himself “a liberal.” To secure the favour of the two magistrates, Hogan dispatched to the Counsellor a new edition of “Macnally's Justice of the Peace,” which he bought in Clonmel, and was then in great repute with the *unpaid*; and to induce the Colonel to vote for him, knowing “his honor” to be an antiquarian, he made him a present of an old brass-hilted sword, which his father had found in a bog-hole, and declared to be a genuine relic. Having thus, like many another great man, made his way by bribery, he assailed the religious scruples of the Reverend Rector, by requesting the worthy divine to lend him “a Protestant version of the Scriptures.” And the good opinion of Mr. O'Grady was secured, by his swearing, in presence of the 'squire, “that the likes of Mr. O'Grady's mare, *True-Blue*, was never seen crossing a double ditch; and that when a body saw her running, it was like a young greyhound coursing a butterfly.”

The church and state party saw, with dismay, that Hogan was winning his way with all the magistrates. When all the underhand tricks of Hogan, and the undue influence he had acquired by his cunning canvass of the electors, became known to the friends of Hall, they resolved to counteract them, by a bold stroke of policy—in short, by an overt act of partizanship in favour of the brave Corporal.

Old Switzer had the honour of concocting the plan for carrying Hall's election. The old Palatine knew, that though two of the magistrates pretended to be “liberals,” they disliked the Papists as much as his worthy Rector, or he himself did. He knew, too, that a demonstration of the force and power of the Orangemen in the district, would be most likely to have its influence upon their minds. Accordingly, as the 12th of July was approaching, he resolved to have, what was never before heard of in the province—an Orange procession in the town of Ballyporeen! Great was the joy and exultation of the Palatines, at the idea. They had often heard of an Orange procession from Corporal Hall, but had never yet seen one; and he was so well acquainted with all the details of the important fête, that its entire management was confided to *their* candidate.

One fine morning then, in the month of July, the villagers of Ballyporeen were roused from their slumbers, by the loud and martial music produced by five or six fifers, two trumpeters, and three drummers; all of whom were playing as loudly as each man had the

power, and who were marching up and down the town, followed by fifty hardy, weather-beaten farmers, wearing scarfs of the gaudiest colours that could be procured—orange, blue, scarlet, or pink—and each man carrying a stick, a rusty sword, an old gun (perhaps without a lock), or a pistol devoid of a barrel. In the centre of these strutted the Corporal, who carried a large flag, on which was painted, "*They Cing and Koanstichewshun.*" His entire person was enveloped in stripes of glazed calico, of different colours; but in which the orange and blue predominated. Old Switzer brought up the rear. His large and manly frame was adorned in a similar manner to that of his friend Hall; and he, too, bore a flag, on which the same ingenious orthographist, who ornamented Hall's banners, had inscribed, "*Hole an they Law for ivir.*" There were other banners, which bore such inscriptions as "*Cing Willim,*" "*Glorus Memry,*" "*Bine trathur,*" &c. &c. &c. This gallant procession, after parading the town three times, to the amusement of the inhabitants, marched up to the Court-house, where an orange and blue standard was erected; and in honour of which a feu-de-joie was fired—four of the guns of the entire party being found capable of discharging a blank-cartridge each. The Orangemen then left the town, amid the huzzas of the people, and followed by the innumerable offspring of Ballyporeen. This was a great, and a mighty, and a glorious day for the gossoons. Every one of them that could muster a pop-gun, was firing away with *haves*, as he ran after the procession; while the shillelahs of the fathers, and the crutches of the granddaddies, were flourished by youthful hands, and with a dexterity indicative of the immense use that would hereafter be made of such arms, when the weekly fair, or monthly market, or a future election, should call for their exercise.

It was with a proud and a most military step that old Hall marched at the head of his "merry men." He fancied, as he strutted along, and looked upon the banners and the group that surrounded him, that the good old times were returned again. He thought that he was on a foraging party against the rebels, and in his imaginative loyalty, he cut down, with his rusty broad sword, every tall thistle that came within his reach, and in doing so, bawled out, "he was knocking the head off some impudent insurgent from Vinegar Hill." The little papists, who followed in his track, imitated the capers in which the gallant commander indulged; and as each tiny urchin bent down a yellow *boukerlann*, or a white-topped dock-weed, he joined in the cry of old Hall, and exclaimed "*down with the rebels!*" Gladsome was the progress of this extraordinary party through the country—the women laughed at them, as they held forth their little children to see the fun; and the men, who were working in the fields, shouted after them, and then observed to each other, "this is the Protestants' *May-day*, by dad! when they get tipsy they're queerer fellows nor ourselves." The procession was a triumph for old Switzer—it was a merry one for his companions; but it was most successful for old Corporal Hall. The Orangemen took care to reserve their music for the special edification of the different magistrates, and who between the din, and the noise, the numbers, and

confusion that environed their respective residences in the course of that day, individually promised to support the man who was upheld by so "respectable, influential, and independent a body of voters." If then the joy was great, when the procession marched out from Ballyporeen, it was actually uproarious on its return. Hall, like other candidates in similar circumstances, promised every thing. He promised old Switzer that he would "learn to write in a week;" and he assured every one of the multitude that they might go to law as long as they lived, for he would never charge them sixpence for "a process," or "a decree," though they were litigating with the entire county of Tipperary. Thus far all went on well and prosperously; the "Irish" were defeated; all the tricks and manœuvring of Hogan were rendered abortive; and Hall was "almost the same" as invested in the high and mighty office of recorder of the important and hereafter-to-be-celebrated town of Ballyporeen.

The corporal was one of those bibulous individuals who, on every occasion of life, can find an excuse for imbibing any *given* quantity of liquid stronger than water. If his spirits were low—if they were high—if he met a friend, or quarrelled with an enemy—if he were hungry, or had eaten—if he were running, or walking, or sitting—if it were morning, or noon, or night—if it were summer or winter, windy or calm, wet or dry, cool or hot—each and every occasion was a reason, and an excellent one too, for the corporal to take a glass of whiskey, a pint of porter, or as much potteen as you could give him. A trifling occurrence required a *glass*; an unforeseen event, two of them; an accident, three; and any extraordinary circumstance was to be drunk *ad libitum*. Such were Hall's maxims—such his rule of life: and to do him justice, he was a most consistent candidate: he was never known to violate the one, nor depart from the other. His promised elevation gave him the excuse for stopping at every shebeen house on his way home, and "seeing his friends drink;" and in order that they might be induced to do so, he most readily gave them the proper example. In drinking success to the "*constitution*," he lost his own; and the innumerable toasts to "*his health*" cut him off "in the flower of his youth." The progress of his inebriation upon that evening might be thus marked:—on his return, when five miles from Ballyporeen, he was drunk—at four miles distance he was very drunk—at three miles excessively drunk—when within two miles he was stupidly drunk—and by the time he had reached the outskirts of the village he could not lie on the floor without holding! His companions were worthy of such a leader—there was not one of them perfectly sober—all differed in degree from the merely tipsy to the corporal's standard of intoxication. In this plight did the gallant heroes return to Ballyporeen; but how different was the reception that awaited them to the adieus with which they had set forward!

If there be one place in the world, where the sister of Mars has, since the deposition of the heathen deities, been allowed to rule, that place, I believe to be Ireland. In no other country but Ireland does she exercise so universal a sway; for she is seldom able, except here, to rouse up men to quarrel with each other, when they congregate together for the purposes of pleasure or amusement. Horace says, "it is *Thracian* like to use the sword in the midst of feasting," had he

lived in these days, he would have observed, that it is only Irish-like to bring the shillelah to a dance, a wedding, or a fair. Other people when they have amused themselves generally retire, pleased and satisfied with each other, to their respective homes, it is Irishmen only who *stop* to fight. The congregation of Hall's supporters in Ballyporeen, was too favourable an occasion for mischief to let pass without a quarrel, and accordingly she sent Corney O'Kelly over the town, while the orange and blue flag was floating over the Court-house. The ancient prejudices of the fighting pedagogue were aroused—he too, like old Hall, thought, when he looked on it, of Vinegar Hill; but it was with far different feelings. This he considered would be a favourable opportunity for avenging the defeat, which his party had many years before sustained; and accordingly he resolved to take advantage of it. He hastened to the bog-hole, and for the first time since '98, he unearthed the musket, which he had then concealed, with the intention to use it, whenever "his country should demand its service."

In a short time after he entered the town, Corney O'Kelly was seen running from house to house, and carrying upon his shoulder a ponderous gun, which, from its length and thickness, seemed to be one of those formidable matchlocks, with which the Spaniards had once fought upon the Irish soil. Corney as he entered the houses of the Papists, explained to them that the exhibition which they had looked upon in the morning was an Orange procession, and that he knew well that the Orangemen went out to collect all the Protestants in the neighbourhood, that had fire-arms, and that they would return in the evening and murder every man, woman, and child in the town of Ballyporeen, that was known to be a Papist. He said, he knew, that was what they meant to do, for that was what the Orangemen used to do, when he was *out* in Wexford! Shrieks, cries, and groans arose from the women, when this announcement was made to them; while the men collected in groups, and as they got their scythes, alpeens, and sticks in readiness, they cursed the Orangemen, and swore they would not let a living man of them enter the town, that night. Amongst others who were visited by Corney O'Kelly was Hogan, but he, instead of yielding to the schoolmaster, resolved to prevent the mischief and bloodshed, which must be the consequence of a conflict between the two parties—one of them having fire-arms, and the others sufficiently equipped to do immense injury, and "determined to have a fight."

Hogan, with such benevolent intentions, hastened to the house of old Switzer, where he saw the lovely Anne, and explained to her the necessity of immediately sending forward a mounted messenger to the nearest police station, with direction to bring in all the constabulary force at once. His business was told in a few words, and then he explained to her, the state of his affections for "the pretty Protestant," and she inspired by gratitude for his anxiety for a parent's safety, and not a little taken by the figure of the dapper little Papist, bid him "ask her father's consent." The messenger had been dispatched, and as the lovers never could tell how long their conversation lasted, it is impossible now to guess it; but Hogan still held the hand which he had first pressed, when he saw her; he still sat

beneath the old ash tree in Switzer's paddock, and still looked in the face of the smiling maiden, when their conversation was abruptly put an end to, by hearing a distant and joyous shout, which was echoed by a loud and fierce yell from the village street.

Evening was beginning to darken into night, when the agile Hogan ran forward to apprize the Orangemen of their danger in attempting to enter the village without the protection of the police. He saw, upon meeting them, that they were neither able to fight nor to run away. The drummers had ceased to beat; the fifers were mute, and the trumpeters had not a puff in them; and, while some of the most sober were trying to support themselves by holding a fast grip of each other's arms, the majority were reeling from one side of the road to the other, and describing all sorts of problems on the highway, as they wheeled, and turned, and stumbled forward. Hogan saw that it would be vain to speak to men in the state in which all the followers of Hall were, with the exception of old Switzer; him he apprized of the hostile force prepared to encounter him, should he approach the town, and advised him not to make the attempt. Switzer had sufficient reason to understand there was danger before him; but, with the true feeling of a drunken man, determined not to avoid it. Instead of taking the advice of Hogan as kindly as it was meant, the fumes of the last glass of potheen he had swallowed urged him to regard the friendly suggestion as an imputation upon his courage—a slight upon his creed, and a degradation to those who professed it. He accordingly told to Hall the situation in which they were placed, and called upon him, by all his love of military glory, to meet the intended assault. The mention of a coming strife was sufficient to rouse up all the energies of the old Irish soldier—he loaded his gun with five or six balls—wheeled round, and called out, "The Papists of '98 are alive again, boys! will we be at them?"—"To be sure we will, and welcome," was the ready response of the Orangemen.

Hall, drunk as he was, said that his men were not able to *stand*, and he desired them, therefore, to *lean* against the hedges, and fire on the Papists as they marched by them. Having made this military arrangement, and disposed his forces, Hall marched forward with Switzer, to reconnoitre the disposition of the enemy. They had not proceeded more than thirty paces, when they were encountered by Corney O'Kelly and two or three of the most violent Papists of Ballyporeen. Corney demanded, in the declatorial tones of a village pedagogue, if they were "the bloody Orangemen?"—"We are nobody else, you blackguards," said Hall.

"Then here's something for you," cried Corney, levelling his gun at the Corporal.

"And here's the same for you," said Hall, bringing his musket to bear upon the schoolmaster, "and if you're a man dont fire till I bid you."

"To be sure," cried Corney, "'an wont wink an eye-lid neither."

The two champions advanced so close, that the muzzles of their guns touched each other's breasts. "Now Corney," said Hall, "I can take aim with some comfort at you—when I cry fire, let us fire tog ether."

"Never say at twice," exclaimed the schoolmaster; "I wont shoot you, till you bid me."

"Are you ready, Corney?"

"I am, Corporal Hall."

"Then FIRE."

The musket-locks snapped at the moment. Hall had forgotten to prime his piece; but unfortunately for Corney he had done so with his own, and in the attempt to discharge it, the old fire-lock burst, breaking the hand and arm of the holder, and shattering the body of the sturdy corporal.

"I am done for," sighed forth Corney, in a feeble tone;—"Are you dead too, Corporal Hall?"

"By the Powers! I am, Corney, murdered clane entirely. What an infernal gun that is o' mine, it never missed fire before."

"Always mind your flints, Corporal."

"And do you mind your barrel; that gallows old gun has killed us both, as clane as a whistle. Give us the fist, Corney, you're a brave man; what a pity you're a Papist."

"And give us yours too, Corporal; I never thought the Orangemen had the spirit to stand fire that way before."

While the two combatants thus lay upon the ground, the space which they had occupied was filled by other individuals. The instant that the schoolmaster was seen falling, a body of his followers rushed forward to demolish Hall, and not finding him they immediately attacked old Switzer, and felled him to the ground. Hogan, who had hitherto been inactive, bounded into the road, and in a few moments cleared with his short alpeen the assailants from the body of the fallen Palatine. Hundreds called out to him to retire, or he should be "exterminated like one of the Orangemen." Hogan refused to obey the command, and a rush was about being made upon him, when a tramp of feet was heard, and, in a few seconds afterwards, twenty policemen drew up in a line across the road. Orders to prime and load were given, and at once obeyed. "The first man who attempts to push forward on either side," called out the young commander, "is my prisoner, and those who remain here for five minutes will be fired upon." The adherents of O'Kelly, seeing that they would have to encounter such a body of armed police, aided by the Orangemen, immediately retreated into the village, carrying with them the body of their leaders. The poor Coporal was in the meanwhile borne off by the police, and his drunken companions escorted to their different homes.

In a few days subsequent to the encounter, the Corporal had ceased to breathe—he and his antagonist were interred in the same churchyard. Hogan soon had conferred upon him by the Magistrates the pen, the ink-horn, the printed Summonses, and the awful Decrees, with the other insignia of his office. Thus ended the Election of Ballyporeen—while old Switzer in gratitude for the service rendered on the 12th July, bestowed upon the fortunate candidate the hand of the lovely maiden, the announcement of whose marriage excited a curiosity, which I have thus attempted to gratify.

B. H.

SPECIMENS OF LATIN COMEDY.—No. IV.

THE AULULARIA; OR, THE MISER OF PLAUTUS.

AFTER so long an interruption of our acquaintance with the Roman Comedian,* it may appear necessary, in introducing another of his plays to our readers, to give some kind of preliminary notice of the subject, to maintain throughout the epic character of our series. But, unfortunately, there are few points on which we have such a meagreness of accurate information, as the origin of Latin comedy: much has been said, but to little purpose. That it took its rise, however, from the Grecian drama is placed beyond dispute, by the confessions of Plautus and Terence themselves, and by the readiness with which many of their plays affiliate themselves to those of Epicharmus and Menander.

The Romans were of all people, perhaps, the most illiterate in their origin; they were, as their name† implies, essentially warlike, a nation of strength; they were too active to speculate, too busy to philosophize; too much occupied in subjugation and rule, to discourse in the quiet of an academical retreat; in a word, they were too much engrossed in deeds of valour, to attend to the improvement of the language that was to record them, much less to the cultivation of the higher walks of literature:—

“In regere imperio populos, Romane, memento.”

And that a refined comedy is the production only of a very refined age, will hardly be denied: strong as is the *vis imitatrix*, of which Cicero‡ speaks, the innate propensity to imitate, and to admire good imitation, a people who, like the Romans, are continually *doing*, incessantly making and maintaining war, have no time to devote to the improvement of society, or to cultivating the higher and more accomplished civilities of life; amidst which alone true comedy can flourish. The first ideas of such a community relate to physical power; with them the strongest man is the best man: their highest idea of virtue§ is pre-eminence in bodily strength, very different from the notions which the Greeks formed of the same character, embodied in their expressive epithets *καλὸς καγαθός*. This circumstance alone is sufficient to explain all the difference in the character of the nation and literature of the Greeks and Romans: the inferiority of Virgil to Homer is not in degree, but in kind; a Roman could never have produced the *Iliad*; a Roman never could have written an *universal* poem—a poem which every nation must admire, and every individual must feel: a work displaying throughout such truth and breathing harmony, that nothing is surprising, because of the perfection of the

* Vide p. 445. Number for April.

† *Ῥωμαί*, strength: *Ῥωμαῖοι*, a people of strength.

‡ II. de Orat. 219.

§ The Latin *virtus* is their only word to express *virtue*, and their highest word to denote *valour*.

whole. Never was a Roman mind so peopled with all the images of beauty, or possessed of that internal harmony and fitness of conception, which enabled the author of the *Iliad* to transcribe into his poem the music of his soul. Greece, therefore, "meet nurse for a poetic child," produced a perfect model of the ποιητής, to whom, if Christianity denies the honours of an apotheosis, we may yet be warranted in attributing a "human intellect divine."

But is this, it may be said, to the point? we reply, it is: and our design in this rapsodical exordium is to account for the illiterate character of the comedies of Plautus, compared with those of Aristophanes, which is so great as at first sight to create surprise; and we could not give a better index to the character of the two people than in the works of these dramatists. The Athenian requires of his readers not only an elegant taste to relish the beauties of the play, but an accurate knowledge of philosophy, as well as of the history and general literature of the country to understand his meaning and allusions; while in the other case, man need only possess the physical powers and affective propensities common to all mankind, to be enabled fully to appreciate the merits of the performance. The comedies of the one are the production of a most literary people in their most literary epoch, and those of the other, of a most warlike people in their most illiterate age. Aristophanes may be said to have been formed by the times, while Plautus rather gave the colour to his age. And though, with Horace,* we may hesitate to ascribe to comedy the divine name of poetry,† and to class under the same head the bellant raciness of Plautus and the linked sweetness of the Homeric verse, we cannot deny considerable praise to one, who may be called the modelist of the Latin language, or refuse him the merit of skill in the delineation of character, and command over the best resources of fiction. But it must always be remembered that, like the corruptions and abbreviations of language, the taste for the drama invariably ascends from the lower to the higher circles of society; first cultivated by the vulgar, it attracts the notice of the class next above, and so proceeds by degrees, till in the ample range of its varied and diversified circles, it includes the whole civilized community. This will account for many of the apparent inconsistencies, which we find in the plays; as, for instance, the *Aulularia*, the prologue is pronounced by the Lar, or household god. Though men in the higher classes of society at Rome were perfectly aware of the inconsistency and absurdity of unnecessarily

* Sat. I. 3. 45. "I deireo quidam, comœdia necne poëma
Esset, quæsivere."

† The word poet literally means a maker; from ποιέω to make: and the English word maker is in the sense of poet by Spencer and Chaucer, as well as the verb to make, meaning to write poetry (corresponding to the use of ποιέω, Lysius, Orat. Funeb. I. c.)

Thus Spencer, Eclog. 4. "What is he for a lad you so lament?

Is love such pinching pain to them that prove?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,

Yet hath such little skill to bridle love?"

So that the poet *par excellence* is not only an imitator of nature, but a creator of that which, though beyond, is not inconsistent with, nature; as Shakespeare in the ghost of Hamlet.

introducing such a personage, the audience before whom it was exhibited saw nothing strange, but, on the contrary, every thing fit and appropriate in bringing the household god on the stage to relate the history of the pot of gold deposited under his protégé, the hearth, for so many successive generations.

There have been few comedians who have not done their utmost to satirize the character of the Miser: and still fewer, who have equalled their great master Plautus, in the strength and truth of their delineations. Moliere's *Avare*, and Fielding's *Miser*, are well known, and those of our readers who are acquainted with them and with the original of Plautus, will not be surprised at our awarding to him a far higher meed of praise, and lamenting, although his *Euclio* is rather a caricature than a character, that the imperfection of the play, prevents our seeing what became of him at last, or how he succeeded in disembranching himself from the predicament in which the dramatist so artfully involved him. But with this deficiency the play is still amusing, and the personages well sustained.

The principal character is old *Euclio*, whose every anxiety and thought is centered in the preservation of the pot of gold, which his *Lar Familiaris* had disclosed to him in reward for his piety, after it had lain concealed for many generations; and, like the Miser in *Horace*,† who *lives* in perpetual penury for fear of *dying* poor, he is never free from apprehension that he will be found out to possess the gold, to which he himself seems to consider his right as rather questionable. Accordingly, he is brought on the stage driving out of the house his old maid servant, one of those anomalous, half-equal, semi-serving, officiously kind, impudently civil, crabbedly obliging beings, continually squabbling with her master,—neither of them courageous enough to part with the other:—so apprehensive is he of her prying and inquisitive disposition that he will not have her near him while he assures himself of the safety of the golden aula; and afterwards to keep up her idea of his poverty gives her directions to observe the closest economy. He then leaves home, quite in character, to attend a public distribution of money to the poor. *Megadorus* now proposes to marry his daughter, which immediately excites *Euclio*'s suspicions that he has made some discovery about his concealed riches; but when he declares his willingness to take her without a dowry, his spirit is somewhat appeased, and he at once agrees to the match. Whereupon the delighted *Megadorus*, in his superabundant generosity, sends provisions to *Euclio*'s house, “all means and appliances to boot,” pots, kettles, and cooks for the preparation of the marriage feast; the old miser, however, instead of being gratified at this kind assistance turned them all out headlong, retaining in his possession the dainties they had brought. At length so alarmed was he at this unexpected invasion of culinary besiegers and at the suspicious appearance of every thing around, that he determined on hiding this precious *χειμηλιον* in a grove consecrated to *Sylvanus*.

* Sat. I. 1. 98.

ad usque
Supremum tempus, he se penuria victus
Opprimeret, metuebat.

M. M. No. 85.

G

There he thought there could not possibly be any danger of discovery: in this too he was deceived: where there was no real ground for fear, his apprehensions were most alive, but when he was in actual danger and the place of his deposit was discovered, so far from entertaining the least suspicion, he was triumphing in the false confidence of imaginary success. For while securing his treasure, he was observed by the slave of a young man, called Lyconides, who had violated Euclio's daughter. The miser, on coming one day to regale himself with a sight of his little Tmolus, is thunderstruck to find it gone, and returns home mortified and in despair; but in his way meets Lyconides, who having heard of the intended marriage between his uncle and Euclio's daughter, now apologizes for his conduct and offers the reparation of marriage. The miser in his knavish innocence, applies all he says about his daughter to the lost treasure; this is an admirable scene; Euclio and Lyconides are talking about two different things, each imagining that the other is speaking of the same thing, as himself; and the blunder is not perceived till Lyconides discloses a secret only because he thought Euclio would suspect him if he did not; and the ambiguity of their discourse is aided by the use of the word *olla*, which might be the old form of *illa*, *she*, or another way of spelling *aula*, a *pot*. The play is, as we before intimated, imperfect: in the last scene we have the slave of Lyconides surrendering the miser's treasure as the price of his freedom. It is most probable that, in the deficient scenes, Lyconides, by restoring the gold to Euclio, obtained his daughter in marriage. A professor in the University of Bologna, Antonius Codrus Urceus, has finished the play, but in a spirit far inferior to that of Plautus. He most unwarrantably makes the miser suddenly change his nature, and freely present Lyconides with the treasure—a remedy to which Plautus certainly would not have had recourse.

The first scene is exceedingly comic; exactly characteristic of the miser and equally descriptive of the pestering, housekeeperish inquisitiveness of his servant. We cannot help smiling, when he gravely commands her to preserve the cobwebs; (though there are emergencies in the operations of the tonsorial art, in which even they are serviceable;) or when we are told that he is in the habit of keeping the pairings of his *ungulae*, and complains of being atrociously robbed, if the smoke is allowed to escape from the chimney; but we think we have seen his equal.

Euclio appears on the stage, driving Staphila from his house, "somewhat angrily:"

Out of my house, I say, out of my house;
Nay, but you must and shall, out of my doors,
Good gossip pry-about, poking your eyes,
And peering, here and there, in ev'ry corner.

STAPH. Why do you beat me, a poor wretch?

EUCL. To make you

A poor wretch; you shall lead a sorry life on't.

STAPH. Why have you thrust me out o' doors?

EUCL. You jade?

Give you a reason? Get you from the door,

There, there. See how she crawls ! Do you know what ?
If I but take a stick in hand, I'll quicken
That tortoise-pace of yours.

STAPH. Would I were hanged
Rather than serve you at this rate.

EUCL. The beldam !
See how she grumbles to herself ! You jade !
I'll tear your eyes out ; I'll prevent your watching,
Peeping and prying into all I do.
Get farther off there, farther, farther still,
Farther. So, stand there. If you dare to budge
A finger or a nail's breadth from that place,
Or if you turn your head once till I bid you,
I'll send you for a schooling to the gallows.
(*Aside.*) Was ever such a beldam ! I'm afraid,
She'll catch me unawares, and smell the place out
Where I have hid my money. The curs'd jade !
Why, she has eyes too in her pole. I'll go,
And see whether my gold is as I lodged it,
My gold, which gives me so much pain and trouble.

STAPHILA, *alone.*
Egad, I can't tell what's come to my master :
He's out of his senses. Here now in this manner
He turns me out o' doors ten times a day,
Ever so often. Troth, I can't imagine
What whim-whads he has got into his head.
He lies awake all night, and then he sits
Purring and poring the whole day at home,
Like a lame cobbler in a stall. And then
My poor young mistress, she again is placed
In a sad dilemma now, and how shall I
Hide her disgrace ? The best thing I can do is
To get a rope, and stretch me at full length.

Re-enter EUCLIO.

EUCL. So, so, my heart's at ease, all's safe within.
(*To STAPH.*) Come, hussy, get you in now and be sure
Take care of all within.

STAPH. Take care of what ?
Will any, think you, run away with the house ?
I'm sure there's nothing else to carry off,
Except the cobwebs. Troth, it's full of emptiness.

EUCL. You hag of hags ! Why Jove to satisfy you,
Should make me a King Philip, or Darius.
Hark ye, I'd have you to preserve those cobwebs.
I'm poor, I'm very poor, I do confess ;
Yet I'm content : I bear what heaven allots.
Come get you in : bolt the door after you ;
I shall be back directly ; and be sure
Don't let a soul in.

STAPH. What if any one
Should beg some fire ?

EUCL. I'd have you put it out,
That there may be no plea to ask for any.
If you do leave a spark of fire alive,
I'll put out ev'ry spark of life in you.
If any body wants to borrow water,
Tell them, 'tis all run out ; and if, as is

The custom among neighbours, they should want
A knife, an axe, a pestle, or a mortar,
Tell them, some rogues broke in, and stole them all.
Be sure let no one in, while I'm away ;
I charge you ; even if good luck should come,
Don't let her in.

STAPH. Good luck quotha ! I warrant you,
She's not in such a hurry : she has never
Come to our house though she is ne'er so near.

EUCL. Have done, go in.

STAPH. I say no more, I'm gone.

EUCL. Be sure you bolt the door both top and bottom,
I shall be back this instant.

Staphilo accordingly goes to execute the commands of Euclio, and the miser to get his share of money from the master of the ward. And in the next scene we have an interview between Megadorus and his sister Eunomia, who, in the course of the conversation, propounds the voracious dictum,

“ That there never was in any age,
Such a wonder to be found as a dumb woman—”

and after enlarging on the qualities, good and bad, of the female sex, advises him to marry, and withal proposes to help him to a wife. Megadorus is startled* at first, but they soon agree upon the point, and he declares his intention of paying his addresses to Euclio's daughter. The old miser, we now find, was quite disappointed in his visit to the master of the ward: there was no distribution of money ; and Euclio was obliged to return in confusion and mortification ; and on his return meets Megadorus, who after a few preliminary questions and replies, proposes to marry his daughter. Euclio of course immediately suspects that he has got scent of his treasure and expects, if not at once, at least at his death, to become the possessor of it himself ; but when he openly declares that he has no desire for a portion, his apprehensions are quite allayed, and he readily consents to Megadorus's proposal. This scene is worth transcribing :—

EUCL. But I can give
No portion with her !
MEG. You need give her none.
She, that has virtue, has sufficient dower.
EUCL. I tell it you, because you may not think
I've found a treasure.
MEG. Say no more ; I know it.
You'll give her to me then ?
EUCL. O Jupiter !
I am undone ! I'm ruined !

* It is curious to observe the same phrases and similies used in different authors, who by some singular coincidence, have hit upon the same, without the possibility of their having copied from each other ; Megadorus here says to Eunomia, “ You *speake daggers* to me now !” “ *Lapides loqueris* :” so Aristoph. *ῥόδα μ' ἔφηνας* “ You have spoken roses to me ;” and Shakspeare, Hamlet, III “ I will *speake daggers* to her, but use none.”

MEG. What's the matter!

EUCL. What noise was that there, like the crash of iron.

(EUCL. runs in hastily.)

MEG. They're digging in my garden. Hey! where is he?
He's gone and left me in uncertainty.
He treats me with disdain, because he sees
I court his friendship. 'Tis the way of them:
If a rich man seek favour from a poor one,
The poor man is afraid to treat with him,
And by his awkward fear hurts his own interest;
Then, when the opportunity it lost,
Too late he wishes to recover it.

EUCL. *Returning, (to his Maid, within.)*

If I don't tear your tongue out from the root,
I'll give them leave to unman me.

MEG.

Oh, I see

You think me a fit object for your sport,
Though at these years; but sure I don't deserve it.

EUCL. Not I indeed; nor could I if I would.

MEG. Well, will you now betroth your daughter to me?

EUCL. Upon the terms I said, without a portion.

MEG. You do betroth her then?

EUCL.

I do betroth her.

Heav'n's prosper it!

MEG. I say the same.

EUCL.

Remember,

'Tis the agreement, that she bring no dower,

MEG. I shan't forget it.

EUCL.

But I know your tricks:

'Tis off or on, 'tis done or not done with you,

Just as you like.

MEG.

We shall have no dispute.

What hinders but the wedding be to-day?

EUCL. 'Tis best.

MEG.

I'll go then, and get all things ready,

Would you ought else?

EUCL. Nothing but what you say.

MEG. It shall be done.

Megadorus now proceeds, as we have said, to make the most munificent preparations for the approaching festival, and sends the choicest meats for the occasion, with cooks to dress them. Euclio is startled at his extravagances and turns them all out, thinking they were come to make conquest of his pot of gold, and determines, like the Lord Chancellor with the Great Seals, to carry it with him wherever he goes. As he is going out, Megadorus is observed in the distance talking in a style which he knew would please old Euclio, commending the practice of frugality, and lauding the parsimony of men like his friend, the miser, to the very skies. Euclio goes and deposits his treasure in the temple of Faith, where he thought it would certainly be safe; but Faith proved faithless, and the miser was deceived; just as he left the place, he observed Strobilus going in, evidently with the intention of abstracting the gold; and the scene in which Euclio is represented as dragging him out and accusing him of an attempt to rob him, is sufficiently amusing to

pay for a perusal. Strobilus assumes all the independence of one entirely free from blame; and when charged with the theft immediately asks:—

What have I stol'n of your's?

EUCL. Restore it to me.

STROB. Restore it! what?

EUCL. D'ye ask?

STROB. I've taken nothing.

EUCL. Come, give me what you've got.

STROB. What are you at?

EUCL. What am I at? you shall not carry it off.

STROB. What is it you would have?

EUCL. Come, lay it down.

STROB. Why we have laid no wager, that I know of.

EUCL. Come, come, no joking; lay it down, I say.

STROB. What must I lay down? tell me, name it to me,

I have not touched, or taken anything.

EUCL. Shew me your hands.

STROB. Here they are.

EUCL. Shew them to me.

STROB. Why here they are.

EUCL. I see. Shew me your third hand,

STROB. (*aside.*) Sure the old fellow's crazy; he's bewitched.

Prithee now don't you use me very ill?

EUCL. Very ill truly, not to have you hanged,

Which I will do if now you don't confess.

STROB. Don't confess what?

EUCL. What did you take from hence?

STROB. May I be curs'd if I took anything

Belonging to you, or desired it, I.

EUCL. Come, come, pull off your cloak.

STROB. (*pulling it off.*) Just as you please.

EUCL. You may have hid it underneath your clothes.

STROB. Search where you will.

EUCL. (*aside.*) The rogue, how civil he is,

That I may not suspect! I know his tricks.

Once more shew me your right hand.

STROB. Here it is.

EUCL. Well, now shew me your left.

STROB. There they are both.

EUCL. I will search no further, give it me.

STROB. What must I give you?

EUCL. Psha! don't trifle with me.

You certainly have got it.

STROB. Got! got what?

EUCL. So, you would have me name it; but I will not.

Restore whatever you have got of mine.

STROB. You're mad sure. You have searched me at your pleasure, And you have found nothing of your's upon me.

EUCL. Stay, stay, who was that other with you yonder?

(*aside.*) I'm ruined! he's at work within; and if

I let him go, this other will escape.

I've searched him, it is true, and he has nothing.

(*To STROB.*) Go where you will, and may the Gods confound you.

STROB. I'm much oblig'd to you for your kind wishes.

EUCL. I'll in, and if I light on your accomplice,
I'll strangle him. Out of my sight, begone.

STROB. I go.

EUCL. And never let me see you more.

Here Euclio most completely "cut his own throat;" Strobilus had not the least conception of his opulence, till he disclosed it himself, by the expression of his suspicions; and taking advantage of the information he had gained by the covert inuendoes of the miser, "assumed a *virtue* though he had it not;" *now* he was resolved to purloin the gold; Euclio had accused him of stealing it, and, therefore he would steal it. Accordingly the fifth act opens with Strobilus running off with the treasure, and Euclio in the distance bewailing his fate and execrating the thief, and at last so confused and confounded that he knows not where he is or who he is. While he is in this state, he is saluted by Lyconides, who of course thought, (as that was uppermost in his mind), that the intrigue between himself and the miser's daughter had been discovered, and that this was the occasion of his grief; whereupon he proceeds to assuage the bitterness of his sorrow and to confess and apologize for his offence. But from the ambiguity of the terms in which he alluded to his late freak, Euclio, most comically, applies every thing he says to the plunder of his gold, and the scene is, as we said before, admirably wrought:—

LYC. Who can this be, that moans so bitterly
Before our house? Ah! it is Euclio sure:
'Tis he, I think. I'm ruined, all's discover'd.
He is acquainted with his daughter's labor.
What shall I do! I'm all uncertainty.

Were't best to go or stay? Shall I accost him,
Or shun his sight? I know not what to do.

EUCL. Who's that, that speaks there?

LYC. I, sir.

EUCL.

I, sir, am

A wretch, a ruin'd wretch, such dread calamity,
Such sorrow has befallen me.

LYC. Take courage.—

EUCL. Prithce how can I?

LYC. Since the deed, that now
Troubles your mind, I did, and now confess it.

EUCL. What do I hear you say?

LYC. The truth.

EUCL.

Young man,

In what have I deserved such usage from you,
That you should treat me thus, and go the way
To ruin me and my poor child?

LYC.

A God

Was my inticer; he allowed me.

EUCL. How.

LYC. I own my crime, I know I am to blame,
And therefore come I to implore your pardon.

EUCL. How durst you lay violent hands on that
You had no right to touch?

LYC.

'Tis past. What's done

Cannot be undone. I believe the Gods

Would have it so : if not, it had not been.

EUCL. I believe the Gods would have me hang myself
Before your face.

LYC. Ah ! say not so.

EUCL.

But why

Would you lay hands, I pray, on what was mine
Against my inclination ?

LYC.

Love and wine

Did prompt me.

EUCL.

What consummate impudence !

How dare you come to me with such a speech ?

If this is right ; if this excuse will hold,

Why we may strip a lady of her jewels

In open day light, then, if we are taken,

Plead in excuse, forsooth, that love and wine,

Led us to it. Oh, this love and wine

Is of great value, if it can empower

The lover and the drunkard to indulge

In whatsoever likes him with impunity.

LYC. I come to beg you to forgive my folly.

EUCL. I relish not these fellows, who commit
A misdemeanor, and then dare defend it.

You know you had no right, not being yours,

You should have kept hands off.

LYC.

But as I dar'd

Make the attempt, I shall have no objection

To have and hold.

EUCL.

To have and hold what's mine,

At my disposal ? and against my will ?

LYC. Against your will I ask not ; but I think,

It is my right, and you yourself will find

I have a just claim.

EUCL.

If you don't return me—

LYC. Return you what ?

EUCL.

What you have stol'n of mine,

I'll have you 'fore the praetor, and commence

A suit against you.

LYC.

Stol'n of your's ! how ? where ?

What is't you mean ?

EUCL.

As if you did not know !

LYC. Not I, except you tell me what it is.

EUCL. The pot of gold, I say, which you confess'd

You stole, restore it to me.

LYC.

I ne'er said

A syllable about it, nor have taken it.

EUCL. Will you deny it ?

LYC.

Yes, deny it wholly :

Nor do I know what gold, what pot you mean.

EUCL. That which you stole out of Sylvanus' grove.

Come, give it me : I'll rather halve it with you.

Though you have robbed me, I'll not trouble you :

Come, then, restore it to me.

LYC.

Are you mad,

To call me thief ? I thought that you had got

Scent of another matter, that concerns me :

'Tis of importance, and if leisure serves,

I should be glad to talk with you upon it.

EUCL. Tell me, upon your faith, you have not stol'n
This gold.

LYC. Upon my faith.

EUCL. Nor do you know
Who took it?

LYC. No, upon my faith.

EUCL. And if
You should discover him, you'll reveal him to me!

LYC. I'll do 't.

EUCL. Nor will you take, whoe'er he be,
A portion of the spoil, to hide the thief?

LYC. I will not.

EUCL. What if you deceive me?

LYC. Then
May Jupiter do with me what he will!

EUCL. I'm satisfi'd. Now tell me what's your pleasure.

Our space forbids us to give even an enumeration, much less a comparison of the numerous imitations which have been called forth from the pens of modern dramatists, by the *Aulularia* of our author; but there is one remark which we cannot forbear making, that while they, to add to the interest and effect of the play, by increasing the intricacy of the plot, have represented the miser as entangled in the toils of love, the Roman, with a better knowledge of life and character, has made *avarice* the soul passion of Euclio, directing every other feeling and absorbing every other desire.

The chief characteristic of Plautus is a simplicity and naïveté of dialogue, carried on with the briskness and rapidity of life, thickly interspersed with broad jokes, and frequently descending to the coarsest comicalities, betraying his familiarity with the vulgar, and his aim at popularity with the lower orders. He always inclines to the farcical, and often merges into offensive drolleries; but in the *vis comica*, and the *sales*† of conversational retort he undeniably excels. For this he was much read in the later and more civilized ages of Rome, and in our opinion justly admired, though Horace takes occasion to censure the *reading public* of his time for patronizing the gross buffooneries of the antiquated Plautus. We cannot be astonished at a bulky octavo being written to prove that Cambyzes was wounded not in the knee, but in the thigh; when we see a grave quarto, a pacific ocean of controversial vituperation, coming from the pen of a German critic to defend the sentiment of the Roman lyrist. But, however, professional pique and the pride of condemnatory criticism may have induced the protégé of Mécenas and the favourite of the polished court of Augustus, to disparage the obsolete language and rustic wit of Plautus, his comedies were the amusement, as St. Jerome, himself, tells us, of his literary leisure and have ever been admired by the learned and philosophic reader, who has sufficient knowledge to discover the correctness of their portraits and their faithfulness to real life.

We purpose, in our next number, to give some extracts from the only extant specimen of the Greek Satyric Drama, with an outline of its nature, and of the use to which it was applied. A. A.

* Horat. de Art. Poet. c. 271.

ROSCOE'S SPANISH NOVELISTS.

A WISE man can look without being dazzled, on many sources of pleasure, and while making his selection for the time present, will give a careful glance at those he leaves, knowing they may be useful to him at some future day. The times we live in are rife with pleasurable excitements. It is not the man of science, the philosopher, or the politician only, who finds himself under the power of a new influence; the gayest of the gay feels the movement, and has a fresh interest in the proceedings of the age. The literature which was prepared for the mere seekers of amusement some few years back, could barely excite a momentary gratification; now the same species of composition has assumed an aspect of intelligence, of bright and sportive, yet thoughtful intellectuality; and there are not many readers who could not select from the mass of fictitious writing, some half dozen or dozen works which they would be glad to have perused. English novelists, however, are, with few exceptions, either mannerists or imitators. They are deficient in genuine vivacity and humour; have narrow notions of human character; are rarely sentimental, without being affected; witty, without being gross; satirical, without caricaturing; or didactic, without falling into dullness. The most palpable cause of some of their deficiencies, is the length to which the wishes of the publishers, on the one hand, and the vanity of the writers, on the other, draw out the story. It must be a full, noble, active mind indeed, that can diffuse life through such a vast mass of narrative as that contained within three goodly sized volumes; and as but very few romances have much sound reason, much real acquaintance with the causes of things, or any genuine knowledge of past times or scenes, the matter made use of to fill up the gaps in the plot, or help belief from one piece of invention to another, or dress up the idols of the fancy into human shape, will, for the most part, be of the least valuable kind; and render, by its want of utility and spirit, the whole novel itself a dull and useless production.

From this circumstance, and especially from the sameness and mannerism of the great mass of English novels, he who thinks the ingenuity of well managed fiction deserves to be reckoned among the sources of pleasure, will hail with no little gratification the appearance of the work which has excited these remarks. The German and Italian collections, from the pen of the same elegant translator, were a valuable addition to our stores of romantic fiction. They came upon us with fresh looks and voices. Our English fancy, sick and jaded at the constant recurrence of worn-out plots, and the re-appearance of characters more ghostlike at each new appearance, rejoiced at the fresh and sparkling creations amid which it now found itself. German mystery and Italian wit and tenderness, had few, if any, parallels in the modern romance of this country. Mr. Roscoe's translations, therefore, were well timed; and considering that they were intended for the general readers of fiction, and neither for

compilers of critical histories, nor for one or two closeted reviewers to write dissertations upon, with all the fury of a most confined and exclusive learning, they were executed in a style admirably calculated to secure the object for which they were undertaken. The same may be said of the present work. In spirit, novelty, and conciseness of narrative, the Spanish tale presents a striking contrast to the heavy, cumbrous English novel; and we should imagine, if a knowledge of life or human nature can be conveyed by fictitious inventions, that these stirring, lively stories are much better vehicles for the purpose, than the most sentimental of our native productions. Spain can boast of annals more fertile in deep and heart-appalling romance than almost any other country in the world. Castilian and Moorish blood mingle together in the current of its history, and scarcely a chapter can be fixed upon in which some food is not found for the excitement of imagination. But this richness in the real records of the nation has produced an effect which would not generally be looked for. The Spaniard, having the grandeur and vividness of romance in the annals of his country, feels a call upon fiction, to furnish him with romantic inventions. There is the spell of old recollections on his mind, which, when free and at leisure, keep him in a state bordering on excitement. To him, therefore, the gayer, the more practical, the more worldly species of fiction, will often appeal with a greater chance of success, than those of a graver kind; and we accordingly find, that the class of novels which has ever been the most popular in Spain, and which has called forth the exercise of the greatest talents, is that which delineates the characters and adventures of the most busy, the most witty, and the least sentimental of mankind. In their noble national ballads, so full of romantic incident and description, we have an echo of their history, and nothing can be in stronger contrast with the *Novela Picaresca*, the favourite, and the truly original growth of Spanish genius. It is to the poets romance has resigned herself with most delight, and they have found both her and their own feelings in such complete harmony with history, that tradition has been to them a better source of inspiration than fancy.

The reader will easily understand from these brief observations, how wide a circuit is embraced by the Spanish novelists, and how much skill is required in making a selection from their productions. We are glad the publishers of the work on our table fixed on Mr. Roscoe to execute the task. Well versed, as several of his publications have proved him, in southern literature, he knew the field he had to traverse; while his practical acquaintance with the taste of English readers would keep him from committing the error of giving a literal, and therefore unintelligible version. Of the tales he was to transfuse into our language, the great merit consists in the variety and liveliness of the incidents, and in delineations of that species of character which is produced by the influence of a quick succession of events and change of scene. The native writer might have in view some minor objects, with which a foreigner would have little concern, and there might be niceties in the turn of his expressions, the enjoyment of which is, as it should be, confined to those who have only such rewards for learning the tongue in which he wrote. A

large body of notes might have made the translation more valuable to a scholar, and we have no doubt Mr. Roscoe could have displayed as great a facility in filling his pages with annotations as most men; but he has contented himself with producing what we dare say the great mass of readers will have the greatest pleasure in perusing—a work sufficiently English to amuse the novel reader, and yet sufficiently true to the original in the chief essentials of a translation, to convey a very strong impression of the principal features of the Spanish tale.

Our readers, perhaps, will not be indisposed to join with us in a few minutes' relaxation over the pleasant pages of Lozano, of whom we are briefly told in the introductory notice, that he was a doctor, a commissary of the Santa Cruzada, and a composer of religious works as well as novels. The tale we fix upon is entitled the "Jealousy of the Dead," and the following extracts will be fully understood, by our stating the commencement of the story.

In the city of Toledo lived an accomplished cavalier named Don Lucindo, whose talents and noble demeanour obtained him, with the additional aid of stratagem and a waiting woman, the regard of a young lady called Donna Ana. The beauty, however, of his mistress, one day attracted the notice of a gentleman named Don Juan, and such was the ardour with which this new lover felt inspired, that having failed in gaining the attention of the lady by letters and sonnets, he determined on following the advice of his valet, and risking his life in a duel, to remove the obstacle which Don Lucindo presented to his wishes. He accordingly encountered the cavalier under the balcony of Donna Ana, and hastening with him to a sequestered spot in the neighbourhood, succeeded in running him through the body. The funeral of the unfortunate Lucindo was performed with great solemnity, and the lady remained for some time inconsolable. Don Juan, however, pursued his suit with patience and resolution, and was at length allowed to approach by stealth the residence of the object of his passion. Permission was soon after given him to enter, but at this point—

"His visits were stopped in a very unpleasant and unexpected manner. On his arrival at the house of Donna Ana, and preparing to enter, he saw a stranger placed directly in the door way. He instantly retired, thinking it might be some relation of Donna Ana, who had obtained intelligence of their nocturnal meetings, and had prepared an ambush for him. The next day the circumstance was repeated to Donna Ana, who with Teela laughed and declared it must have been imagination, for if any relations had discovered them, her aunt would have been more watchful, and they would certainly have heard concerning it. The next night Don Juan was resolved to clear up the mystery, and seeing the same figure, as on the preceding night, posted at the door, as though to dispute his entrance, desired Martin to go forward and demand his reason, not choosing to make himself known unless there was reason. Martin, who prided himself on his gallantry, instantly walked up boldly to the intruder, and demanded his business, when the stranger slowly casting aside the cloak which concealed him, discovered to the astonished gaze of Martin the countenance of the cavalier whom his master slew at the castle of San Cervantes. His valour was instantly quelled, and he darted away, crying out on his master, and making the sign

of the cross with a fervour which it could hardly be imagined he could ever have displayed. Don Juan rushed to the assistance of Martin, thinking he had been wounded; but when he heard the account which his servant related, and not seeing any body near, he did not feel quite comfortable, although he concealed his feelings as much as possible from Martin, resolving, however, on the next night, to ascertain himself the truth of the story.

"On the next night they repaired to the adventure, taking care to ascertain that no one was hidden in the adjacent street, to turn the odds against them in case they should be obliged to fight. They found the same figure in exactly the same situation as on the preceding nights. The courage of Don Juan was not to be daunted, but the valorous Martin quivered like an aspen for very fear, and the better to conceal his feelings, as well as to preserve his faith to his master, by not deserting him, he turned his back on the figure, and began to implore the divine assistance, his conscience assisting him in recollecting, that had it not been for his counsels the poor defunct might still have been living. Don Juan had no such compunctions, and advancing, fiercely demanded to know why he waited there. The stranger, without uncovering his face, replied in a melancholy tone,—“I am not one who would answer such language in the public street, but if your courage be as great as your action indicates, follow me, and you shall know”—being nearly the same words Don Juan uttered on the night he slew Don Lucindo. Don Juan was a man of undaunted courage, yet these words made him hesitate a little, before he accepted the invitation of the stranger. He was half inclined to fancy that it was the appearance of his deceased rival, yet if it should by any chance be a relation of Donna Ana, or some other pretender to her hand, his character would be lost for ever by betraying any symptoms of fear; he therefore, without appearance of hesitation, followed the unknown, much to the horror of Martin, who accompanied him.

"They took the same road as Don Juan had chosen with Don Lucindo, and when at the castle of San Cervantes, the stranger halted on the very spot where the deceased cavalier received his death wound. These circumstances did not tend to heighten the courage of Don Juan or his attendant, who were doomed to experience a still greater trial; for the stranger, on throwing aside his concealment, was recognized by Don Juan as a resemblance of his deceased rival. “I will keep you no longer in suspense; know that I am Don Lucindo, who on this very spot, and at this very hour, you deprived of life, to rob me of the mistress whom I adored; but I come not to upbraid you, for the dead have no enmity, but I come to you as the man on whom I have the most claim on earth to do me service.” “Speak,” said Don Juan, “I have injured you, and would willingly ease my conscience by performing your commands.” “The evil actions of which I have been guilty during life, disturb my repose; it is for you to repair them, and ensure my tranquillity. Know that in Valencia, my native place, I was blessed with the affection of a beautiful girl, whose mind was as rich in all good thoughts, as her person was replete with every elegance and grace; yet for one who has so soon forgotten me did I leave this treasure, and she now pines over my unworthy remembrance with the most pious constancy. Go to Valencia, say nothing of my death, but endeavour to obtain her forgiveness for my past cruelty; if you succeed, bear her answer in writing, and place it under this stone, on this very spot where I fell; as you do this, so shall your suit with Donna Ana prosper; but if you fail, dread my vengeance!” Saying this, he disappeared in the darkness of the night, and Don Juan returned home in a more melancholy mood than he had ever been before; he was afraid to absent himself from Toledo without making Donna Ana acquainted with the reason, and yet he could not inform her: the distance from Toledo was great, and no excuse of business would be sufficient, he therefore determined to send Martin, hoping that his agency would be

sufficient to execute the mission of the dead. Martin was accordingly ordered to depart on the following morning, and on that night his master determined to visit Donna Ana. When they arrived, they met with no hindrance as on the former occasions, and after making the accustomed signal, Teela opened the door, and in silence and darkness they entered the house. On this occasion, as Martin was about to start on a journey of some risk, the duties of sentinel were forgotten, and he was introduced into the apartment of his mistress, much in the same manner as his master was to that of Donna Ana.

"Don Juan was overjoyed to meet again the object of his affections, and had already taken her hand, which he pressed fervently to his lips, when he felt himself seized by a powerful grasp, that seemed impossible for him to resist, and was hurled the length of the room against the wall with such violence, that he remained for a moment overcome. At that moment, a voice whispered in his ear—"Don Juan, why art not thou gone on my mission? I have suffered enough by thee, and beware how you trifle with me." Without knowing the cause, Donna Ana felt her lover forcibly snatched from her, and hearing him fall heavily on the floor, not being able to conceal her excessive fear, she screamed aloud for assistance."

Great confusion followed this supernatural visitation, and Donna Ana was thrown into the utmost perplexity at the absence of her lover, which remained unexplained till he informed her, by a letter, that he was on his way to Valencia, and on what a singular mission he was employed. He succeeded, however, in the object of his journey, and on his return, placed the letter he had obtained from Don Lucindo's former mistress according to the directions which the apparition had given. There was now, therefore, nothing to oppose the consummation of his wishes, and Donna Ana fixed the day of their espousals, which were to be celebrated with great splendour in the cathedral of Toledo.

"The troubled spirit of Don Lucindo seemed to be hushed into repose; for during this period, the visits of Don Juan had been uninterrupted by any ghostly agency, and Martin had, in consequence, quite regained his courage. The auspicious day so anxiously awaited by all at length arrived. The relations of both families, and a crowd of guests, thronged around the altar to witness the ceremony. The bride and bridegroom were arrived, and nothing was wanting to delay the performance of the rites, when a loud noise was heard at the gates of the cathedral, which had been closed before the commencement of mass. Under the supposition that some friends had arrived late, the doors were opened, and to the surprise of all, two figures clothed in black garments, and their features entirely concealed, slowly walked up the aisle towards the altar. The presence of these strangers seemed to throw a damp on the spirits of the guests, and whispers began to be interchanged as to their quality and errand. Don Juan, wishing to remove the unpleasantness that seemed to prevail, when the unknown visitors arrived near the altar, demanded, though in a courteous tone, their name and business. The taller of the strangers immediately threw off his sable garments, and discovered to the astonished Juan the person of the deceased Don Lucindo. Donna Ana screamed, and fainted in the arms of her betrothed husband. Martin raised a similar outcry, and made no scruple in declaring it to be the restless spirit of Don Lucindo. Don Juan was firm amidst the disturbance. "Injured shade," he cried, "what have I neglected to perform, that thou shouldst still be unquietly wandering on earth; what more can I do to insure thy repose?" The figure made no reply, but advanced and seized Don

Juan by the hand. Consternation seized all present; but Don Juan felt the touch to be of so corporeal a nature, that either his senses deceived him, or ghosts had very much changed their nature, if Don Lucindo had not resumed his earthly covering of flesh and blood. "Don Juan," he exclaimed, "I will no longer deceive you. You will not have the sin of Don Lucindo's death to answer for; the wound you gave me was not mortal; but on a bed of sickness which it occasioned, I felt remorse for my conduct to Donna Laura, and vowed on my recovery to make her reparation. But willing to try the constancy of Donna Ana, I caused myself to be proclaimed as dead: the rest you know. I could not entrust my cause with Donna Laura in more experienced and better hands than your own, particularly when you had such a stake on its success. The result has proved it, and I have now the pleasure of resigning for ever all claims I formerly had on your intended bride, and of introducing to you one to whom my affections have ever been due, and from whom they shall never more wander." He then removed the sombre vestment from his companion, and discovered a young and most interesting woman, who, it need not be said, proved to be Donna Laura; and, in truth, the pair were gallantly attired for ghosts, being dressed in nothing less than full suits of rich wedding raiment. It is impossible to describe the surprise and joy of all present at this happy conclusion of an unpromising adventure; and after sincere compliments of congratulation on both sides, it was arranged that the marriage of both should take place together; thus sharing the festivities prepared for Don Juan's wedding, and cementing an intimacy which continued unbroken during their lives."

The difficulty of giving the spirit of a tale in an abridgment, prevents our extracting from many parts of the work in which some of the peculiar merits of the Spanish story are most apparent. Perhaps for our present purpose, one of the Visions of the admirable Quevedo may be the best extract we could make. We select the Vision of the Last Judgment:—

"Methought, said he, I beheld an noble-looking youth towering in the air, and drawing loud and solemn tones from a mighty trumpet. The vehemence of his breath did certainly detract somewhat from the effect of his glorious beauty, yet even the monumental marbles, the earth-closed caverns—nay, the very dead within obeyed his fearful call; for the ground was seen gradually to open, the bones to rise and unite together, and a mighty harvest of the living spring from the long sown seed of the dead. The first that appeared were soldiers,—such as generals of armies, captains, lieutenants, and the common foot, who, thinking that a fresh charge had sounded, rose out of their graves with considerable boldness and alacrity, as if they had been preparing for combat, or a sudden assault. The misers next put their heads out, all pale and trembling, with the idea they were going to be again plundered. Cavaliers and boon companions came trooping along, supposing they were going to a horse race, or a grand hunt. In short, though all heard the trumpet sound, not any one seemed to understand it, for their thoughts were plain enough to be read by the strangeness of their looks and gestures.

"While the souls came trooping in on all sides, many were seen to approach their new bodies, not without signs of considerable aversion and difficulty. Others stood spell-bound with wonder and horror, as if not venturing to come nearer to so dreadful a spectacle; for this wanted an arm, that an eye, and the other a head. Though, on the whole, I could not forbear smiling at so strange a variety of figures, I found yet greater matter for awe and admiration at the power of Providence, which drew order out of chaos, and restored every part and member to its particular owner. I dreamed that I was myself in a church-yard; that I saw numbers busied in changing heads,

who were averse to make their appearance; and an attorney would have put in a demurrer, on the plea that he had got a soul that could be none of his, for that his soul and body belonged to some different ones elsewhere.

"When it came at length to be generally understood, that here at last was the Day of Judgment, it was curious to observe what strange evasions and excuses were made use of among the wicked. The man of pleasure, the betrayer of innocence, the epicure, and the hypocrite, would not own their eyes, nor the slanderer his tongue, because they were sure to appear in evidence against them. Pickpockets were seen running away as fast as possible from their own fingers, while an old usurer wandered about anxiously inquiring if the money-bags were not to rise as well as the bodies? I should have laughed outright at this, had not my attention been called away to a throng of cut-purses, hastening all speed from their own ears, now offered them, that they might not hear so many sad stories against themselves.

"I was a witness to the whole scene, from a convenient station above it, when all at once there was uttered a loud outcry of "Withdraw, withdraw!" No sooner was it pronounced, than down I came, and forthwith a number of handsome women put out their heads and called me a base clown for not showing the respect and courtesy due to their high quality, not being a whit the less inclined to stand upon their etiquette,—although in Hell itself. They appeared half-naked, and as proud as Juno's peacock, whenever they happened to catch your eye; and, to say truth, they had a good complexion, and were well made. When they were informed, however, that it was no other than the Day of Judgment, they took the alarm, all their vivacity vanished, and slowly they took their way towards an adjacent valley, quite pensive and out of humour. Of these one among the rest had wedded seven husbands, and promised to each of them that she would never marry again, for she was unable to love any one like she had loved the last. Now the lady was eagerly inventing all manner of excuses, in order that she might return a proper answer when examined on this part of her conduct. Another, that had been common as the common air, affected to hum a tune, and delay the arrival on pretence of having forgotten some of her trickeries, as an eyebrow, or a comb; but, spite of her art,—for she could neither lead nor drive,—she was impelled on till she came within sight of the throne. There she beheld a vast throng, among whom were not a few she had brought far on their way to the worst place; and no sooner did they recognize her than they began to hoot after and pursue her, till she took refuge in a troop of city police.

"Next appeared a number a number of persons driving before them a certain physician along the banks of a river, whither he had unfairly dispatched them considerably before their time. They assailed his ears all the way with cries of "*justice, justice,*" at the same time urging him forwards towards the seat of judgment, where they at length arrived. Meantime, I heard upon my left hand something like a paddling in the water, as if some one were trying to swim: and what should it all be but a judge, plunged into the middle of a river, and vainly trying to wash his hands of the foul matter that adhered to them. I inquired what he was employed about, and he told me, that in his life time he had often had them oiled so as to let the business slip the better through them, and he would gladly get out the stains before he came to hold up his hand before the bar. What was yet more horrible, I saw coming under a guard of a legion of devils, all armed with rods, scourges, and clubs, a whole posse of vintners and tailors, suffering no little correction; and many pretended to be deaf, being unwilling to leave the grave under dread of a far worse lodging.

"As they were proceeding, however, up started a little dapper lawyer, and inquired whither they were going? to which it was replied, that they were going to give an account of their works. On hearing this, the lawyer

threw himself down flat on his face in his hole again, exclaiming at the same time, "If down I must without a plea, I am at least so far on the way," An inn-keeper seemed in a great sweat as he walked along, while a demon at his elbow jeering at him cried,—“Well done, my brave fellow, get rid of the water, that we may have no more of it in our wine.” But a poor little tailor, well bolstered up, with crooked fingers, and bandy legged, had not a word to say for himself all the way he went, except, “Alas! alas! how can any man be a thief that dies for want of bread!” As he cried, his companions, however, rebuked him for running down his own trade. Next followed a gang of high-waymen, treading upon the heels of one another, and in no little dread of treachery and cheating among each other. These were brought up by a party of devils in the turning of a hand, and were quartered along with the tailors; for, as was observed by one of the company, your real highwayman is but a wild sort of tailor. To be sure, they were a little quarrelsome at the first, but in a short time they went together down into the valley, and took up their quarters very quietly together. A little behind them came Folly, Bells, and Co., with their band of poets, fiddlers, lovers, and fencers,—that kind of people, in short, that least dream of a day of reckoning. These were chiefly distributed among the hangmen, Jews, scribes, and philosophers. There were also a great many solicitors, greatly wondering among themselves how they should have so much conscience when dead, and none at all in their lifetime. In short, the catch-word, silence, was the order of the day.

“The throne of the Eternal being at length elevated, and the mighty day of days at hand, which spake of comfort to the good, and of terror to the wicked; the sun and the stars, like satraps, cast their glory round the footstool of the Supreme Judge—the avenger of the innocent—and the Judge of the greatest monarchs and judges of the earth. The wind was stilled; the waters were quiet in their ocean-sleep—the earth being in suspense and anguish for fear of her human offspring. The whole creation looked about to yield up its trust in huge confusion and dismay. The just and righteous were employed in prayer and thanksgiving; the impious and wicked were vainly busy in weaving fresh webs of sophistry and deceit, the better to mitigate their sentence. On one side stood the guardian angels ready to show how they had fulfilled the part entrusted to them; and on the other frowned the evil genii, or the devils who had eagerly contended with the former, and fomented the worst human passions, attending now to aggravate every matter of charge against their unfortunate victims. The Ten Commandments held the guard of a narrow gate, so strait indeed, that the most subdued and extenuated body could not get through without leaving the better part of his skin behind.

“In one portion of this vast theatre were thronged together Disgrace, Misfortune, Plague, Grief, and Trouble, and all were in a general clamour against the doctors. The plague admitted fairly that she had smitten many, but it was the doctor at last who did their business. Black grief, and shame both said the same; and human calamities of all kinds made open declaration that they never brought any man to his grave without the help and abetting of a doctor. It was thus the gentlemen of the faculty were called to account for the number of fellow-men they had killed, and which were found to exceed by far those who had fallen by the sword. They accordingly took their station upon a scaffold, provided with pen, ink, and paper; and always as the dead were called, some or other of them made answer to the name, and quoted the year and day when such or such a patient passed from time to eternity through his hands.

“They began the inquiry as far back as Adam, who, to say the truth, was rather roughly handled about biting an apple. “Alas!” cried one Judas that stood by, “If that were such a fault, what must be the end of me, who sold

and betrayed my own Lord and master?" Then next approached the race of patriarchs; and next the apostles, who took up their places by the side of St. Peter. It was well worth observing, that on this day there was not a whit of distinction between kings and beggars; all were equal before the judgment-seat. Herod and Pilate had no sooner put out their heads, than they found it was likely to go hard with them. "My judgment, however, is just," exclaimed Pilate: "But alas!" cried Herod, what have I to confide in! Heaven is no abiding place for me, and in Limbo I should fall among the very innocents whom I murdered; I have no choice, therefore, but must e'en take up my quarters in Hell—the general refuge for the most notorious malefactors." After this, a rough sort of sour, ill-grained fellow, made his appearance; "See here," he cried, "here are my credentials—take these letters." The company, surprised at his odd humour, inquired of the porter who he was? "Who am I," quoth he, "I am master of the noble science of defence:" then pulling out a number of sealed parchments, "These will bear witness to my exploits." As he said these words, the testimonials fell out of his hand, and two devils near him were just going to pick them up, to keep as evidence against him at his trial, but the fencer was too nimble for them, and seized on them. An angel, however, now offered him his hand to help him in; while he, as if fearing an attack, leapt a step back, throwing himself into an attitude of defence. "Now," he exclaimed, "if you like, I will give you a taste of my skill;" upon which the company set a laughing, and this sentence was pronounced against him:—"That since by his art he had caused so many duels and murders, he should himself be allowed to go to the devil in a perpendicular line." He pleaded he was no mathematician, and knew no such line; but with that word a devil came up, and gave him a twirl or two round, and down he tumbled before he could bring his sentence to an end.

"The public treasurers came after him, pursued by such a hooting at their heels, that some supposed the whole band of thieves themselves were coming: which others denying, the company fell into a dispute upon it. They were greatly troubled at the word thieves, and one and all requested they might be permitted to have the benefit of counsel. "For a very good reason," said one of the devils; "here's a discarded apostle, a Judas, that played into both hands at once; seize him!"

"On hearing this, the treasurers turned away, but a vast roll of accusations against them, held in another devil's hand, met their eyes, and one of them exclaimed, "For mercy's sake away with those informations! We will one and all submit to any penalty; to remain in purgatory a thousand years, if you will only remove them from our sight." "Is it so?" quoth the cunning devil that had drawn out the charges—"you are hard put to it to think of compounding on terms like these." The treasurers had no more to say; but, finding they must make the best of a bad case, they very quietly followed the dancing-master.

"Close upon the last came an unfortunate pastryman, and on being asked if he wished to be tried, he replied that he did, and with the help of the Lord would stand the venture. The counsel against him then prest the charge; namely, that he had roasted cats for hares, and filled his pies with bones in place of meat, and sold nothing but horse-flesh, dogs, and foxes, in lieu of good beef and mutton. It turned out, in fact, that Noah never had so many animals in his ark as this ingenious fellow had put in his pies (for we hear of no rats and mice in the former): so that, in utter despair, he threw up his cause, and went to be baked in his turn with other sinners like himself.

"Next came and next did go a company of bare-foot philosophers with their syllogisms, and it was amusing enough to hear them chop logic, and try all manner of questions in mood and figure, at the expense of their own souls. Yet the most entertaining of them all were the poets, who refused to

be tried at any lesser tribunal than that of Jupiter himself. Virgil with his *Sicelides Musa*, made an eloquent defence of himself, declaring that he had prophesied the nativity. But up jumped a devil with a long story about Mæcenæ and Octavius, declaring that he was no better than an idolater of the old school. Orpheus then put in a word, asserting that, as he was the elder, he ought to be allowed to speak for all, commanding the poet to repeat his experiment of going into hell, and trying to get out again, with as many of the company as he could take along with him.

"They were no sooner gone, than a churlish old miser knocked at the gate, but was informed that it was guarded by the Ten Commandments, to which he had been an utter stranger. Yet he contended that if he had not kept, he had never broken, any of them, and proceeded to justify his conduct from point to point. His quirks, however, were not admitted—his works were made the rule of decision—and he was marched off to receive a due reward.

"He was succeeded by a gang of housebreakers and others of the same stamp, some of whom were so fortunate as to be saved just in the nick of time. The usurers and attorneys, seeing this, thought they too had a good chance, and put so good a face on the matter, that Judas and Mahomet began to look about them, and advanced rather confidently to meet their trial, a movement which made the devils themselves fall to laughing.

"It was now the accusing demons of the usurers and attorneys proceeded with their accusations, which they took not from the bills of indictment made out, but from the acts of their lives, insisting upon the plain matter of fact, so as to leave them without the possibility of an excuse. Addressing the Judge—'The great crime of which these men were guilty was their being attorneys at all;—to which it was ingeniously answered by the men of law—'No, not so; we only acted as the secretaries of other men.' They nearly all denied their own calling; and the result was, that after much cross questioning and pleading, two or three only were acquitted, while to the rest their accusers cried out, 'You here! you are wanted elsewhere;' and they then proceeded to swear against some other people, some bribing the witnesses, making them say things which they had never heard, and see things they had never seen, in order to leave innocence no chance of escape. The lie was concocted in all its labyrinths; and I saw Judas, Mahomet, and Luther draw back, while the former prest his money bag closer to him. Luther observed that he did just the same thing in his writings; but the doctor interrupted him, declaring, that compelled by those who had betrayed him, he now appeared with the apothecary and the barber to defend himself. On this a demon with the accusations in his hand turned sharp round on him, asking 'Who it was had sent the greater part of the dead then present, and with the aid of his worthy *aids-de-camp*, had, in fact, occasioned the whole proceedings of that day.' But the apothecary's advocate put in a plea for him, asserting, that he had dosed the poor people for nothing. 'No matter,' retorted a devil, 'I have him down in my list; two of his pill boxes dispatched more than ten thousand pikes could do in a battle, such was the virulence of his poisonous drugs, with which indeed he entered into a partnership with the plague, and destroyed two entire villages. The physician defended himself from any participation in these exploits, and at last the apothecary was obliged to succumb; the physician and the barber each taking the deaths that respectively belonged to them.

"A lawyer was next condemned for taking bribes from both sides, and betraying both; and lurking behind him, was discovered a fellow who seemed very desirous of concealing himself; and who, on being asked his name, replied that he was a player. 'And a very comic player indeed,' rejoined a devil, 'who had done better not to appear on that stage to-day.' The poor wretch promised to retire, and was as good as his word. A tribe

of vintners next took their station, accused of having assassinated numbers of thirsty souls, by substituting bad water for good wine. They tried to defend themselves on the plea of compensation, having supplied a hospital gratis with wine for the sacred ceremonies; but this was overruled, as was that preferred by the tailors, of having clothed some charity boys on the same terms, and they were all sent to the same place.

"Three or four rich merchants next appeared, who had got wealth by defrauding their correspondents and creditors, but the accusing demon now informed them they would find it more difficult to make a composition; and turning towards Jupiter, he said, 'Other men, my Lord Judge, have to give account of their own affairs, but these have had to do with every body's.' Sentence was forthwith pronounced, but I could not well catch it, so speedily they all disappeared. A cavalier now came forward, with so good a face, and so upright, as to challenge even justice itself. He made a very lowly obeisance on entering, but his collar was of such a size as to defy you to say whether he had got any head in it at all. A messenger on the part of Jupiter, inquired if he was a man, to which he courteously replied in the affirmative, adding that his name was Don Fulano, on the faith of a cavalier. At this, one of the devils laughed, and he was then asked what it was he wanted? To which he replied, that he wanted to be saved. He was delivered over to the demons, whom he entreated to use him gently, lest they should chance to disorder his mustachios and ruff. Behind him, came a man uttering great lamentations, which he himself interrupted by saying, 'Though I cry, I am none so badly off, for I have shaken the dust off the saints themselves before now.' Every one looked round, thinking to see a hero, or a Diocletian, from his brushing the ears of the saints; but he turned out to be a poor wretch whose highest office was to sweep the pictures, statues, and other ornaments of the church. His cause seemed safe, when all at once he was accused by one of the devils of drinking the oil out of the lamps, but which he again laid to the charge of an owl; that he had moreover clothed himself out of the church suits, that he drank the wine eat the bread, and even laid a duty on the fees. He made but a lame defence; and was ordered to take the left hand road in his descent.

"He made way for a levy of fine ladies, tricked out in cap and feather, and so full of merriment, that they fell to amuse themselves with the odd figures of the demons themselves. It was stated by their advocate, that they had been excellent devotees; true, retorted their demon, devoted to any thing but chastity and virtue. Yes, certainly, replied one that had taken her full fling in life, and whose trial now came on. She was accused of making religion itself a cloak, and even marrying, the better to conceal the enormities of her conduct. When condemned, she retired, bitterly complaining that had she known the result she would have taken care not to have done any of the charitable things, and said so many masses as she had.

"Next, after some delay, appeared Judas, Mahomet, and Martin Luther, of whom a messenger inquired which of the three was Judas? To this, both Mahomet and Luther replied that he was the man; on which Judas cried out in a rage, that they were both liars; for that he was the true Judas, and that they only affected to be so, in order to escape a worse fate than his; for though he had indeed sold his Master, the world had been the better of it, while the other rascals, by selling both themselves and his master, had well nigh ruined it. They were all sent to the place they deserved.

"An attorney who held the evidence in his hand, now called on the alguazils and runners to answer the accusations brought against them. They cut a woeful figure; and so clear was the case against them, that they were condemned without more ado.

"An astrologer now entered with his astrolabes, globes, and other quack-

ery, crying out that there was some mistake, for that that was not the Day of Judgment, as Saturn had not yet completed his course, nor he out of sheer fear his own. But a devil turned round on him, and seeing him loaded with wooden instruments and maps, exclaimed, "Well done, friend, you have brought fire-wood along with you; though it is a hard thing, methinks, after making so many heavens as are here, you should be sent to the wrong place at last for the want of a single one." "I will not go, not I," said the astrologer; "Then carry him," said the devil, and away he went.

"The whole court after this broke up: the shadows and clouds withdrew; the air grew refreshing, flowers scented once more the breezes, the sunny sky re-appeared, while I methought remained in the valley; and wandering about, heard a good deal of noise and voices of lamentation, as if rising out of the ground. I pressed forward to inquire what it could be, and I saw in a hollow cavern, (a fit mouth to hell), a number of persons in pain. Among these was a *Letrado*, but busied not so much with dead laws as with live coals,—and an *Escrivano*, devouring only letters. A miser was there, counting more pangs than pieces; a physician contemplating a dead patient; and an apothecary steeped in his own mixtures.

"I laughed so outright at this, that I started wide awake; and was withal more merry than sad to find myself on my bed.

"The foregoing indeed are dreams; but such as if your excellency will sleep upon them, it will come to pass, that in order to see the things as I see them, you will pray for them to turn out as I say they are."

THE WARRIOR BARD.

The bugle's voice had set the watch of night,
And silence walk'd the carnage-cover'd plain,
When sad, beside the dying embers' light,
The warrior bard watch'd o'er th' unburied slain,
Ere war's soul-stirring blast had rung,
His harp the charms of beauty sung.
But when his country's voice was heard,
And freedom was the rallying word,
The minstrel's soul through all its depths was stirr'd.
He sought the field—the battle led—
And soothed the pains of those who bled—
While thus he sung the fame that crown'd the dead:—

Ye glorious spirits of the mighty dead,
Whose cold remains on victory's bosom rest,
When hist'ry tells the cause for which ye bled,
Your names shall be by freedom's children blest.
To you the ruling hand of heaven,
The noblest, proudest fate hath given.
Your sons shall dash the tear aside,
And show the field with manly pride,
On which, in freedom's cause, their fathers died;
Then should oppression break her chain;
In them your souls shall breathe again;
And tame their pride, or life's last current drain.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE EARL OF ELDON.

THERE is no branch of literature containing so many difficulties as biography. It is by no means an easy task to be impartial, particularly if the writer has selected, for his memoir, one, who through a long and eventful life, has been the staunch supporter, the almost leader of a fallen though once powerful party. A stream does not take its colour more from the hue of the soil through which it runs, than does the statement of a writer from his own cast of mind, passions, and prejudices. This is doubly true when applied to the biographer, and, therefore, his partiality is more frequently a subject for invective and condemnation, than in common candour and fair honesty, we justly conceive that his predelictions, or the contrary, demand from the reader. With this simple and brief avowal, we shall proceed at once to sketch the history of a man who has filled, for nearly a quarter of a century, the highest judicial station in the country ; whose legal life is so intimately woven with a mass of jurisprudence, and who, during a long and interesting period, exercised a powerful influence in those cabinets, which, for such a length of time, so unworthily and shamefully wielded the energies, and ruled the destinies of this mighty nation. Intrusted with such power, his character, of right, becomes the property of mankind. It is their province to inquire into his acts, to trace his public, and mark his private life, and to submit both to free discussion and unreserved examination.

We have been taught, from the highest authority, that from those to whom much have been given, much will be required. We will take this test and apply it to the subject of our article, and leave the reader to ascertain whether, in the account of the stewardship, he will not find a sad and woful deficiency.

His Lordship was born at Newcastle, in the year 1749. His father had been a domestic in the family of the Earl of Strathome, but having been a prudent man, he so judiciously managed his pecuniary affairs, as to create a moderate fund from his wages, which enabled him to be, at the period of his son's birth, in possession of a thriving business as a coal merchant. John Scott and his brother received their elementary education in their native town, and thence they were removed to the University of Oxford. It is naturally to be supposed, that though the father was rather fortunate in his dealings, yet from his station in life, it was impossible for him to be very lavish in his expenditure upon his sons. In fact, it was out of the question, and the lads, therefore, adopted a plan calculated to lessen the burthen upon their father, and, at the same time, render themselves comparatively comfortable. William gave lectures, but his brother received many a consideration, in good substantial forms, for having rendered collegiate assistance to several of his more wealthy, but indolent, or less gifted fellow students.* In Hilary Term, 1772, John Scott became a

* In 1771, he gained the Chancellor's Prize, for his " Essay on the Advantages and Disadvantages of Foreign Travels."

member of the Inner Temple, and in 1776 he was called to the bar. He was then 26 years of age, and possessed a tolerably fair person; but he cared little for that, and less for those who studied the outward man; in fact, with his dress he was a few grades beneath negligence, and it is recorded of him, "that his habiliments were by no means remarkable for their superiority, or his appearance and manners for gentility." This, however, was no great detriment to his success. He cared little for fashion, and shunned its votaries. Even the society of the Mitre possessed no attraction for him; and we have heard his brother state, that he has frequently, but always in vain, endeavoured to induce him to abandon, for a few hours, his black letter studies, for the society of Johnson and his satellites. Literary and other amusements were never allowed to interfere with, or lessen his zeal for a thorough knowledge of the law. He had an habitual aversion to all acquaintances who were not strictly professional, and who could not either argue a legal question, unravel its intricacies, or in some way or other aid him in his studies. His companion was Coke, and he very frequently dined from its contents. If, for a moment, he allowed a disposition for lighter pursuits to occupy his time, it was so blended with his studies, that little difference could be discovered by an ordinary hard-reading student. Upon such occasion, the text-books and reports would give place to the Pandects, Vattel, Grotius, and Puffendorf. About half a dozen times he was caught flirting with the muses, but he even carried his profession to Parnassus; and he has left us a parody on the ballad Chevy Chase, in the shape and style of a bill in Chancery.

During one of his professional visits to Newcastle, Mr. Scott was fortunate enough to gain the affections of Miss Elizabeth Suttees, a lady of considerable charms, and superior attainments. The intimacy first commenced in the Court House, in the gallery of which Mr. Scott first beheld and admired the being destined to share in his success. At that time, however, Mr. Scott was a briefless barrister, and though Miss Suttees thought that a consideration of little consequence, her parents were of a different opinion, and the alliance with Mr. Scott was indignantly declined. This avowal, instead of making the lovers sentimentally wretched, merely nerved them to deeds of defiance, for it determined them to pursue the bent of their inclinations, and oppose the grave commands of parental authority. Miss Suttee became a fugitive,—but Mrs. Scott. She had exchanged the dwelling of her parents, for the roof of a husband, the luxuries of their table for the limited fare of a barrister, without practice and without means; all overtures for a return to favour were inexorably treated,* and the poor, but happy couple, were left to meditate on their indiscretion, and entirely rely on their own resources. Thus were the difficulties increased that had obscured his early dawn, and the poor lost young man became an object of commiseration and neglect. Even his own relatives were indignant at his marriage, and beheld nothing in his

* As indicative of the mutability of human affairs, it may be observed, that when Mr. Scott became Chancellor, he had to affix the seal to a commission for rendering his father-in-law a bankrupt.

future life but the most abject poverty. But, happily for the object of their predictions, a brighter day was rapidly approaching, when gloomy forebodings were to be falsified, and when mutual affection and patience, learning and diligence, were to be amply rewarded.

At the time Mr. Scott was called to the bar, the profession was differently constituted to what it is at present. The Court of Chancery claimed the privilege of sending from their bar even the common law judges, and it was also customary for the Chancery practitioner to go the circuit. Mr. Scott selected the northern, and during three years of punctual attendance he was so far successful as to have numbered some eight or ten causes in which he was engaged. This progress was by no means calculated to flatter his prospects, or add to his resources; on the contrary, it tended to banish hope, and seriously to affect his limited income. The expense of going the circuit was very great, although at that time the assizes in four of the northern towns were held only once during the year. Yet the single journey was a severe tax, and the difficulty of keeping in the train of the judges was occasionally surmounted by travelling peripatetically. The difficulties of a young barrister, struggling with a want of means, is a source of melancholy reflection. Many a bright genius, good lawyer, and orator, have sunk beneath the weight of its multifarious and oppressive difficulties. Not possessed of fortune or perseverance, they have either quitted the profession or the higher courts, and dwindled down into the practice, fame, and emoluments of country practitioners; where their highest prospects—their only advancement—must be the admiration of a bench of country squires, or an elevation as deputy chairman of quarter sessions.

Mr. Scott severely felt the difficulties he had to encounter; they seriously affected his health, and appeared to undermine that perseverance which he so remarkably possesses. It was during a depression of spirits, almost amounting to despondency, that he fortunately secured the friendship of a young Irishman, who generously opened his well-filled purse to alleviate the difficulties of his friend. It was owing to assistance thus afforded that Mr. Scott was enabled to attend the circuit; but he was still unfortunate, and it was not until after repeated loans had vanished that a gleam of hope cheered his gloomy prospects. In the absence of a leading counsel he was called on to conduct a case at York. He pleaded the importance of his senior, and with great humility suggested the propriety of postponing the cause. The court overruled the objection, and ordered Mr. Scott to proceed, or the next case to be called. Mr. Scott did proceed, and won the cause. From this moment Mr. Scott became a rising man. He, however, was not deluged with business on the circuit, but was amply supplied at chambers; which, perhaps, is the surest test of merit, and the most certain and speedy path to fame and emolument. The well-known accuracy, the reputed diligence, and the punctuality with which Mr. Scott discharged his professional engagements, became at last the theme of attorneys; and, as he was to be found both early and late in his chambers, and easily accessible, he began to reap the substantial fruits of his industry and learning. A multiplicity of business soon occupied his attention, and he deemed it requisite to

confine his labours to the equity branch of the profession. At this time Thurlow was Chancellor, a man possessed of strong mind, vigorous thought, and great vanity. There was a consciousness of his own superiority—a knowledge of the excellence of his natural powers, which led him to disdain the efforts of more cultivated minds, and to endeavour to stifle discussion. He became impatient when an advocate ventured to cull a rhetorical flower, or introduce a poetical quotation; and he has been known to silence a barrister by stopping him in the middle of a phrase, and ordering him to read his brief, and not trouble the court with declamation.*

It was before this proud, overbearing judge, that Mr. Scott ventured to appear. Fearless, undaunted, and armed with considerable learning, he cared little for Thurlow's bluster, and less for his law. His manner, however, was in direct contrast to the vulgar brutality of the Chancellor. He was mild, affable, and good natured—his temperament even and unruffled—neither calculated to irritate others, or be annoyed himself. His whole demeanour was pleasing, his humility apparent, and his reverence to the bench almost without a parallel. His mode of addressing the court was to rise with much show of diffidence, and patiently wait for the nod that would authorize his commencement. He would then artfully direct his observations as much to the judge as to the merits of the cause. The consequence was soon obvious: he was listened to. He was happy, also, in discovering how far to push an argument, without rendering the Chancellor uneasy; but if he ever found himself transgressing, he would dexterously take up another point, or listen with the most profound attention to the words of the oracle.

In 1783 Mr. Scott received a patent of precedence, and shortly afterwards was returned to Parliament for Weobly, in Herefordshire. Like many other worthies who have entered on their parliamentary career with a determination to be honest, or with an appearance of being so, Mr. Scott's maiden efforts were well directed. His opposition, however, was too violent to have been sincere, and appeared more like a display of what Walpole would have called "a knowledge of his price." Mr. Pitt had just returned to power, after the loss of the East India Bill, and the retirement of Lord North: several motions and addresses had been carried in the Commons, expressive of their want of confidence in the new ministers, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer began to rumour his intention of resorting to a dissolution. Mr. Scott, in one of his speeches, alluded to the rumour, ridiculed it as improbable, nay more, impossible; and maintained that such a proceeding would be unconstitutional, and that he would pledge himself to be the first man to come forward to move an impeachment, should Mr. Pitt dare to take such a step. Alas! for the honor of consistency, it is much to be regretted that Mr. Scott's memory failed him; for it is well known that the minister did dissolve the Parliament, and that the impeachment was forgotten.

* Lord Thurlow wore a smile when in court, but it did not suit his face—it failed to please; there was nothing in it to excite a presumption of amiability. On the contrary, it was of the same character with his tears, which Burke described as "more like the dismal bubbling of the Styx, than the gentle murmuring streams of Aganippe."

In 1788 he was appointed Solicitor-General, and received the honor of knighthood. In 1793 he was raised to the office of Attorney-General, and in six years afterwards he was elevated to the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas, and created a peer. During the time that his lordship was in the lower House, his votes and speeches were in unison with his party, and he was only celebrated as being famous for the covert and insidious mode in which he conducted his political warfare. We cannot better illustrate this, than by selecting an instance, which is more interesting than many others that we could adduce, as it occurred on the passage of Fox's celebrated Jury Bill. On that occasion his lordship expressed a wish to preserve distinct and separate the respective rights of judges and jurors. He admitted that there was a defect in the law—praised Mr. Fox for his exertions—declined offering an opposition, but doubted whether the bill would be effective. But when the bill came before the Committee he suggested several apparently trifling alterations, and among them moved that the preamble should be less general. This roused the indolence of Fox, who had for some time allowed the Solicitor-General to suggest, and insinuate to such an extent, that the bill had nearly become a mass of senseless deformity. Mr. Fox complimented him on his tact, acuteness, and *friendly* disposition towards the bill, and pointed out the danger of limiting the preamble—maintaining that in proportion as the preamble of the bill was general, the utility and importance of the measure became obvious, and the intentions of its authors more directly secured. Other well known instances could be mentioned, but time and space will not permit of their enumeration. In 1790 he took part in opposing all inquiry into the murder of Mustapha Cawn; and in 1792, in the same spirit, he objected to any inquiry into the deeds of the magistrates of Birmingham, for their disgraceful conduct during the riots. This refusal was the more shameful, as it was actually proved that the magistrates in person directed the fury of that most horrid and sanguinary spirit of bigotry and superstition, which revelled in the destruction of the property of a philosopher, and panted for the blood of the liberal and enlightened few who were gifted with reason.

On the question of the Regency he took a prominent part. The circumstance was one of political magnitude—one that engrossed much public and private attention; and which even now is a subject of deep and painful interest. At a period when treaties of the greatest importance were forming, when negociations of the utmost consequence were pending, an awful and melancholy event, unprecedented in the annals of the country, arrested the progress of ministers, and appeared for a time to cause, almost, the annihilation of government. It pleased the Almighty to visit George the Third with an affliction which has no parallel in human sufferings,—with a calamity of the most humiliating and affecting character, which incapacitated him from performing his regal functions, or personally exercising the slightest authority. Thus arose a defect in the constitution; and, during the continuance of the king's malady, it became necessary to supply the deficiency. How this object was accomplished must be familiar to every one, and also the part taken by the Solicitor-Gener-

ral. His speeches on the subject were considered, by the opposition, as the best in argument that were delivered; and Lord North and Mr. Fox frequently regretted that they "had not been enabled to have spoken after the Solicitor-General, when his words were fresh in the minds of his hearers." On this question, it is well known that Sir John closely followed the beaten track of the minister; and even when his patron, Lord Thurlow, was trimming, he had too much tact and cunning to forsake Mr. Pitt, for the wake of the Chancellor.

In 1793, he brought in his celebrated bill to prevent traitorous correspondence—a bill useless, unjust, impolitic, and tyrannical. The nature of the bill must be familiar to every one, and the determined stand made against it by the present premier. Mr. Fox called it "a law for facilitating convictions in cases of high treason;" and it passed the Commons only by a majority of one. In 1794, he spoke warmly in favour of employing foreigners, and in opposition to a motion on the subject by Mr. Grey. The same year he was instrumental in suspending the habeas corpus, that bulwark of the liberties of the subject.

In 1798, he introduced a measure to regulate newspapers; but, more properly speaking, to fetter public discussion, and keep the people in the dark. During the time that he held the office of attorney-general, he was frequently called upon to officiate in its most obnoxious department. The very period seemed to have been pregnant with perilous circumstances, and we may safely assert that the close of the last century presents one of the most interesting and extraordinary portions of the history of this country. We will not stop to inquire into the early opinions of Mr. Pitt, and the spirited and patriotic resolutions of the Duke of Richmond. We will not endeavour to prove that their sentiments were the seeds that were scattered on good ground, and brought forth in abundance; neither will we arrest the progress of our narrative, to ascertain whether Mr. Pitt or the Duke were the most sincere of politicians, and the best of patriots. But we will proceed at once to state, that the Attorney-General was directed to check the progress of that, which his master had been instrumental in engendering. To use other words, and in the language of a biographer of Lord Erskine, "the minister resolved to strike a blow, which should place, at his absolute mercy, the blood of every man who had ventured to join a political society." The corresponding associations, and the "Society for the Friends of the People," had assumed an offensive attitude; the Government affected to be alarmed; they infected the country with terrors and apprehensions; and the most conspicuous and celebrated members of these societies were charged with high treason, and handed over to an attorney-general and a jury. The first person selected was the secretary of "The Constitutional Society," Mr. Hardy; and much has been said and written relative to the conduct of the Attorney-General. Mr. Hardy was brought to trial for high treason,—his wife had died but a few days previously,—and he was suffering considerably from this calamity; but still the Attorney-General selected him as the first to pass the fearful ordeal of a trial, which was, perhaps, to terminate in the death of the prisoner. The result of this trial is well known—

the exertions of Mr. Erskine—his powerful and almost super-human eloquence—and also the acquittal of the others, who were so ridiculously, absurdly, and falsely accused of a treasonable conspiracy. The Attorney-General laboured hard to procure a conviction—he was eight hours and a quarter in his opening to the jury—he turned and twisted the law of treason—and endeavoured, with all his accustomed talent and skill, to betray the jury into his own views, and the wishes of his employers. But happily for the unfortunate prisoners, an honest jury stood between the accuser and the accused, and protected those lives that were demanded by an oppressive and sanguinary executive. It is useless to go through the different acts of his attorney-generalship; he was a firm adherent to the minister, and one of those who would have thought it treason to differ from him. The effect of this was soon apparent. Difficulties began to take place between Lord Thurlow and Mr. Pitt. The Chancellor opposed the minister, on several important bills; and, on a representation to the King, the Seal was put in commission. It was afterwards given to Lord Eldon. His life since that period, both political and judicial, has been so frequently and severely canvassed, that every one must have formed an opinion of its merits.

The same year that he assumed the proud station of Lord High Chancellor of England, he was elevated to the High Stewardship of the University of Oxford. On the death of Mr. Pitt, in 1806, a Whig administration was formed, and Lord Erskine became his successor. On the breaking up of the administration, in 1807, Lord Erskine followed his friends and resigned the seal, which was again intrusted to Lord Eldon. His lordship continued its possession until Mr. Canning formed an administration, and then he was succeeded by Lord Lyndhurst, who held the appointment until the Duke of Wellington left office, and the present distinguished Chancellor was placed on the Woolsack.

Like Erskine, Lord Eldon failed to acquire that accession of fame, by his parliamentary exertions, which has distinguished the present chancellor, and which generally has followed those who owe their elevation to their forensic talents, fame, and genius. But he possessed no peculiar strength of intellect—no enlargement of mind; his chief merit consisted of extensive knowledge of the law, and the most rigid integrity and impartiality. He was, however, unlike Erskine in other points—he was no orator; his style was simple and unaffected. No pomp of words, rhetorical flourishes, brilliant passages, or epigrammatic turns, are to be found in his speeches. Not possessed of a rich imagination, or impetuous eloquence, he contented himself with giving utterance to his thoughts in a language at once terse and powerful, but by no means declamatory. He seemed disposed to rely on a plain manly argument, and the energy of reason. He, therefore, did not rise to any great rank in oratory; and, as he was not possessed of that copious and animated language which exalts both the orator and his subject, he seldom if ever reached the sublime, and never dazzled. He is particularly partial to expletives, which perhaps, as much as anything, betrays the paucity of eloquence. In the House of Lords he is rather colloquial, fond of the pathetic, and has been

known to weep frequently during an address. Still there is a force and elegance in his harangues, if so they may be called, both in parliament and at the bar, which, even at an early period of his career, seldom failed to excite considerable interest.

During the periods that his lordship held the seals, the complaints against him for delays in the Court of Chancery and House of Lords, were both loud and frequent. Had his lordship become incarnated with the spirit of delay, and all its attendant mischiefs, he could not have afforded greater scope for complaint. The newspapers and reviews denounced his procrastinating propensity—motion after motion was made in the House of Commons upon the subject—long, interesting, and warm debates took place for several successive sessions—committees were appointed, but his lordship continued his course unaltered; and, up to the moment of his retiring from his functions, the arrears, both in Chancery and the Lords, had most frightfully accumulated. In the speech on the Regency bill, which we have before alluded to, there is the following remarkable maxim:—"We should not consider what the law ought to *be*, but what it *is*." This position his lordship appears to have maintained throughout his judicial career, and to have cherished with almost paternal fondness. Looking, therefore, at his conduct through life, both political and judicial—marking his fixed opposition to all improvements in legislation, and, after a careful perusal and deliberate study of the general character of his decisions, we cannot but be forcibly struck with the similitude which they bear to his favourite sentiment. A love of reference, anxiety for parallel cases, veneration for former decisions, an inclination to pause, and a determination to shut out the light of own mind, could not but involve him in doubts and difficulties. These invariably became increased as the old books multiplied, until his lordship was not only perplexed, but too frequently bewildered. It would only be a work of supererogation to discant upon the injury, misfortune, and misery of the unhappy suitors—the fortunes expended, the harvest of lawyers, the poverty of clients—all is too familiar to require comment, too well known to need more than a passing remark. Upon this portion of his lordship's career we shall not bestow those censures and animadversions, or, more properly speaking, register those that have been so deservedly showered upon him, but simply, and we think forcibly, merely point to the Herculean labours of Lord Brougham.

Before we close, we may as well say a few words upon a subject that cannot well be allowed to remain without remark. There has been much whispered, to use the mildest phrase, concerning an avaricious propensity entertained by both Lord and Lady Eldon. Indeed, such a charge has not been confined to the insinuations of a few; for the vehicles of public information have teemed with assertions derogatory to their character for generosity and benevolence. That many of the statements so published were facts, there can be no doubt; but it is equally true, that several were destitute of even the slightest foundation. To justify a want of true nobleness, and to advocate parsimony, is by no means our intention: but there are excuses which can very prudently be made; and such allowances will

find a proper weight in the estimation of so peculiar a charge. In the commencement of his lordship's life, we have seen that he struggled with pecuniary embarrassments: he, therefore, was compelled to be frugal to an extreme, particularly after he had become a married man, and, of course, had enlarged his exigencies. From the slender state of his purse at that time, and from the imperative necessity of acting with the most rigid economy, we may easily date the result of his actions in after-life. What was first necessity, by continued usage became habit: and thus did both Lord and Lady Eldon allow themselves to be governed by the principles of their early and less fortunate days. Generosity, we take upon ourselves to affirm, his lordship practised: and a more erroneous conclusion has never been arrived at, than a belief to the contrary. He certainly possessed this virtue; and many are now living, who can attest the nature of his bounty. It is true, his name did not surmount every list for the aid of public charity, or blaze among the titled patrons of private benevolence; but to those who are acquainted with his private life, he was not wanting in charity; and we are convinced that our readers will conclude with us, that his good deeds were not the less efficacious, from their being performed without ostentation. Yet, as faithful chroniclers, we feel compelled to state, that we cannot refrain from expressing our unfeigned sorrow, that the great weight and influence of a chancellor's name was not more frequently added to the patrons of science, and the lovers of philanthropy. The example of high personages is of infinite importance, and, we are convinced, more likely to be productive of salutary advantages, than the most extensive channels of private benevolence. There is, therefore, in this view, much to regret; but we contemplate the painful subject with mingled sensations, and feel relieved in mind, when we are assured that the springs of charity were not dried up—that they frequently flowed to the succour of the sick and the distressed—and though the current cannot be so frequently traced as we would desire, yet we must feel satisfied with the hope and belief, that the fault did not arise from want of thought, or callous indifference.*

His lordship was chancellor for the long period of four-and-twenty years: he was conspicuous, during that time, for his influence in the cabinet, and his exertions in the senate, and on the judgment seat: and if we are to ascribe all honour and renown to the length of time passed in official life, or be convinced that patience and slowness of belief, are the characteristics and strongest marks of sound judgment; then we must be prepared to bestow upon the subject of our thoughts, the most unbounded commendation. But if we measure the merits of his lordship, by a different standard—if we judge of his long life by his private and public acts—if we see, that during a long

* His lordship, from the long period that he was in office, and from his frugality—perhaps parsimony—has amassed a large fortune. He is generally considered to be immensely rich; for, when chancellor, his income averaged £19,000 a-year; and in one year, 1810—11, the receipts actually amounted to the enormous sum of £22,737 13s. He also was in possession of many saleable places and sinecures, besides the large patronage that fell to his distribution.

official career, he neglected every opportunity of advancing the liberties of mankind, and rather aided than resisted oppression—if we find him the bold enemy of all freedom of conscience, the champion of intolerance, and the instrument of persecution:—if we trace all these things, and are convinced of their reality; we shall indeed arrive at a very different estimate of his conduct and character. It is indeed lamentable, that his long life has passed away, in a manner so unprofitable to all but himself; and that even its close should be devoted to the support and extension of those evils which, happily for mankind, are rapidly decreasing.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

PLEDGE CANDIDATES.—The election at Westminster has proved the sense of the people on the subject of pledges. Last month, when the doctrine was revived, or rather insisted upon, in its most extended sense, we spoke fearlessly out, and scouted the monstrous system, in terms somewhat too plain for those whom we would willingly consider friends.

A candidate, with any chance of success, must have the confidence of his constituents—to deserve which, he ought to be a man of honour and integrity, and his *opinions* on all vital questions known. Does it not seem monstrous, then, that a man so known and so circumstanced, should be regarded with suspicion, and that he should be called upon to pledge himself to those measures, his ardent attachment to which, the whole tenour of his life has proved? But there are some, it seems, who think differently, who treat honour as chimerical, and integrity as a thing to be wondered at, with whom clamour is patriotism, and destructiveness public virtue! Such we are not, and never have been: and when these doctrines are acknowledged to be *true* Radicalism, we will expunge our name from the list, and not blush at our want of consistency.

We rejoice at Mr. Hume's triumph. *He* was not pledged, save by his own honour, conscience, and free choice of party; and with such pledges ought every man to be content. It would be a miserable proof of the freedom of Englishmen, if our House of Commons were filled with manacled members, and, on every change of administration, or European change of policy, they were obliged to send to their constituents for instructions! A member of the Commons House of Parliament has the proud distinction of representing the People of England, and not a self-elected junta, who have arrogated to themselves an authority which, in the sequel, has covered them with mortification and ridicule. They remind us of little Captain Weazle, in Roderick Random, whose stentorian voice, issuing from the obscure recesses of the waggon, struck terror into the hearts of the by-standers. His sanguinary threats intimated annihilation to all who opposed him. It is needless to say his threats were bombast—his strength that of a pigmy!

The time has arrived when it behoves every man to take his

stand. Parties have assumed more distinct shapes than hitherto. Whigs, Liberals, or Radicals—or by whatever name they have been called—have emanated from one family, and have been more or less attached to one cause—the freedom and enlightenment of the People. The late Elections have more distinctly defined the shades which have always existed. For ourselves, there is a straightforward and manly course, which we shall never shrink from. We are pledged by our expressed opinions as Radical Reformers, so long as an abuse shall remain, and as such we are not afraid of endangering our consistency by word or deed. We identify ourselves with neither *rumps* nor *juntas*—ultras are the fag-ends of parties, and are alike of little value. The free constituency of this country must not be intimidated by a misguided multitude: it is in the worst spirit of the borough-mongers. Clamour, with ourselves at least, will never carry conviction, nor will protestations of patriotism secure confidence.

The Elections and their progress have so engrossed the public attention this month, that other topics have been comparatively of minor interest. The newspapers, daily and weekly, have been filled with lists of candidates and the state of the polls. If we except the slaughter at Antwerp, and a few domestic murders of more than ordinary atrocity, very little of *interest* has varied the uniformity of election news. The result of the latter, however, has furnished matter for exultation with all supporters of the rightful cause. The Tory predictions of anarchy, rioting, and bloodshed, have been falsified throughout, save where they have been themselves the chief instigators. The quiet and orderly demeanour generally observed, and the very little inconvenience generally felt by electors, furnish an admirable argument in favour of short parliaments, should they, on mature reflection, be deemed advisable. Another has likewise been elicited by the result of the elections—the necessity of the Ballot-box. We must confess having had a reluctance for advocating the adoption of this measure; it argues a compromise between the open and manly feeling which ought to characterize the British freeman, with the cowardly, hypocritical dealing of the slave. The circumstance of the Ballot being used at clubs, and at all private elections amongst the *privileged* classes, is no argument in its favour; we should be sorry to see the day, when the Commons of England regard the manliness, the fearlessness of independence, with so apathetic a feeling as its aristocracy do.

If we are obliged to resort to the measure, by whom are we forced, but by the acknowledged and bitter enemies of all that is really honest and noble—Conservatives, do they call themselves? Conservatives of the base and degraded portions of our being—Conservatives of the gallows and the lash.—But their political existence is well nigh ended. The ballot will extinguish it. The only feeling for their fate will be that of slaves for their task-masters;—their only monuments, debt and taxation.

IF Ministers really mean to do themselves justice, and deal equi-

tably by their measures, they will institute inquiry into the return of the Tory members for Liverpool and Norwich. Bribery has been as notorious at these places, as at the most disgraceful periods of the corrupt parliament. Neither means nor money have been spared at these old kennels of the Conservatives. During the late regime, the constituency of these places was so placed, as to make them virtually rotten boroughs; and the transfusion of new blood into their diseased system, has not been sufficiently copious to eradicate the old standing taint. In a word, the majority of freemen (!) at each place, have, for many years, been bought and sold in droves, like horned beasts as they are. The new constituency have not been strong enough to make head against them. There are too many honest and upright men in both places to allow of our casting a sweeping censure, which the fact of returning such men as Sir James Scarlett and Lord Sandon would prompt; but it is necessary that the iniquity should be traced to its proper source, that honest men should not be confounded with rogues. Amongst the political novelties of the last month, a weekly newspaper has appeared,* conducted upon the principles of the *Examiner*, and apparently not inferior in talent to that great master of political fence. We allude to it, because it has drawn our attention, in a very marked manner, to Sir James Scarlett and his qualifications as a *representative*. A file of the *Morning Chronicle* for June 23d, 1824, gives us the report of a crim. con. case—"Johnstone v. Lord Brudenel"—where Mr. Scarlett admits that his lordly client *is living with the Plaintiff's wife*. Mr. Scarlett then says, "The person whom he had the HONOUR TO REPRESENT, was a nobleman of the STRICTEST HONOUR, who *approached the consideration* of this painful subject with every sentiment of regret." Now, admitting that a lawyer is willing to represent every blackguard who pays him ten Guineas, it does not follow that such sum obliges him to compromise his private opinions with the public. When a man does so, we may be sure they are genuine. Here we behold this Proteus the representative, for the time being, of an adulterer, whom he considers an *honour* to represent. Anon, he represents the people of Norwich; and the honest portion of them consider it a disgrace to be represented by him. Let us hope that a reformed House of Commons will unseat such a representative as this.

THE Duke of Newcastle has drawn a cheque on the people of Newark for rather a heavy payment—no less than two members of parliament! The draught has been paid, though the lash has been applied to enforce the exaction. The electors, when canvassed by Serjeant Wilde, told him that their independence at the last election had nearly made them beggars—they would willingly vote for him, but they could not be turned from their homes to starve! Here is an undeniable argument for the Ballot, which the misguided Tories thus force upon the nation. The blindness of these people exceeds belief. But for the Reform Bill, of which the Duke of Newcastle

* The Reflector.

has been throughout the uncompromising enemy, his Grace's palace at Clumber would by this time have shared the same fate with his castle at Nottingham, and perhaps he and his family have been but too happy to have escaped by its light. The people of England have awakened from their long trance—they demand, not indeed indemnity for the past, but a guarantee for the future; and fortunately there are men in the Government sufficiently enlightened to foresee the disastrous termination to a struggle against the just demands of an incensed people.

The Conservatives complain, that the great cause of their defeat, and almost total dispersion, is occasioned by the want of union amongst their own party—a new edition of “Family Jars.” The first blow they trace to the celebrated division in the House of Lords, and previously to the late elections several became miraculously converted. We place no faith in their sincerity. If they are not true to each other, they will hardly be true to us. However, it is whimsical to hear the lackadaisical condolence passing between the *Morning Post*, the *Standard*, and the *Albion*. The occasional lament over the degeneracy of their race—the tear-bedewed cambric passing rapidly round—the gleam of joy that ever and anon cheers them when the return of a Tory member, by bribery and intimidation, reminds them of “the good old times!”—and then the grand Conservative thunderer, the *Age*, with its “long Tom a’ midships,” mowing down weekly both friends and foes.

Poor Tories! How like they are to blind benighted beggars, groping about for their lost spoil, and in their disappointed fury quarrelling and becruitching each other with the most diabolical earnestness. It argues a happy time for honest men when rogues disagree.

It seems marvellous to us, that a certain number of otherwise doubtless respectable gentlemen, should so far impose upon themselves as to believe they can add to their respectability one jot, by proclaiming themselves candidates for parliament, without the slightest chance of success. For twenty miles round London, the literary competition of candidates cannot fail to impress the uneducated with reverence for the attainments of their superiors. The walls, hitherto monopolized by a set of unprincipled adventurers, are thrown open to an enlightened public. Young ladies and gentlemen in boarding schools can take their lessons as they walk. ELEGANT COATS and HUNT'S MATCHLESS are no longer the exclusive subjects for their edification; RUSH TO THE POLL, and BRISCOE FOR SURREY, will now become household terms. The Sunday and Charity school children have already derived an important advantage—they no longer spell Candidate with a K.

Names hitherto unknown to fame have started up in rapid succession—“mute inglorious Miltons” perchance, or embryo patriots. One Mr. Jeffrys T. Allen and a Mr. Somebody-else have opposed the members for East Surrey, with what chance of success the result of

the poll will testify,—that there can be any pleasure in the anticipation of such a result is incomprehensible. Perhaps Mr. Jeffery T. Allen thought, with poor Elliston, when,—listening to the angry remonstrance of an unhappy bard, who had suffered from him the mortification of a kick—he solaced his wounded spirit by the hope that it “would make him popular!”

Mr. Jeffery T. T. Allen, in addition to his claims for the support of the county arising from the enjoyment of certain revenues from Dulwich College, a charitable institution, like many others, sadly perverted from its original purpose, like a gay gallant, has founded great hopes of success from his influence with the fair. It happened curiously enough to be our chance to witness a specimen of this description of canvassing. We saw the wily candidate steal into the good graces of an interesting house-maid, by the timely arrival of an itinerant muffin vender! Happy the candidate who can gain such interesting suffrages, through the delicate medium of a muffin baker's basket! what might he not have done, had he been backed by “bull's eyes” and “peppermint drops.”

THE CONSERVATIVE LION.—So the grim old Baron, the fire-eater, on whose protracted destruction the Tories have built their hopes of a general bonfire, has, very wisely, declined being blown up to accommodate them, and has cried out for quarter just in the nick of time. The old Lion of the Conservatives, whose very mane bristled with bayonets, has been touched by the wand of M. Martin, and all at once becomes tame enough to leap through a ring! To be sure, his casemates of *proof* are beginning to let in the rain,—the prospect of short commons and damaged tobacco is likewise before his eyes, and, besides he has had a pressing invitation from his comrades,—who have hardly had time to smoke their pipes in comfort, for this month past,—to decline, so he begs to retire, with the “honours of war!”

And thus the old gentleman has done his duty. - He has obeyed the orders of his heartless master, that is to say,—by slaughtering as many Frenchmen as he could with safety to himself, and surrendering at the first appearance of danger. And yet the gallantry of the general and his garrison has been extolled as amongst the brightest examples of modern warfare—fudge! To those who remember St. Sebastian and Badajoz, this feat of arms at Antwerp, will remind them of the Battle of Waterloo, at Astley's. It savours, to us, very strongly of the new Christmas Pantomime “Harlequin and Puss in Boots,”—got up at a vast expense, with splendid dresses and decorations—with the new grand moving Panorama of the Citadel of Antwerp, with the shipping on the Scheldt. The nation are first to be astonished with an imposing display of preparation, then comes on the usual scene of kicks and cuffs and jugglery, after which Harlequin trips up old puss, and exeunt severally, amidst a flourish of trumpets!

And, thus ends this celebrated representation.—A mere mountebank's stage, raised purposely for a Dutch quack to exhibit his antics upon. Let us hope the ill success of his nostrums will induce him

to turn his talents to a more profitable as well as a more honest calling—when jugglers mount the stilts they should take care what ground they caper upon.

THE RECORD OF FAME.—There is, in the present day, a journal circulated with the true spirit of philanthropy. It is intended for the gratification of all truly loyal hearts, of our own times, as well as for the instruction of the rising generation, and the general edification of posterity.—Can any one evince a more extensively humane principle? or a more actively benevolent mind than he possessed, with whom such a work originated? Your “papers for the people,” must hide their diminished heads before the *Court Circular*, for therein is contained an authentic record of the actions of the great! of what an incalculable benefit would a *Court Circular* have been, if preserved to us from remote ages. Then we should have been able to have ascertained the precise time that Julius Cæsar ate his breakfast, or Cleopatra took an airing. What labour would have been saved to the antiquary? and with what ease might the lives of the great have been compiled! But, alas! for want of this, how much instructive matter concerning queens and princesses is buried in oblivion. Not so with the great of our own times. Future ages will learn how, on a Monday—“The Dutchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, walked and rode in Hyde Park!”

On Tuesday, how they “rode and walked.” On the Wednesday, they will find a blank touching their royal highnesses; but the editor, having, doubtless, received a rap on the knuckles for such an unpardonable omission, they will read with much satisfaction, that on Thursday “the Dutchess of Kent and the Princess walked and rode in Hyde Park, and yesterday also!”

Although the benefit of such intelligence to mankind is considerable, its influence amongst the Royal and Noble personages is no less productive of good. The Dutchess of Gloucester, for example, though known to be passionately fond of a red herring for her morning’s meal, cannot indulge in so vulgar a luxury with the dread of the *Court Circular* before her eyes.

Thus we see how the actions of mankind are regulated by the dread of public opinion. How salutary a check it is on the inordinate appetites and desires of the great. There is no knowing of what they might not be guilty, uninfluenced by posterity and the *Court Circular*!

“MORE LAST WORDS!”—Amongst the numerous interesting accounts of the progress of the siege at Antwerp, received at dropping intervals from various resident correspondents, it is ludicrous to read the strange interlarding of military technicalities in their everyday description of proceedings, much after the same fashion as a cockney’s report of a volunteers sham fight. It reminds me of the gallant Major Sturgeon with his sword buckled on the wrong side.

The proprietors of newspapers who really spare no expence in the attainment of intelligence for the public, would have done better had they engaged military men to furnish their reports. There are

many now in London whose talents are at least equal to any gentleman on a newspaper establishment, and who would have been delighted to go for their expences alone. To be sure if our information had been greater, our mirth would have been less; we should not had the following delectable morsels.

Amongst the horrors of war—for your true Briton loves a horror; he can lunch off a distressing accident and dine off a murder of peculiar atrocity at any time—it is gravely related, “that a howitzer shell *broke a window* in the Place Verte.”—“On the night of the 15th, a shell came through the roof of a house, which fortunately did not explode—a Sergeant *gallantly* took it up and threw it out of the window!” “There’s an *Atlantic* chap for ye?” as an old Irish captain used to say, when admiring, with a military eye, an athletic grenadier.

Again, what will not great people do for their suffering fellow-creatures—“Her Majesty sent some linen to the hospital at Antwerp. The nation and the French and Belgian armies will hail with gratitude this proof of her Majesty’s benificence!” Considering in whose cause the poor fellows have been maimed, their gratitude for such *benificence*, need not swell into a twenty-horse power.

Here we have a specimen of the bathos. “History furnishes few examples of a seige in which an army has submitted with more resignation to the dictates of diplomacy, and has borne with such courage and magnanimity *the rigours of the season!*” Encore,—“It was absolutely distressing to see there brave fellows return to their cantonments covered from head to foot with MUD, and not a murmur!” It would be no joke to encounter such heroes, and particularly, after such a specimen, when we find them absolutely “clamorous to take their turn in the trenches,” noble fellows! they won’t spare their pipe-clay! But, after all, their power of endurance, though great, has nothing in it half so sublime as that of the gentleman who writes the report. He informs us, that “in the midst of all this, the cannons roar with a *vigour*, to which he was totally unaccustomed.”

We have heard of certain animals braying vigorously; but a vigorous roar must be truly terrific!

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Sweet Wining Avon. Written by R. F. WILLIAMS. Composed by C. HODGSON.

She stood alone upon the Heath. Written by THE HON. G. F. BERKELEY. Composed by ALEX. D. ROCHE. Both published by J. DUFF, Oxford-street.

Both the above are pretty melodies. *She stood alone upon the Heath*—is expressive and effective, but not, in our opinion, equal to, *Sweet winding Avon*. The word Avon, is associated with so many witching ideas, that it would be almost impossible not to feel its influence. Mr. Hodgson has felt its powers, and produced one of the most sweetly flowing melodies that we have seen for some time. The accompaniments are likewise extremely well done; an imitation, towards the close of the air, is at once beautiful and effective.

Smile on Sweet Boy. Written by S. P. QUIN. Composed by E. J. NIELSON.
Oh! Breathe not a Word of our Love. Written by G. P. REPPINGILLE. Composed by W. L. PHILLIPS. Both published by ALDRIDGE, Regent Street.

THE words of the first of these in an imitation of the German cradle song, introduced into the Cadeau. Weber is the composer of the original, and a sweetly simple melody it is. The present air by Nielson, is one of much higher pretension in the style of its composition, but is nevertheless pleasing, and like to become as popular as some of the previous productions by the same author.

Oh, Breathe not a word of our Love—is, we suppose a maiden effort by both poet and composer; at least we never recollect to have met with their names before. The present is by no means discreditable to the talents of either party.

THE *Cadeau* or *Das Vergissmeinnicht*, for 1833, published by JOHANNING and Co., JOHN STREET, OXFORD STREET.

This is nearly the only Musical Annual which has stood its ground. This circumstance is not to be wondered at, for its merits, instead of being as the generality of these publications are, merely novelties adapted to the reigning fashion of the day, are sterling compositions by the first masters, that must live as long as classical music, is sought after and appreciated. The present volume contains above twenty-five compositions, vocal and instrumental, either of which, if published singly, would cost a couple of shillings, and yet the whole is sold, elegantly bound, for twelve shillings.

To point out any one piece as being deserving of praise, would be *invidious*, for they are all excellent in their kind.

The Sacred Musical Offering, Edited by H. PURDAY, published by Z. PURDAY, HIGH HOLBORN,

The above contains twenty pieces of vocal music, partly original and partly selected. The latter portion is, in our opinion, far superior to the former, though that portion is by no means devoid of merit. One piece, by the author of "the Sea," is a composition of the highest order, and which T. Phillips would make highly effective. No musical family, who are seriously inclined, will be long without *the Sacred Musical Offering*. As a New-year's Gift, or Christmas Present, nothing can be superior.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

PARIS; OR THE BOOK OF THE HUNDRED AND ONE. IN 3 VOLS.
 LONDON. 1833.

EVERY body has heard the history of these volumes; but some people have bad memories, and we accordingly repeat the score times "thrice told tale."

Upon the failure of M. Ladvocat, the great Parisian publisher, it was, amongst other things, suggested, as one means of restoring his fortunes, that a book got together by the gratuitous exertion of the most celebrated literary men in France, would be, in all probability, effectual. One hundred and one Authors instantly subscribed their names, as contributors to the work. Hence the title of the book. The speculation was a profitable one.

A contemporary of ours, who devotes some space to the review of books, and who would fain obtain credit for oracular acumen, has taken great pains to make his readers believe, that the material of the present volumes is

"vapid,"—but he has prudently declined the pains of proving it. Had the critic, indeed, pointed out any particular papers to which such a term applied, we could have been content upon the "De Gustibus" principle,—but he has not done so; contenting himself, rather, we think, with the cry of "sour grapes,"—so ingeniously consolatory to Monsieur Reynard, the Fox.

In all matters, we beseech you, dear critic, if not to take the will for the deed, at least to ascertain what the deed was to have been, whereto the will has been brought. We do not think it a fair objection to a plum-pudding; that it is not equal to roast beef. The creator of such delicacy had it not in his or her mind to make it so. The benignant purveyor delights to know, that "sufficient for the stomach is the pudding thereof." If an artist carves a cherry-stone exquisitely, we do not think of comparing it with the Portland vase: and we would rather see a festoon of flowers, however wild, gracefully wreathed together, than a would-be Milo, awkwardly and impotently endeavouring to tear asunder some sapling oak, and finding himself in a "cleft stick."

The application of what we have thus written, is obvious enough. The material of which the present work is composed, is light and flimsy, we grant; but we rather admire the buoyancy—the constitutional animal spirits—that national characteristic of the French, which can make something out of little or nothing—than object to their exercise upon such subjects.

We know that we should look in vain for the broad humour of Scarron, or the extravagant wit of Rabelais—what of that? the spring is wholesome and agreeable, nevertheless; and if we cannot come at Burgundy or Hermitage, we must even content ourselves with a cool bottle of Claret.

The work is additionally interesting, as affording us a traveller's-eye view of Paris, and the every-day scenes that delight and destroy "the natives." We are especially pleased with "The Palais Royal," "The Ride in an Omnibus," "The Cabriolet Driver," "The History of a Hat," "The Parisian at Sea,"—and, indeed, with many others.

We hope that the Translator will be able to select for us a second series, of equal merit with the first; and we are quite certain that there is no one more competent to transfuse the spirit, the vivacity, and the ease of the original into our language, than the gentleman to whom this work has been so judiciously confided.

OTTERBOURNE. BY THE AUTHOR OF DERWENTWATER. IN 3 VOLS.
LONDON. 1832.

THIS work purports to be "a story of the English Marches;" and is accordingly occupied with the border feuds of Percy and the Douglas's, until the overthrow of the latter on the banks of the Otter. One Richard Farneley, the son of a rich bailiff of Newcastle, and an esquire to "Hotspur," is the hero of the story, which seems especially intended to shew, that merit—the merit of bravery—need not, even in those times, despair of reward; since Richard Farneley, by almost supernatural exertions, and the exhibition of the most undeniable superiority, in point of mental attainments, to all the rest, succeeds, at length, in being created a knight by Harry Percy;—and in gaining the hand of a fair lady, by whose aristocratical father, however, (who could not write), he is compelled to sink the plebeian name of Farneley for the more dignified cognomen of De Coupland.

There seems a great deal of lurking satire in all this. The Author, while he denounces the absurdity of these distinctions, existing, as they did so strongly at that period, leads us involuntarily to turn our eyes to the nineteenth century, in which the march of intellect, the growth of science, the diffusion of knowledge, and the Schoolmaster, have done so much. Alas!—or, we should rather cry, Ha! ha! ha!—the same conventional preju-

dices still exist, and with more rancour than formerly. Where there was no possibility of intrusion, there was no jealousy: here the bitterness is augmented by the knowledge, on the part of the nobility, that they have no longer honours to dispense.

The paths to distinction, lying, as they now do, comparatively open, the aristocracy finds itself in all respects but a very inconsiderable portion of the community, and seeks, accordingly, to compound for respect by exclusiveness; forgetting, or overlooking the fact, that they are the excluded.

“ They left not honour but of that were left.”

The Novel of Otterbourne is excellently well written; and, maugre a somewhat too prodigal brandishing of blades and breakage of heads, interesting enough. It will repay the expence of time undergone at midnight by the parlour-boarder, “ including coals and candles.”

SERMONS. BY THE REV. HENRY STEBBING, M.A. &c. ALTERNATE MORNING PREACHER AT ST. JAMES'S CHAPEL, HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

THE high literary reputation of the Author of these Sermons, is already known to the public, through his admirable “ History of the Crusades,” and his no less excellent and interesting “ Lives of the Italian Poets.” In his professional capacity, he has produced an equally favourable impression of his abilities, as a popular and most useful Minister of the Gospel; and he now appears, we are bound to add, to no less advantage in a more enlarged sphere of utility, by giving to the world the results of his more serious hours and Christian meditations. The volume presents a series of discourses, which, whether considered in a doctrinal, or a moral and practical view, cannot be read by any one without benefit, and without feelings improved and ennobled by the high and pure truths which he so powerfully advocates. They are at once clear and forcible; adapted to every class of society; and, both in style and substance, excellently fitted for private reading, and the bosom of domestic life. In this point of view, both from the size and cheapness of the volume, these Sermons will, we trust, fully accomplish the benevolent intentions of the Author, by diffusing moral light, and religious truth and goodness far beyond the precincts of a single congregation, however respectable.

LYRIC LEAVES. BY CORNELIUS WEBBE. LONDON: 1832.

This is a pretty collection of short poetical pieces, chiefly songs of no common order, preceded by a very modest advertisement, in which the author endeavours to apologize “ for certain juvenalities of taste,” which he imagines “ are apparent in too many instances.” We have with much pleasure read “ The Leaves ” from beginning to end, and can assure our readers, that either the author's judgment or candour is by no means equal to his talent.

POEMS, BY ALFRED TENNYSON. LONDON: EDWARD MOXON, NEW BOND STREET.

This is a beautiful collection of small Poems, by an individual of whom we have hitherto heard far too little. Even the quaintness of expression, and irregularity of the versification which are observable in many parts, bear upon them the impression of genius, that cannot always condescend to be fettered by the trammels of art. The following, though by no means the most favourable specimen that might have been selected, is better adapted to the season than any other which we could have transcribed:—

NEW YEAR'S EVE,

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad Newyear.
It is the last Newyear that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more o' me.

Tonight I saw the sun set : he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind ;
And the Newyear's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The May upon the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers : we had a merry day ;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May ;
And we danced about the maypole and in the hazel-copse.
Till Charles's wain came out above the tall white chimneytops.

There's not a flower on all the hills : the frost is on the pane :
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again :
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high—
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elmtree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'll come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave o' mine,
In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
Ye'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night ;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool,
On the oatgrass and the swordgrass, and the bulrush in the pool.

Ye'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And ye'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid,
I shall not forget ye, mother, I shall hear ye when ye pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but ye'll forgive me now ;
Ye'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow ;
Nay—nay, ye must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
Ye should not fret for me mother, ye have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting place :
Tho' ye'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face ;
Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what ye say,
And be often—often with ye when ye think I'm far away.

Goodnight, goodnight, when I have said goodnight for evermore,
And ye see me carried out from the threshold of the door ;
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green :
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my gardentools upon the granary floor :
Let her take 'em : they are her's : I shall never garden more :
But tell her when I'm gone, to train the rosebush that I set,
About the parlour-window and the box of mignonette.

Goodnight, sweet mother, call me when it begins to dawn.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad Newyear,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early mother dear.

THE K'HAUNIE KINEH-WALLA, OR EASTERN STORY-TELLER; A COLLECTION OF INDIAN TALES. By JOHN SHIPP. London. Longman and Co.

The following extract from the preface will furnish the reader with the design of the present work:—

“Amongst the various pastimes resorted to for the purpose of wiling away the hours which the sultry heats of Hindoostan doom the inhabitants to pass, in what might otherwise prove wearisome confinement, within doors, there is none of which the natives, particularly of the higher classes, both male and female, Mussulman and Hindoo, seem more fond than that of listening to entertaining stories. Of these, under the several names of *Charitra*, *Keest'hee*, and *K'haunie*, many are legends of the devout lives, austere practices, and instructive discourses of celebrated Durweish, Fakirs, and other religious characters; many relate the adventures of the most remarkable personages—rulers, warriors, and statesmen—who figure in their annals; some partake of the romantic cast, which distinguishes the well-known “Arabian Nights’ Entertainments,” while others are simple fables, or mere tales, which serve the purpose of lighter amusement. Scarcely is there a zennanah in which one or more women companions are not entertained, whose chief business it is to tell such stories and fables to their lady employer, while she is composing herself to sleep; and, among persons of rank and opulence, the males also pretty generally indulge in the same practice, of being talked to sleep by their male attendants; and it is a certain recommendation to the favour of the employer, of either sex, when one of these dependants has acquired the happy knack of ‘telling the k'heunie’—fable—with an agreeable voice and manner. There are, also, many individuals who practise this species of story-telling as a profession, deriving their means of subsistence principally from the exercise of their powers of amusing in this way parties assembled on festive occasions, in the private residences of persons in easy circumstances, or in the inns, and places of entertainment for travellers, or at the great public fairs: and the more they embellish the narrative with brilliant flights of their own creative genius, the greater their merit in the judgment of their hearers.”

The author, in another portion of his preface, says that he does not pretend that these tales “have any merit on the score of either richness of imagination or brilliance of fancy, but hopes that they may be productive of some amusement to his readers.”

This hope may, we think, be realized. We have read several of them with much interest, but must say, that so far from partaking of any of the glowing warmth of the east, they are particularly cold, both in the description of either passion or scenery. Nevertheless, “*Minor, or the Foresters of Nepaul*,” is full of romantic interest, but “*Meerah, or the Victim of Avarice*,” is at once repulsive and unnatural. The collection, which consists of nine separate stories, of various length, the following is the shortest, and, therefore, the better adapted for extracting.

NUNKOODAUS, THE COBBLER OF DELHI.

“From time immemorial Oriental princes have been curious in human abortions. They love to compel into their service all whom nature formed in mimicry of man, and hence their story-tellers—the Asiatic Sir Walter Scotts—and their porters are either giants or dwarfs; something out of the common order of nature is dear to their fancy; and, though laughter does not suit the dignified gravity of their deportment, their household is perpetually jostled by some mirth-inspiring creatures, who, if not witty themselves, are, like Falstaff, the cause of wit in others. In Europe the great once found amusement in the fooleries of fools; but, in the east, royal partiality still seeks to distinguish those errors of creation that walk the

earth, and yet scarcely belong to it. One of these was Nunkoodaus, the cobbler of Delhi, not long since riding-master to his majesty of that ancient city, and, for all I know, he may still be usefully employed in provoking the laughter of the sober Mahometans of Delhi.

"Nunkoodaus was a native of that renowned city: and, though he was not the first of his family, it is to be hoped he was the last of his race. He was like nothing on earth, and yet was human. He stood, if he could be said to stand, just three feet six inches high; but, viewed in front, he bore a very strong resemblance to a crab; yet a different prospect presented so many disproportions, that a spectator was at a loss to say what he was like. As he resembled nothing else, he might be said not to resemble himself, for he had a short leg and a long one, a short foot and a long one, a long arm and a short one, a high shoulder and a low one, one foot was turned in and the other turned out, one leg was bowed and the other seemed lovingly to follow it, on one foot were seven toes and on the other five, one hand wanted a thumb and the other had got two, and his fingers violated all the rules of proportion. He was, poor fellow! odd in every thing, and very odd in every thing he said. He had but one eye in his head, and but one ear on it: and the capital of this Corinthian column seemed shorn of its bumpy honours to swell into monstrous aggravation its most prominent feature. It completely overshadowed his eye, and effectually concealed the expansion of his mouth. All the natural colours, with all their variety of shades, were represented in it; and the good people of Delhi honoured with as much reverence the proboscis of Nunkoodaus, as the play-going citizens of London are wont to bestow upon the upturned feature of Mr. Liston. As Orientals are still prone to designate people by convenient soubriquets, it followed, of course, that Nunkoodaus' nose would not be overlooked; and, accordingly, he was known in his early days by the cognomen of the Nosey Cobbler.

Nunkoo's mind bore a great resemblance to his body. There was a strong sympathy between them, and the one was just as crooked as the other; but though, when provoked into anger, he swelled like a frog almost into bursting, and fastened with the tenacity of a leech on the offender, his rage was easily subdued; and a cup of arrack never failed to convert him into a joke-loving, merry-making little fellow. At such a time he could tell a good story, stuffed with Arabian wonders, and perpetrate a barefaced lie with tolerable plausibility. Like other ordinary creatures, he was gifted with a fine voice, and his stall was daily surrounded with the naked amateurs of Delhi, who delighted in his tenor notes. If he had many good qualities, he had, also, many bad ones. One of his best qualities was an aversion to the bottle, and one of his worst was an inordinate attachment to what it contained. When drunk—of this sin he was daily guilty—he seemed to forget whether he ought to walk on his hands or his feet, for he used both indiscriminately. Poor soul! methinks I see him now, waddling along like a plethoric duck, one fellow crying "Allah! what a nose!" another exclaiming "well, that's what may be called a nose!" while a third enquired if it were a nose at all! Out of these observations grew a fund of vulgar wit, but poor Nunkoo bore it all philosophically; it was what he was accustomed to, and use doth breed a habit of indifference, even in a cobbler.

"Nunkoodaus was the only, and, of course, the darling son of his parents. Like their heir, they loved a drop; and, from a frequent habit of visiting the arrack vender, they dropped into the holy stream while Nunkoo was yet in his eighteenth year. To appease the thirst of grief he got drunk as speedily as possible; and, while that reverie of the brain continued, the ancient cobbler and his noisy spouse were conged and thrown into the river Ganges, the tunfed-grave of millions. When awakened from the stupor of the brain, nature asserted its sway, and a big tear did homage to the tenderness of his heart; but the globular liquid served only to remind him of the arrack-shop,

and thither he bent his way. A few old friends saluted him as he entered, expressing their wonder at the shortness of his mourning. "Nosey," said one, "you are soon abroad." "And why not?" replied Nunkoo; "it is now three days since my father and mother died, and, poor souls! if they have had a prosperous voyage down the river, they are now three hundred miles from this spot; if I wept, they would not hear me; if I groaned, my sighs would not reach them; and, since my sorrow cannot restore them to life, I must needs, Mudasee, take something to keep life in myself." And, so saying, he watered his mouth with the arrack. His heart again softened; and as he bethought himself of his prospects in life, the tears coursed one another down his piteous nose, which a neighbour observing, offered him the consolation of a pinch of snuff. Nunkoo inhaled it with avaricious avidity; but he did not wait to hear the ironical laugh of the donor, to discover that a trick had been played upon him. He sneezed loudly, and again still louder; and on putting up his hand, he found, to his amazement, that the substitute for "pungent grains of titillating dust" had horribly aggravated the deformities of his most prominent organ. He called on Allah in a bad spirit and a good spirit; but as his sufferings excited no pity, he rushed out of the shop, and went he knew not where. He wished devoutly that he could not, as the wags advised him, follow his nose. Overcome at once with rage and arrack, he sat himself down by the way-side, and after swearing a prayer or two, fell asleep. In this condition he was found by a gang of thieves; and either mistaking him for booty, or wishing to play him a trick, they carried him into the country. When he awoke next morning, the sun shone in painful effulgence upon his nose; and his odd figure had collected in wonderment around him the goats and herds of the plains.

Sobriety brings thought; and poor Nunkoo began to reflect on his condition. Where was he? The distant minarets of Delhi informed him that he was not very far from his native city; but just as he arose to return thither, a troop of pilgrims came up. The first sentiment his appearance excited was one of fear: they took him for some genie of the place, and made a detour to avoid him. A priest, more bold than his companions, inquired who or what he was? "Truly," said Nunkoo, "a mender of *soles*, though not of my profession; and though I help to fortify the understandings of my neighbours, they seem to grow no wiser or better on that account." At this moment the priest's horse caught sight of the cobbler, and taking the bit in his mouth, fairly ran away with his reverence. Nunkoo, for the first time that day, burst into one of his horrible laughs; and while the fit was yet on him, a regiment of English infantry came up. Struck by the oddity of his figure, the colonel halted; and pleased with the humour of the cobbler's replies, ordered him to be placed on the back of his own pony. The pony resisted; but his reluctance was overcome, and Nunkoo was fairly seated on his back. When released from restraint, however, the pony endeavoured to rid himself of his burden, for which purpose he set off at full speed. The colonel and all the equestrians present pursued, hallooing like English fox-hunters. The herds and goats fled, and the crows hovered over the fugitives. Poor Nunkoo soon lost the sight of his eye; but as he had taken the precaution to seize the mane in one hand, and the tail in the other, he maintained his seat. The pony, alarmed at his cries, held on his speed, and dashed with fury through the streets and bazaars of Delhi. Rice stands were overturned, and the curry spoiled by the eagerness of the crowd to see this Oriental Gilpin; but the figure of the jockey provoked in all simultaneous fits of laughter. Among those who witnessed the race was the son of the king; and, as he was infinitely pleased with the sport, he ordered that the rider should be brought before him. This being done, the prince went to his father, related the particulars, and so pleased was his majesty with the adventure, that, in grave mockery, he dubbed Nunkoo riding-master

to the king; and once a week, from that time forward, the fortunate cobbler had to ride his race round the court-yard, for the amusement of all the royal family, the ladies at such times being allowed to peep at the strange equestrian."

WAVERLEY NOVELS, VOL. 43, NEW EDITION, WITH THE AUTHOR'S NOTES.
"THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH," NO. 11. PRINTED FOR ROBERT CADELL,
EDINBURGH; AND WHITTAKER AND CO., LONDON.

The present volume, which finishes the story of "the Fair Maid of Perth," is illustrated by a highly finished frontispiece, representing the heroine of the tale "at the foot of a rock, listening, in an attitude of devout attention, to the instructions of a Carthusian monk." The subject is well chosen, and admirably executed. The design is by T. Duncan, and the engraving by J. Horsburgh. The vignette, which is equally excellent in its kind, is designed by D. G. Hill, and engraved by W. Miller. We understand that the demand for this edition of the works of the quondam Great Unknown has greatly increased since the lamented decease of the celebrated author. This was naturally to be expected, after the additional notoriety which the advertisements for subscribers for an intended monument has given to his name.

VOL. I. AND II. OF A NEW AND IMPROVED EDITION OF THE PLAYS AND
POEMS OF SHAKSPEARE, WITH A LIFE, GLOSSARIAL NOTES, AND 170 IL-
LUSTRATIONS FROM THE PLATES IN BOYDELL'S EDITION. EDITED BY A.
J. VALPY, M.A. PUBLISHED BY A. J. VALPY, RED LION COURT,
FLEET-STREET.

Among the numerous editions of celebrated authors which have lately been introduced to the public, in an illustrated form, we know of none more deserving, or likely to become popular than the one before us. Though all Boydell's plates are not equally excellent, nevertheless, in the manner in which the present edition is got up, viz. in outline, the effect is almost invariably good. The typography is so beautiful, and the paper and manner of getting up so excellent, that this would be considered the cheapest and best edition of the bard of Avon extant, even without the plates, of which there will be twelve or thirteen in every volume. These united claims to patronage cannot be resisted, and we are certain that before the work is completed that it will find its way into the boudoir of every lady, and the library of every gentleman; at least, if it does not, it ought.

DE RAYO, OR THE HAUNTED PRIORY; A DRAMATIC ROMANCE. LONDON.
PUBLISHED BY W. KENNETH, BOW-STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

The plot of the above is, the author informs us, founded on a romance entitled "The Haunted Priory, or the Fortunes of the House of Rayo." It has not, we presume, been written for representation, though we think that it might, by a little judicious alteration and curtailment, be adapted for that purpose. It possesses several forcible passages in a poetical point of view, but the sense of the author is, generally speaking, weakened by a superabundance of words. There are, likewise, occasional flashes of wit and humour, with which some individuals that we know would, by the means of a little tact, spice out an act or two. We would advise the author, who has suppressed his name, to turn his attention towards the stage. There is a wide field, and but few labourers worthy of their hire. But he must first curry favour with some of the managers, for if he does not, should he write a play worthy of Shakspeare himself, he will scarcely get it read, much more

performed. They do these things better in France, as Sterne says: there every author's work is read, and if it deserves to be, acted. Here if an author is lucky enough to get his piece read, it is almost sure not to be acted, unless it happens to have been written by one of the choice few. But this state of things will not, we are satisfied, last much longer.

FAMILY LIBRARY, No. 36. SIX MONTHS IN THE WEST INDIES. BY H. N. COLERIDGE, M.A. LONDON. JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

This is a reprint of a work that has long and deservedly been a favourite with the public. There is an exuberance of fancy and an out-pouring of feeling about every page that must at once delight the mind and interest the heart. We could quote from it passages of superlative merit from almost every chapter, but it has been so long before the public that most of our readers are, we doubt not, already acquainted with its contents. If there is any individual to whom it is as yet a sealed book, we would advise him to procure the work immediately. Any extract that our limits would allow us to make would only spoil his relish for the feast which is provided for him in the perusal. We believe that this is the first edition which has appeared with the author's name. It is, with two exceptions, *verbatim* the same as the former two editions. "In this," the author says in the preface, "I have inserted a note and a few verses, but omitted nothing. The book pleased with all its faults, and with all its faults it shall remain."

DRAMATIC LIBRARY, WITH REMARKS, CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL. BY GEORGE DANIEL. LONDON. THOMAS HURST, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

We know more than one individual who, after having given orders for Valpy's Shakspeare, countermanded the same on the announcement of the Dramatic Library, fearful that by taking in the two works they might thus have duplicate copies of the Bard of Avon. Sadly will they be disappointed when they receive the first volume of the present work, for it is neither more nor less than eight pieces selected from Dolby's or Cumberland's edition of plays, bound up in one volume. The embellishments are precisely the same, and so are the critical and biographical remarks. The only addition is an introductory preface. But we would not have our readers hence believe that we think lightly of the present undertaking; for, on the contrary, we have always looked upon the edition of which the present work is only a reprint, as the very best companion to the theatre that is extant in the language.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE singularly mild weather of late Autumn, has continued to early Winter, Christmas-eve, and Christmas-day partaking of the mildness and moisture of April. A mild winter under the present circumstances of the population would undoubtedly prove a blessing, yet with some countervailing effect in a probability of the accustomed sequel of a chilly and ungenial summer, defectively productive and perhaps unfavourable to health. The present season affords little novelty or variety for report. The wheat and other autumnal crops, barring interruptions from the weather, formerly stated, have been put into the ground successfully and with good promise, since they have generally, a luxuriant and healthy appearance, warranting no serious complaints: The superior or inferior state of forwardness has been almost

invariably determined by the condition of the lands at seed time—whether in a good medium or too wet, or parched by drought. We have been over some lands in Essex and Middlesex, on which the wheats appeared full, rank, and forward; but on the whole, we do not hear much complaint of winter pride. In the West, the potatoes taken up late, were much damaged by the wet; they are however generally, we repeat, a good crop and of rare quality. Considerable quantities of barley have been threshed during the present month, and the quality turns out full as bad as we formerly supposed it would. The fine bears a miserable proportion to the black and damaged, unfit for malting, and the middling nearly in the same degree to the black; yet this extraordinary defect of quantity in malting barley has not hitherto caused any very considerable advance in price. The crop of barley, good and bad, is deemed a general average; also of oats and beans. Peas perhaps, in no quarter, reaching that height, but making considerable amends in excellence of quality. In some few northern quarters, turnips are actually described as an average crop, whilst taking them in their generally defective state, a tolerable shift will be made in the Spring, from the reserve of them in consequence of the plenty of grass and the mildness of the weather, which even yet, continues, so that the cattle in many parts are still abroad.

Hops, which some weeks since, appeared to be a rising market, have lately experienced a sudden decline in price and demand, from the circumstance of the duty being declared considerably above the public guess. Certain speculators, it is affirmed, are likely to be touched unpleasantly by this unlooked for turn. The wool trade still continues dull, the consequence of importations, more especially with respect to fine or clothing wool, which we cannot grow at home, from our rejection of Merino sheep, on account of their deficiency in produce of mutton. Fruit in the cider districts, is laid at but one-third of a crop, full bearing being a great rarity in the present season. The quantity of cider made is in proportion to the crop. There is no demand for new cider, but it is expected to revive in the Spring, on account of the scarcity of malting barley. The metropolis, however, and most towns have been well supplied with fruit, with the exception of one or two species, a favourable invalidation of early predictions. Several weeks since, the wheat market experienced a sudden advance, probably from the tenor of Foreign letters, which quoted a brisk demand and rise of price on that side; the exports from thence, beside, had been greatly reduced; another turn has, however, succeeded, with a reduction of five shillings per quarter on fine samples, and much more on the inferior. This second turn may have been occasioned by the large supplies sent to market, as a rent-day resource and a more considerable issue of the bonded Foreign wheat, in order to profit by the advance. Fat cattle have generally found a brisk demand, at, perhaps, some advance of price, throughout the country, north and south, it being on the eve of Christmas; yet from several parts, a directly contrary report is received, describing fat beef and even mutton as almost unsaleable. We never fail now and then to encounter these market anomalies. Again, among the fortunate districts, the exultations from which, we occasionally quote, we have now the pleasure to class NORTHUMBERLAND, from whence we have seen letters exhibiting the following comfortable statements:—“Crops here, above an average. Turnips a full average, of good feeding quality. Stock of all kinds in demand at their late best prices.” Yet in the neighbouring principality of Durham, fat cattle and even sheep, said to be slow of sale under a depression of price. Much anxiety has been expressed, in letters published on farming subjects, least a repeal or change should be attempted of the present system of Corn Laws, in the new Parliament; but this apprehension may be set at rest, at least for the present, since Lord Althorp has declared publicly that, many other questions of more pressing emergency must take place of that of the Corn Laws, which he held

to be extreme difficulty, and which, in his opinion, ought to rest untouched for the present. We have long been of opinion that, the present Ministry have a marked reluctance to any interference with those laws.

The metropolitan cattle show took place on the 17th instant. This annual exhibition commenced in 1798, in course, the late made the thirty-fifth, every one of which we have punctually attended, which we probably shall fail to do for the four-and-thirty years to come. This useful institution was founded by the late Francis Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Winchelsea, Richard Astley, Esq. since father of the Club, and several other gentlemen, engaged in Agriculture and stock-feeding. The noble Duke above-named, if our memory serve us faithfully, did also another patriotic act in setting the example, and teaching us to shear our locks *à la mode de France*, instead of wearing our long hair, in which, according to the old saying, the devil of powder *nestled* in such enormous quantities. The late show presented the usual spectacles of animals from the superior breeding districts, fattened up to their utmost possible capacity. This particular has long ceased to be a novelty. We have reached a degree of excess which cannot be exceeded, for Bakewell himself would have failed in his project of making a sheep *all fat*; and after all, probably, making an animal over fat and beyond a certain point, which may be deemed that of maturity and excellence, is wasteful, and a breach of public economy. As at this late period there can be no longer the plea of a want of experiment, it is submitted, whether it would not be rational and politic, to change the principle and practice of the Clubs, and to award the premiums to the best shaped animals *thoroughly ripe*, instead of to the fattest or over-ripe. There seems to be no doubt that, the greater profit attaches to the larger number of animals, properly, yet sufficiently fattened. We appeal to Lord Althorp, a first-rate judge in the case.

The curse and disgrace of England, INCENDRISM sleeps not. The town of Lamburn, Berks, has had a near escape. We were sufficiently astonished at being blamed for our early recommendation of the utmost severity in this most abandoned and flagitious crime, the very acme of human turpitude and depravity; but should, in future, through a weak and silly compassion, any mercy, shall we say encouragement, be shewn, to scelerats of this description, we shall lose all power of astonishment at any thing which may happen in this wearisome world. We would recommend the settlement of several of the London police officers in the most suspected districts.

The Dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2s. 2d. to 4s. 6d.—Mutton, 2s. 0d. to 4s. 10d.—Lamb, 0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.—Veal, 3s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.—Pork, 4s. 0d. to 5s. 8d.; Small Dairy.

Game at Leadenhall.—Pheasants, 8s. a brace.—Partridges, 5s. a brace.—Hares, short supply, 4s. a head.—Wild Ducks, 6s. a couple.—Widgeons, scarce, 4s. a couple.—Teal, 2s.—Woodcocks, scarce, 8s. to 9s. a couple.—Snipes, 2s. to 3s. a couple.—The largest young Turkeys, about 26 lb. 30s. each; smaller from 20s. to 10s.—Capons, of 7 to 8 lb. 8s. each; the supply not so large as formerly.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 50s. to 61s.—Barley, 21s. to 36s.—Oats, 13s. to 24s.—London Loaf, 4lb. 8½d.—Hay, 50s. to 75s.—Clover, ditto, 70s. to 105s.—Straw, 22s. to 33s.

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool 14s. to 20s. per ton.—Large stock.

Middlesex, Dec. 24.